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THREE HOURS AT SAINT CLOUD.

BY AN AMERICAN.

It was a glorious evening, toward the middle of September, when we ascended the hill whose summit is crowned by the Chateau of Saint Cloud. The sun was pouring its setting rays over the beautiful valley of the Seine, and as the whole region stretched before us to the east, the flood of light was sent back, exhibiting all the prominent objects in bold relief, as they are represented in the pictures of Claude Lorraine. We stopped to gaze upon this landscape, no longer wondering that a residence which commanded such a prospect had long been a favorite habitation of Napoleon, as it now was of Louis Philippe. A broad fertile valley was before us, bounded in the distance by the elevated plateau through which the river has worn itself a passage, and where it winds from side to side, as if to adorn as well as to fertilize the domain it has conquered.

This father of the French rivers, however great his renown in Europe, would form but a feeble tributary to the magnificent streams which our country pours into the ocean. Nature has indeed spread out her works upon a more extensive scale in our favored regions, than in this older portion of the human heritage. Our lakes and rivers, plains, vallies, and forests, are impressed with a character of vastness, if I may coin an abstract term, which is itself one of the attributes of true sublimity, and which produces upon the traveller who visits them, emotions which no after events in life can efface. I never felt more profoundly the weakness of man and the power of God, than when seated in a frail birch canoe, with its ribs of cedar, and its covering of bark, descending the Mississippi in the night, and approaching the junction of this mighty river with the mightier Missouri.

These little Indian boats are admirably calculated for the manners of our aborigines, and of the Canadian voyageurs, their co-tenants of the western forests, and often their co-descendants from the same stock, and for the various lines of internal communication which nature has so bountifully provided for the trans-Alleghany regions. Driven by the paddle and by the wind, with great ease and velocity, light, and apparently fragile, they are managed with skill, and safely ride over the waves, which they seem hardly to touch; and when they

reach an interruption in the navigation, they are taken from the water and carried to the next point of embarkation, across the intervening country. I had come down the Mississippi in one of these shells, paddled by a crew of voyageurs, a race of men of tried fidelity, of wonderful muscular strength, and with powers of abstinence and repletion alternately tried by periods of want and abundance, which are at once the effect and the accompaniment of nomadic life. No Frenchman exceeds them in animal spirits, and no Dutchman in love of tobacco; and their intervals of exertion and repose are called *pipes* and *pauses*; and during the former, they paddle with the utmost force of their tawny arms, keeping time to their songs, which break upon the silence of the forest, while the period of relaxation is passed in cheerful conversation.

One of those excitements, almost periodical, which make their appearance among our Indian tribes, and which spread alarm upon the frontiers, had suddenly manifested itself upon the upper regions of the Mississippi; and I had descended the river with a rapidity till then unknown; travelling day and night, with short intervals of repose for my willing but weary crew. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have sought the first good place of encampment which presented itself toward the decline of day, and landing, should have taken from the water and brought to shore my canoe and luggage; and pitching my tent, and lighting a good fire, should have disposed myself for a comfortable supper and a quiet night. But I was obliged to forego these luxuries of interior western travelling, and the night had already commenced, when I passed the mouth of the Illinois, and was advanced, when the gradual relaxation of the current warned us that we were approaching the point of junction of those great arteries of the continent, where the Missouri precipitates itself, with the force of its tremendous stream, into the Mississippi, and sending its current almost to the opposite bank, checks for many miles the power of its rival; a rival which usurps its name, but whose changed characteristics from here to the sea, sufficiently indicate its inferiority. The peculiar features of these great rivers, seeking their origin in regions so distant, and mingling in a common mass, to pour their joint floods into the ocean, presents one of the most interesting subjects of consideration which the study of our geology offers to the inquirer.

The current of the Missouri is prodigious; boiling, whirling, eddying, as though confined within too narrow a space, and striving to escape from it: it is perpetually undermining its banks, which are thrown into the stream, almost with the noise of an avalanche, and its water is exceedingly turbid, mixed with the earth, of which it takes possession, and exhibiting a whitish, clayey appearance, so dense and impenetrable to the light, that it is impossible to discern an object below the surface of the river. The Mississippi, on the contrary, is a quiet, placid stream, with a gentle current, and transparent water, where the traveller leaves few traces of its ravages behind him, and apprehends no danger before him. We had no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and danced in the clear water of the river, revealing the dark foliage of the forests, which seemed like walls to enclose us as we swept along, but still opening a passage to us as we advanced. Our Canadians had been merry, sending their songs along the water,

breaking the stillness of the night, alternately by the clear voice of the favorite singer, and then by the loud chorus, in which each joined, with equal alacrity and strength of lungs. But as the night closed around us, their gayety disappeared; and the song and the chorus gradually died away, leaving us in the silence of the flood and forest, which seemed to be our world; alive only with the little band whose destiny was committed to as frail a bark as ever tempted danger.

There seemed to be something sacred in the place and circumstances. There was indeed no holy ground, nor was there near a burning bush, nor warning voice to proclaim the duty of adoration. But we all felt that we had reached one of those impressive spots in the creation of God, which speak his power in living characters; and we had reached it, covered by the shadows of night, whose obscurity, while it shrouded the minuter features of the scene, could not conceal its great outlines, though it added to the deep and breathless emotions with which we gazed around us, seeking to penetrate the narrow, gloomy barrier that shut us in. We felt the very moment when we touched the waters of the Missouri. We heard the boiling of its mighty stream around us. We were launched upon our course almost like a race-horse in the lists. Our light canoe was whirled about by the boiling flood, and the thick, muddy water sent us back no friendly stars to guide and enliven us. The slightest obstacle we might have encountered, a tree projecting from the bank, a 'sawyer,' or a floating log, would have torn off the frail material which was alone between us and the stream, and left not one of us to tell the story of our fate. And it was impossible to distinguish the danger, or to take any measures to avert it. But we reached Saint Louis in safety; and I look back to the impressions of that night, as among the most powerful which a life not void of adventures has made upon me.

But I must not be diverted from the valley of the Seine to the great basin of the Mississippi by these reminiscences of western life and scenery, and of the stirring events with which I have mingled. The French river is after all a very respectable stream, and invaluable for the purposes of communication, of fertility, and of salubrity. It enters Paris at the south-eastern corner, between the Garden of Plants and the open square where formerly rose the Bastile, but where the Column of July, surmounted by the gilt statue of Liberty, now marks the site of the inhumation of the citizens who fell in the great struggle of 1830 against the expiring effort of power. It divides the city into two unequal portions, having the Faubourg St. Germain, the residence of the old nobility, and the last refuge of the old ideas, upon the left, and the modern world upon the right. After passing many a spot consecrated by history, and bathing the walls of many a splendid monument, it leaves this great Babylon, and enters the open country at the Champs de Mars, the seat of French power and turbulence in the olden times. Here it sweeps through a beautiful region, approaching the foot of the declivity, which gradually rises into the elevated barrier that shuts in upon the south its wide valley, and which forms a deep curvilinear indentation, of many miles' extent, which the river follows, and by whose course it is again brought near the city, at its northern barrier. Here the hill of Montmartre is the promi-

ment object in the landscape, and it presents a far more agreeable spectacle, with its heavy but still picturesque wind-mills, than it will do when covered with bastions, and bristling with cannon, agreeably to the project now in execution for securing the capital of France against foreign invasion, and perhaps against domestic violence, by extensive fortifications.

This great curve of the Seine, which in some portions of our country would be expressively indicated by the term *ox-bow*, to the natural beauties which adorn it joins all the embellishments which taste, wealth, and time, can give. It contains the villages of Passy, remarkable for its extensive and beautiful prospects, for its medicinal waters, and for having been the residence of d'Éstaing, of the Abbé Raynal, and above all, of Franklin: Auteuil, where Boileau, Molière, Helvétius, Condorcet, and Rumford, and many other men whose names belong to universal literature, sought refuge from the tumult of the capital: of Neuilly, whose superb avenue is a prolongation of the great route which traverses the Champs Elysées to the Tuilleries, and which, situated upon the banks of the Seine, finds in its juxtaposition to the Royal Chateau, and to the Bois de Boulogne, attractions which render it an agreeable residence during the warm season of the year, though the principal occupation of its inhabitants, who are 'blanchisseuses,' *Anglice*, washerwomen, is any thing but romantic, and of Boulogne, another pretty refuge from Paris, when Paris becomes intolerable. This is an ancient village, going back to the first race of French kings; and it was to its church that a crowd from Paris flocked to hear le frère Richard, a renowned preacher of the fifteenth century. An old chronicle, while describing the effect produced by the apostolic fervor of this holy man, gives us incidentally some curious information respecting the fashions adopted by the ladies of that period. 'The men,' says this quaint historian, 'burnt their gambling tables and chess-boards, their cards, their balls, and billiards; their nurelis, and all such things; and the ladies all the ornaments of their heads, as bourneaux, truffeaux, pieces of leather and whale-bone, which they put in their head-dresses, to make them stiff. They burnt also their horns and their tails, and a great heap of their finery.' The village of Clichy is also found within this circuit. It contains many pleasant country houses, and was a royal seat in the reign of Dagobert, in the seventh century. Here is also Neuilly, a beautiful summer residence of the King of the French, and Boulogne, a residence not so magnificent, but not less beautiful, of Rothschild, the King of the Bankers. In their neighborhood, but on the opposite side of the river, is Surenne, where our countryman Mr. Wells possesses a very pretty place, and where his accomplished lady dispenses her hospitalities to a numerous circle of friends. The Bois de Boulogne, which covers perhaps one half of this extensive sweep of the Seine, is a favored resort of the Parisians. Its walks and alleys, laid out with great taste, and maintained with great care, its green sward and its pretty trees, render it a charming excursion for the crowd, who, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, seek relaxation in its solitude and shade. The contrast too is striking, for one passes instantaneously from the confusion of this great city to all the quiet of distant seclusion. When an American, however, hears these small trimmed

and cultivated trees, planted with mathematical precision, and divided by nice, clean gravel walks, called a *forest*, he involuntarily thinks of the interior region of his own continent, covered with the growth of the primitive ages, and extending to the shores of the Pacific; filled with the giants of vegetation, who rear their heads aloft, and stretch their mighty limbs over the surface of the earth, relics of the olden time, and witnesses of many an event forever lost to human knowledge.

The inclined plane which bounds this amphitheatre on the opposite side of the Seine, is studded with villages, country seats, and cultivated fields; and in the distance, through a cleft in the high grounds, Versailles rises into view, with its chateau and its parks; that splendid monument, the seat of the selfish magnificence of Louis XIV., of the shameless license of Louis XV., and of the virtues and imbecility of Louis XVI.; and where Louis Philippe has displayed his taste and patriotism, by forming a national temple, whose inscription, 'To all the Glories of France,' proclaims to the visitor, whether native or foreigner, that genius and merit here find their appropriate reward. It is indeed a superb collection, commemorative of the *fastes* and names which constitute the pride of France, and which adorn the brightest pages of French history. A character is sometimes illustrated by a simple fact; and the selfish isolation of Louis XIV., that predominant feeling, which led him to consider himself as every thing, and the kingdom and people as nothing; a feeling originating in his temperament, but nourished and strengthened by the abject flattery of which through life he was the object; is strikingly displayed by the numerous original portraits he left of himself, and by the neglect he showed to the memory of his grand-father, Henry the Fourth, the very personification of a patriot king. I was told by *one*, who best knew, and whose common descent from these two celebrated men left his feelings without partiality between them, that the Chateau of Versailles contained sixty portraits of Louis XIV. at the time of his decease, and not one of the Conqueror of the League.

Standing on the elevated plateau of St. Cloud, the eye wanders over this delightful valley, strewn with palaces, chateaux, temples, villages, groves, and cottages, and then rests on the great city which lies before it in the distance. The nearest and most prominent object is the Arc de Triomphe, one of the most splendid efforts of modern architecture, and well worthy to form the portal of such a capital. Beyond it rise the dome of the 'Invalides,' the towers of Notre Dame, the Column of the Place Vendome, the granitic Obelisk of Sesostris, and many other structures which embellish the French metropolis, and break the uniformity of its world of houses. And then comes the mass of buildings which bound the view in this direction, and which, burnished by the setting sun, seem like a rampart of light guarding the eastern horizon.

The history of St. Cloud can be traced back to the period of the Roman domination in Gaul, when the contests between the oppressors and the oppressed drove some of the unfortunate inhabitants to seek refuge in the thick forests which then covered all this elevated region, and extended to the very border of the river. But it owes its present name and its first celebrity to its choice, as a retreat from the cares of

the world, by Clodoalde, the grand-son of Clovis, whose romantic history, and escape from the fury of his uncles, is told by Gregory of Tours, and who in the sixth century exchanged a crown for a cowl, and finished his life in a hermitage, which he established here. From this time, it has been the theatre of many interesting events in French history, and it was the seat of the *coup d'état* which transferred the sovereign power of France from the feeble hands of the Directory, to the fortunate General who so long guided her destiny. Sieyes, so fertile in constitutional projects, was the author of the lucky thought which removed the legislative body from the power of the turbulent Parisians to the silence of St. Cloud, where the military force could be brought to act without danger upon the disaffected representatives. When the plan of operations for placing Bonaparte at the head of the state had been well concocted, Regnier, upon the suggestion of Sieyes, taking advantage of a provision of the constitution which gave to the Council of Ancients the right to fix the place of session of the legislative body, proposed a decree, which was immediately passed, transferring the place of meeting to St. Cloud, and giving to General Bonaparte the command of the armed force. The night which succeeded the passage of this decree, and which preceded its execution, was employed as the vigils of revolution have always been employed in Paris, in consultation and preparation, in securing friends and in gaining or intimidating enemies, and in circulating mysterious rumors, which, like the first breathings of the tempest, foretell the coming storm. The next day found the actors of the great drama at their posts, assembled in the halls of the chateau of St. Cloud, when the principal performer made his entry upon the scene, surrounded by a brilliant état-major, and disclaiming the character of a Cæsar or a Cromwell, and professing a most republican abnegation of all ambitious views, broke out into that theatrical apostrophe which forms so characteristic an incident in his career. After various reproaches, and answering or silencing the remarks of some of his adversaries, he left the Hall of the Ancients, where this scene passed, and repaired to the more numerous and more tumultuous branch of the legislature, the Council of Five Hundred, which held its session in an adjacent apartment. The events which passed here are well known: the firmness of his brother Lucien, and the attachment of the armed force, rescued the *man*, as his partisans love to call him, from his perilous position, and enabled him to consummate the revolution, and to render himself Master of France.

The chateau and park of St. Cloud were purchased by Louis XIV. in 1658, and presented to his brother the Duke of Orleans, the head of the reigning dynasty of France. Great improvements in the buildings and grounds were made by the first possessor, under the direction of the most celebrated artists; and the embellishments were continued during the period of its occupation by the Orleans family, which was down to the year 1782. At this time, the Queen, Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate wife of Louis XVI., struck with the beauty of its situation, and with what Brown, the English picturesque gardener, would call its capability, a word, by the by, which became his own soubriquet, prevailed upon the grand-father of the king, Louis Philippe, to cede it to her, in exchange for Neuilly, which she held in her own

right. She greatly preferred her new acquisition, to the more splendid but more constrained and fatiguing residence of Versailles, and has left many proofs of her taste in the changes she introduced.

When Napoleon became Emperor, this chateau was his favorite dwelling, and from his habitual residence there, his government was called the Cabinet of St. Cloud, as the ante-revolutionary government was called the Cabinet of Versailles, and the post-revolutionary one the Cabinet of the Tuilleries. He also took pleasure in improving the chateau and the domain around it; and Louis Philippe, who resides here with his family during the summer and autumn, with his accustomed magnificence, has followed and surpassed the projects of his predecessors, and has rendered this seat a true fairy palace and park; one of the most beautiful residences which can be found in Europe. The grounds are extensive and diversified, shaded by noble trees, and divided by sweeping gravel walks, which stretch in every direction, and continually relieved by some column, statue, little lake, grotto, spouting jet d'eau, or murmuring cascade. To convey an idea of the scale of magnificence upon which these embellishments have been projected and executed, I will state, from the guide-books, that the great cascade has a fall of one hundred and eight feet, and a width of the same extent, and that the giant jet, so called, throws up a prodigious column of water to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet; while both are set off with all the appliances which art can devise to heighten the effect they are so well calculated to produce. The water is brought in a canal from a considerable distance, and the supply far exceeds the quantity at Versailles. You can travel many miles in these woods, without returning upon your traces.

The chateau is upon the first plateau, and the little village of Saint Cloud, hanging upon the declivity of the steep hill below it, is between it and the river. The building consists of a main body, with two wings at right angles, forming a large court-yard, and open toward the valley of the Seine and the city of Paris. I have no talent for architectural description, and my observation leads me to avoid the effort; for the impression it produces is always confused and unsatisfactory. I shall therefore leave to the reader the task of figuring to himself the aspect of such a monument and such a place.

I had arrived at St. Cloud an invited guest to dinner. Our party originally consisted of four Americans: the Minister, Gov. Everett of Boston, Mr. Walsh of Philadelphia, and the Secretary of Legation. Unfortunately a sudden indisposition had prevented Mr. Walsh from accompanying us. This we all regretted, for this highly intelligent gentleman conciliates the respect of all with whom he is brought into contact. In connexion with his name, I may mention an incident concerning his invitation, which proves the kind consideration of the Royal Family. Not knowing his residence with certainty, two notes had been addressed to him, one at Paris, and another at Versailles, and each had been sent by a special messenger, so as to exclude the possibility of any mistake.

The rest of our party had agreed to meet in the court of the chateau at the hour indicated, which was six o'clock. As royalty must not be intruded upon before its own time, so it must not be kept waiting after the time has arrived. Punctuality, therefore, which is

always a virtue, becomes here a duty of propriety. As the Minister was at Versailles, and Gov. Everett and the Secretary at Paris, the two latter had made an arrangement to come together, and to meet the former, who was to present them. The carriage which first arrived was to await the other in the outer court of the chateau. But alas! how often are the wisest plans of life defeated by some trivial but unforeseen circumstance. The King had visited Paris, and had not returned. Being every moment expected, the established etiquette did not allow a carriage to remain in the court. Our party, which first arrived from Paris, were therefore compelled to alight, and to enter the vestibule of the Palace. Here they wished to remain, until joined by the Minister; but they had been observed by the aid-de-camp on duty, who immediately sought them, and insisted upon introducing them into the hall of reception. From the vestibule they mounted a noble flight of marble stairs, which terminates at a landing, where the upper servants are stationed, and where a register is kept of all the visitors who enter. From here they passed into a large square apartment, decorated with some superb pictures, and then into a billiard hall, which is hung around with rich gobelin tapestry, wrought with various scenes in the life of Henry the Fourth, and copied from the pictures of Rubens. The pictures are almost living and speaking, and it requires the evidence of feeling, to convince a person, not well acquainted with the products of this wonderful manufacture, that they are the efforts of the loom, and not of the pencil. The colors are admirable, and lights and shades are represented with a clearness of effect which is almost marvellous. Passing through this room as slowly as propriety allowed, but too rapidly to give us more than a glance at its treasures, we entered the Salon of Reception.

Here we found several ladies and officers of the court assembled; and after the usual interchange of compliments, we looked around upon this beautiful apartment. The furniture was in excellent taste; at the same time rich and comfortable, but not gorgeous in its material, nor overloaded with ornament. Two round-tables, surrounded with chairs, indicated the places where the Queen and the ladies of her family and court, as well as visitors, seat themselves habitually in the evening, and pass their time in conversation.

This room is called the 'Salon of Mercury,' because the ceiling is painted with the attributes and deeds of the light-fingered god. Various allegories, drawn from the heathen mythology, are represented, and among them the Delivery of the Apple, and the Judgment of Paris. The walls are hung with gobelin tapestry, where are wrought some of the interesting incidents in the life of Mary de Medicis, the wife of Henry the Fourth, the mother of Louis XIII., the grandmother of Louis XIV., and of Monsieur his brother, the founder of the Orleans family. We had a better opportunity to examine these hangings than those in the preceding apartment; but it would be vain to endeavor by description to convey a notion of the effect they produce. The figures seem to stand out from the surface, and there is a delicacy and accuracy in their outline and details, which rival the designs of the great master Rubens, from which they have been wrought. One of them, representing the conclusion of peace in

1620, contains a winged and naked Mercury, the very *beau idéal* of manly beauty.

In a few minutes, the Queen, with her youngest daughter, the Princess Clémentine, entered the room, and after saluting the company, and conversing with the American guests, took her seat in a kind of alcove, opening into a gallery, which surmounts the court, and commands a full view of the magnificent environs. The Minister soon arrived, and then different members of the Royal Family, who were followed by the King. The manners and address of Louis Philippe are prepossessing, and he has that ease and self-possession which an early knowledge of the world and a participation in society never fail to give. Although sixty-eight years of age, his appearance is firm, and his step elastic; and he has a perfect command of himself, which enables him to control his emotion, and to conceal from the world whatever troubles the cares of royalty, even of French royalty, bring with them. He was dressed in the ordinary style of French gentlemen, wearing a plain blue coat, ornamented on the left breast with the star of the Legion of Honor, and what is peculiar to himself, but which is his usual habit, having the chain of his watch, with several keys and seals, suspended at one of his button-holes. Bowing to the company as he entered, in such a manner as to seem to neglect no one, he advanced to the Minister, and with much kindness of manner asked him several questions. We were then presented, and he became quite particular in his attentions to Gov. Everett. It was obvious that he knew the high consideration which this distinguished gentleman enjoys in our country, and he had too much sagacity not to discover, after a very short intercourse, that this reputation was most justly founded. I more than once during the evening felt proud of this representative of American intelligence, not less than at the favorable impression he produced upon the circle, confirmed by the observation of a lady of high rank, who conversed with him.

Very soon the double doors were thrown open, by a principal servant, and the Aide-de-camp de Service, approaching the Queen, intimated, by a slight inclination, that the dinner was served. The Queen, walking up to the Minister, took his arm, and led the way to the dining hall. The King followed, leading his beautiful daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Nemours, and then the Duc de Nemours, with his sister, the Princess Clémentine. The Duc d'Aumale, the youngest son of the King, gave his arm to one of the ladies of the court, and the two American guests then succeeded, each honored in a similar manner. After us, came the military officers, and the other persons invited to the table. We passed through a kind of vestibule, where a band of military music, belonging to the troops on duty at the chateau, was arranged, but concealed from view, and which played while we proceeded, and took our seats, and during a considerable portion of the repast. Entering the dining-room, we found ourselves in a long apartment, modestly decorated and furnished, and having in its centre a table with thirty covers. The service was beautiful, and I may observe, *en passant*, that in this branch of domestic arrangements, the French far exceed the English. Their Sèvres porcelain, and their rich bronze, with its deep orange, which contrasts

so admirably with the color of the silver plate, give a most imposing effect to their table equipage. And then the design is conceived in exquisite taste, and executed with great skill. It may well be supposed that the dinner service of the King of France, and the richest individual perhaps in the world, is befitting his station and country; and I must leave the reader to draw upon his imagination for a just conception of it, as I eschew all attempts at such descriptions.

The King placed himself in the centre of one side of the table, having a vacant chair on his left, and the Duchesse de Nemours on his right. The Queen was on the opposite side, having the American Minister on her right, and the Duc de Nemours on her left. The Princess Clémentine was on the right of the Minister, and the Duc d'Aumale on the left of the vacant chair. The other guests seated themselves as they entered, without confusion, and apparently without any previous arrangement. Before we had finished the soup, Madame Adelaide, the King's sister, entered very quietly, and without disturbing any one, took the chair by the side of the King, which had been reserved for her. As she remarked, ladies cannot prepare their toilettes as speedily as gentlemen; and having accompanied her brother from Paris, she had not had time to complete her arrangements when the dinner was announced.

I do not intend to betray my ignorance, by any affected knowledge of the sublime mysteries of French gastronomy. As to the *mets*, and the *entremets*, and all the other terms which belong to this favorite science, I avow, with all reasonable humility, that one more unlearned in the compositions they designate, can no where be found. And after having had some opportunities, and not unfavorable ones too, to indulge in the good things of Parisian *gourmanderie*, I do not hesitate to make the shameful confession, that I have cooked a piece of bear's meat upon a stick before the fire, with nothing but the woods around me, and the heavens above me, and have cut off the morsels with a knife, while I held them with my fingers, and then ate them with greater relish than ever accompanied the choicest dish which I have partaken in France. And I was one day exceedingly diverted with an amusing incident, which recalled to me forcibly the contrast between past and present scenes. Circumstances rendered it necessary that I should once resort to Chevet, the celebrated restaurateur of the Palais Royal, to prepare a dinner for me. It is a folly I have not committed since, nor do I intend to, for such a display suits my taste as little as it does my finances. And behold, to my amazement, the *artiste*, as the French call him, but in plain truth, this man of pots and kettles, drove up to the door in a handsome carriage, and descended the steps, which his postillion let fall, with all the air of the President of the Council. 'Thinks I to myself,' verily a contrast! Western life and Parisian life have their peculiar characteristics; but give me the freedom and the excitement of our forests, and I will cheerfully relinquish all participation in the efforts of Parisian cooks, even when they repair to their labor in their own carriages.

The dinner at Saint Cloud passed as dinners usually pass, in some conversation, but still more in the laudable operations of eating and drinking. Thank heaven, the days of 'healths' and 'toasts' have gone by! The fashion is dead, never to be resuscitated. Even in the palmy

days of its existence, I had an intuitive horror of those *vinous salutations*, when a man could not touch his glass without popping his head in his neighbor's face, and often at the risk of having his nose broken by some attentive friend, whose thirsty propensities were manifested by the same *striking* ceremony. I have often thought that the excessive absurdity of this custom might be ludicrously exhibited, by converting the salutation from the glass to the plate, and instead of drinking a health, or a 'sentiment,' as it was called, gravely eating our good wishes, whenever we began a new dish.

The order and silence with which the domestic service of the dinner was conducted, were honorable to the interior organization of the royal household. There was no hurry nor confusion on the one hand, nor indifference nor carelessness on the other; but the servants were alert and attentive; and there was at least one domestic for each person at the table. Like the customary arrangements at the French dinners, there were three removes, and the dishes were changed and renewed with promptitude and regularity, being brought in by a long file of servants, each of whom delivered his charge to a superior attendant, by whom it was placed upon the table. The whole ceremony did not exceed one hour, when we returned to the Salon of Reception in the order we had left it. In French society, the practice which prevails in England, and which we have borrowed from that country, of sitting at table after the ladies have retired, and *guzzling* wine, (the epithet is a coarse one, but not so coarse as the custom,) is unknown. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be banished. It leads too often to orgies, and not to pleasures; substituting for rational enjoyment excessive indulgence. I have never been at a dinner in Continental Europe, where the ladies and gentlemen did not retire from the table together. It is very seldom that the entertainment exceeds eighty or ninety minutes; and often after returning to the salon, I have heard some experienced *eater* observe, with all the self-complacency inspired by a most satisfactory meal, '*It was an excellent dinner, and we were at table but an hour!*'

When we reached the family parlor, as it may be called, we found the Duke and the Duchess of Orleans there. They have a separate establishment at the chateau, and had dined *en famille*, but had come to join the circle of the court, and to pass the evening with it. The Duke is a tall, elegant young man, with an expressive countenance, and great ease of manners. He has received a careful education, and has mingled much with the world; and these advantages, joined to great native vigor of intellect, have well prepared him for the task he will probably be one day called upon to fill. The Duchess has a sweet countenance, indicative of a most amiable disposition, and at the same time beaming with intelligence; and her character is in conformity with these annunciations.

The Queen took her seat at one of the round tables, with her sister, her two daughters-in-law, and her daughter, and some other ladies; while the rest placed themselves at a similar table in another part of the room. We were then presented to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and the former conversed during a considerable time with Gov. Everett.

The King invited the Minister to accompany him to another wing of the chateau. They passed through the two rooms I have already described on arriving, and then entered a long apartment called the Gallery of Apollo. The ceiling is splendidly painted, and the walls are ornamented with medallions, and hung with upward of ninety pictures; and there are superb vases, and other precious works of art, distributed through the apartment. This is a favorite promenade of the King, who frequently walks here after dinner, seeking exercise, which is necessary to his health, and which his duties and the attacks to which his life is exposed do not permit him to take in the open air; and apparently happy to forget the oppressive cares of a crown, in the reminiscences of former times, and particularly of his adventures in the United States. I have understood that upon this very evening he recounted to the Minister an anecdote, which perhaps the reader will pardon me for inserting here. It was told with great good humor, and with that happy tact which is one of his peculiar characteristics.

The King has much facility in learning languages, and he speaks English, as every Englishman and American who has conversed with him knows, as well as if it were his native tongue. I understand him to be equally conversant with Spanish, Italian, and German; and his knowledge of the latter led to the incident I am about to relate. The King, then Duke of Orleans, was travelling from Harper's Ferry to Winchester; and stopping at one of the villages upon the route, entered a public house, where he found a number of persons, of German descent, engaged in conversing, drinking, and smoking. A friendly intercourse was soon established between the new-comer and his predecessors at the inn, and they talked over the stirring events which were then passing in their father-land, where the French armies had overrun the country, and where 'great events were on the gale.' The stranger was able to gratify their curiosity, recounting with frankness the events which had occurred. They never doubted but that he was born east of the Rhine, and little suspected that the unknown traveller was the second in command in two great battles which had driven the German armies from the frontiers of France. After some time, they asked him in what part of Germany he was born, and he then told them he was a Frenchman, and a native of Paris. Their ancestral indignation was immediately excited, and his new friends were at once converted into foes. They thought their plausible companion was an unworthy renegade, who denied his parentage, and whose pride or principles induced him to claim the name of Frenchman. 'Shame upon you!' said the leader, 'shame upon you! You are a base German, to abjure your country, and I will give you a mark as a token of your apostacy!' And, 'suited the action to the word,' he threw at his head a heavy loaf of bread, which he held in his hand, and from which he was about to cut a substantial slice. But that head was destined to wear a crown, and not to be broken by this missile, though launched with hearty good will. The fugitive Prince avoided it, and escaped the consequences of his too free avowal.

In about half an hour, the king returned from his promenade, and soon after the musicians, who are nominally attached to the royal household, and called the *Musique du Roi*, made their appearance.

The band contains some of the most celebrated composers and performers of France, who have this honorary title, and who serve at the palace upon all state occasions, and whenever called there for the gratification of the royal family. They belong to the French opera of Paris, known officially as the Royal Academy of Music, under which designation it receives a large annual allowance from the treasury, without which appropriation it could not exist. It may be new to the reader, it certainly was to me, to find that many of the Parisian operas, theatres, and *spectacles*, are kept in operation by largesses, granted to them from the public funds. The practice has often been reprobated, and attempts to correct it have been made in the Chamber of Deputies, as well upon the ground of such a destination being an improper application of the means of the state, as of the manifest injustice to all the other cities of the kingdom, which are compelled to support their own places of public amusement. But these efforts have been vain, and the spectacle-going public of the capital, rich and poor, are enabled by this most unjust and misplaced bounty to enjoy their favorite amusement at a cheap rate. Political motives, however, have obviously their weight in this arrangement, and the government probably thinks that theatres and operas are better than *émeutes*.

This band consists of about thirty performers, and is directed by Auber, one of the most eminent composers of France. It contains Grasset, the chief of the orchestra, Habeneck, the first violin, Franchomme, the first violincello, Galley, the first French horn, and others enjoying a high professional reputation, and well known to the musical circles of Paris. Adjoining the *salon*, in which we were assembled, is the library, a beautiful room, finished and fitted up with great taste, and what is better, supplied with a valuable and extensive collection of books. The performers were introduced into this apartment, and the folding-doors being thrown open, they entertained the company with some of their happiest efforts.

But I feel that I am approaching dangerous ground, and must pause before I reach a precipice. I must avow, with equal frankness, humility, and bad taste, that I have no *ecstasies* for the *artifices* of music, and that I have a most unfashionable contempt for all operas, whether Italian or Potawatamie; whether represented at the Odéon, or at the council-house of my old friend Topniké. And if I were compelled to select the greatest absurdity which modern fashion exhibits, it would be a troop of performers, singing at each other, as though carrying on the real business of life, and that too in a language which not one in twenty of the enraptured auditory understands. I have been caught once or twice, such is the influence of example upon us all; but if ever I carry my ears again within hearing of Rubini, Tamburini, or any of the singers *par excellence*, I will consent to leave them open to those shrill vociferations which might excite the envy of an Indian warrior, instead of protecting myself, as I have heretofore done, by closing my auditory nerves. It is my firm belief that a vast majority of the *habitués* of the Italian Opera go there for a place of resort to exhibit themselves, to gaze upon others, and to attain or maintain a reputation for fashion, without the slightest real regard for the music.

As the evening advanced, the persons who are entitled to what is called the right of *entrée*, or in other words, who are expected to present themselves occasionally in the evening at the royal residence, began to make their appearance. At the French court, the King and his family assemble together every evening, in a domestic circle, the ladies seated at round tables, engaged in some light needle-work, destined to a charitable object, and the gentlemen walking about the apartment, and engaged in conversation. Here the Diplomatic Corps, and various members of French society, are admitted without special invitation, and enjoy the facilities of communication with the royal family.

Among the first who arrived, were the Spanish Prince, Don Francisco de Paulo, his wife, and two daughters. He is the brother of Don Carlos, and the uncle of the reigning Queen of Spain. His wife is the sister of the Queen Regent Christina, who has just abdicated, of the Duchess de Berri, and of the present King of Naples, and she is the niece of the Queen of France. Don Francisco has nothing prepossessing in his appearance; but as his good and bad qualities are equally unknown to me, I shall say nothing of him. He does not mingle much in the society of Paris, and is almost unknown there. After a short time we quitted the apartment, without any formal leave-taking; and thus pleasantly passed three hours at Saint Cloud.

But this is the sunshine of French life: it has also its deep shadows; and if any American envies the one, let him recollect that the other does not rest upon his country. If we have no St. Cloud, neither have we any of that misery to which the inequality of condition in Europe gives birth. Here is a family, elevated by its position, estimable by its virtues, and surrounded by all those external circumstances which the world considers as the elements of true happiness: and what is better, they have also those moral qualities, without which high rank becomes the shame of its possessors, and a pernicious example to all within the sphere of its influence. And yet the head of this family, the Chief of the State, cannot pass the threshold of his door, without being exposed to the bullet of the assassin. What a reproach upon the country, where such crimes are engendered, if not applauded!

Thank God! we have in our country '*neither poverty nor riches*,' in the European acceptation of these terms. We have none of those overgrown fortunes, which accumulate in particular families enormous wealth, placing under their control large regions of fertile land, with all who inhabit them; and thus rendering the mass miserable, that the few may live in luxury. I content myself with stating the facts as they exist, without comment or reproach; neither seeking to investigate the cause, nor to suggest the remedy. As one of the phases of human life, an American may well be anxious to observe the condition and manners of high European society, and to describe them for his countrymen. But the description, if faithful, will contain much more for warning than for imitation. When contrasted with the extremity of penury and wretchedness which every where meet the eye, the present tendency of the institutions in Europe, whether continental or insular, presents a subject of painful reflection

to the foreign traveller, and I should think of serious alarm to every lover of good order, and to every well-wisher to human nature. In fact, European society is a volcano, prepared at any moment for an eruption, which may bury beneath its lava the happiness of generations. The evil, in truth, lies far deeper than mere appearances indicate. Political institutions certainly require regeneration; a better adaptation to the present state of society, and to the prevalent opinions of the world; a system of legislation and administration, not in the interest of the few who govern, but seeking the general welfare of the entire community. But beyond this, there are causes in operation which laws cannot reach, and which governments, if they can affect, cannot control. Property is too unequally divided; population presses too closely upon subsistence; employment is too often wanting, and too insufficiently paid; and penury and misery are the consequences. Life, in advance, offers to the laboring man nothing but a perpetual struggle to procure the means of subsistence, and the prospect of early decrepitude, and of a death in some den of wretchedness, public or private. The extremity of suffering which the old world exhibits, is beyond the reach of an American imagination to conceive. I shall confine myself to a single fact. I passed the last summer at Versailles, where the commanding general put at my disposition a *sous-officer* to accompany me in my walks, and to point out the various localities worthy of particular observation, at that seat of wonders. He was a very intelligent man, and well educated; and I owe to his conversation much knowledge of the true condition of things in the internal economy of France. He was from the neighborhood of Amiens, and his father was a small proprietor. I asked him, one day, what was the usual breakfast of the laboring people in that part of the country. He said, 'Plenty of water, and a piece of ammunition bread, rubbed with an onion!'

Well may an American exclaim with the royal Psalmist, not proudly, but with all the humility of gratitude to that Providence who has given us such a country and such institutions: 'The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage!'

THE PYRAMIDS.

Lo! Egypt's pyramids, that lone,
In silent grandeur stand,
Lifting their time-defying brows
High o'er her plains of sand!
Scan every stone from base to brow,
And to the light each record bring;
Then tell me who lies buried there,
A bullock or a king?

No trace remains! — no record now
Is found their origin to tell;
Whether a monarch slumbers there,
Or there an idol fell!
Like shells of ocean on some mount,
Whose forehead greets the sky,
Appear those monumental piles
Which in vast ruin lie.

Those shells to us the record bear,
That once, in days of old,
High o'er that lofty mountain's brow
The waves of ocean roll'd.
So unto us, these mouldering piles
The truthful record bear,
That once the tide of life and light
Flow'd on triumphant there.

As oft upon the deep, dark sky,
When earth is robed in night,
Like glance of rushing eagle's eye,
Appears the meteor's light:
So burst a light upon the gloom
Of Egypt's darkened sky;
A light to guide her to the tomb,
To gild her destiny!

WAYSIDE PASSAGES.

NUMBER ONE.

THE NORSEMEN.

SOME three or four years since, a fragment of a statue rudely chiseled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New-England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !
 A relic to the Present cast ;
 Left on the ever-changing strand
 Of shifting and unstable sand,
 Which wastes beneath the steady chime
 And beating of the waves of Time !
 Who from its bed of primal rock
 First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block ?
 Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
 Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream
 Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :
 From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
 The circles widen to its shore ;
 And cultured field and steeped town
 Slope to its willowed margin down.
 Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
 The mellow sound of church-bells ringing,
 And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
 Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
 And voices from the wayside near
 Come quick and blended on my ear,
 A spell is in this old gray stone —
 My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change ! — the steeped town no more
 Stretches along the sail-thronged shore ;
 Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
 Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud
 Spectrally rising where they stood,
 I see the old, primeval wood ;
 Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
 I see its solemn waste expand :
 It climbs the green and cultured hill,
 It arches o'er the valley's rill ;
 And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
 Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
 Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
 Flows on, as it will flow forever !
 I listen, and I hear the low
 Soft ripple where its waters go ;
 I hear behind the panther's cry,
 The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,
 And shyly on the river's brink
 The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark ! — from wood and rock flung back,
 What sound comes up the Merrimack ?
 What sea-worn barks are those which throw
 The light spray from each rushing prow ?
 Have they not in the North Sea's blast
 Bowed to the waves the straining mast ?
 Their frozen sails the wintry sun
 Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;
 Flapped by the sea-bird's gusty sweep
 Round icy drift, and headland steep.

Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-wing'd sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide — and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky:
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chaunt, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
His gray and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight's hour,
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard its sounding o'er the sea,
And swept with hoary beard and hair
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'T is past — the 'wilderer vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air —
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again:
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiseled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim —
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
Or Tyr, the restless god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not — for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again —
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper — even when it seems
But Memory's phantasy of dreams —
Through the mind's waste of wo and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

QUIET THOUGHTS ON PASTORAL LIFE.

VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, annoyed by a dog that barked at his Grace while walking in Hyde-Park, and that seemed disposed to bite, turned upon the cur, and said to him, 'I wish to — that you were married, and settled in the country!'

I have often thought that there was a great deal of sound practical wisdom, and quite as much philosophy as good-nature in the wish. Men talk of marrying and settling in the country, or of closing their days by a tranquil country life, as if it required nothing more than a simple aspiration to accomplish a change of this sort; and as if they could pack up their habits along with their clothes, and move all their old associations bodily on to a farm by one of these modern applications of steam-power.

My dear Sir, this is a sad mistake! Most men of a certain age might as rationally attempt to fold up their shadows, and carry them into the country in an empty claret-box, as undertake with any hope of success to change a town-life for the enduring gratification of these bucolical propensities. There may possibly be found one instance; indeed one solitary instance rises before me at this moment, of a highly gifted Gentleman retiring into a passage of country that his own pen had made classical, and establishing an abode of true affection, hospitality; and joy. This might be cited as an exception; but then here is a spirit that has a world of its own, and that in the words of Dan Spenser, might make 'a sunshine in a shadie place.'

But speaking of ordinary men and things, I never yet knew the experiment permanently to succeed. I allude of course to the scheme of existence in these United States; and I am led to this expression of my thoughts from the distressing fact that several of my friends, with whom it has been delightful to interchange the courtesies of life, and who gave excellent dinners in civilized society, are at this time sitting beneath 'the shade of melancholy boughs,' or contemplating a total removal into the dark and untried regions of a country life.

The project is beautiful in the perspective. A certain degree of pleasurable excitement is kept up during the choice of the place of repose; in the purchase of the estate; in the refitting or building of the house; in changing the lawn from gorse and white-weed into rolled and cropped velvet, and pampering and caressing the Earth into its lightest imaginable green. We like also to spend money, and it is well to have an excuse for doing so; and then there is a charm in the shuttle-cock motion betwixt the two scenes of town and country; but all this cannot last long. The house is finished in the course of one year; the farm stocked in two; the money gone in three; and the dream ended quite as soon as the money.

The motion to and from town by the way is very apt to continue. A Reverend Gentleman of my acquaintance, who lives in the most beautiful parish perhaps in the state, told me that when he wanted a meeting of his Vestry, he went on board the steam-boat. He found them all there, wardens, vestrymen, clerk, sexton, and precentor, all in raptures with the beauty of the country, and all shooting out of it into town at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, the finest morning of the year.

‘Reverend Sir,’ said I, humbly, ‘what may the cause be that should induce this frequently-recurring appetite for our great Babel? Some of your parishioners are, I know, altogether beyond the reach of wordly care in reference to their estates, and others again have none now left to look after?’

‘Why faith, my dear John,’ said he ——— NO, I am wrong! His Reverence very discreetly replied, that he knew nothing of the condition of their estates; but he believed that some of his *flock*, if he might call them such without exciting animadversion, came frequently to town to vary the scene and read the papers of the morning; visiting perhaps before the return of the boat, the markets at either end of Fulton-street.

‘So, so,’ said I, ‘these markets of ours have still some charm left for them then; and yet they hold forth in praise of their three village butchers, as if no cibarious want were left ungratified.’

‘My friend,’ said the Rector, ‘the objection to our butchers is simply this, that at one season of the year their three carts are filled with veal and veal only; at another with lamb and only lamb; and at another exclusively with beef or mutton. Now the markets in question are

——— ‘Various,
That the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change, and pleased with novelty,
May be indulged.’

And then we are all — for why should we deny it? — of the same race as was the father of Esau, and love that perfume of the pathless wood, or that vivacious relish of the sea-shore, that one sometimes traces in the well-dressed dish of game.’

‘But it cannot be that they come to town for this only, or even principally, Doctor, for I understand that hardly any attention is paid in the country to the game-laws, and that your parishioners shoot right and left at snipe, woodcock, and partridge, with the most reckless disregard of the day of the month, and often of the month itself.’

‘You are severe, John, indeed you are; a few brace of partridges before the day perhaps, and an occasional young woodcock of much promise for a broil at breakfast, not overdone, but tasting of the hickory coals; and this at the close possibly of June, instead of waiting quite until the very fourth day of July; no, no, ‘I confess the cape,’ ‘I confess two sleeves,’ but, as honest Grumio says, ‘There’s error i’ the bill, error i’ the bill!’

‘Well, it may be so, my good Sir, it may be so; but I think it augurs very little for the spiritual condition of ‘the flock’ that they should be darting down the river as they do to get hold of the first shad, and keep up the price of salmon in the early season. With us poor citizens, the case is different. ‘Treason lay in our way, and we found it.’ Our daily course is through the market, and we may occasionally indulge a little without compunction; but it is far different to come down forty miles with *malice prepense* after a dish of fish or game, when one ought to be at home studying the Practical Agriculturalist and Complete System of Husbandry, or Davy’s Chemistry as applied to the amelioration of soils.’

‘It has not been without a certain degree of surprise and regret,’ said the Rector, ‘that I have observed the restlessness of some of my

friends when at their country-seats. At their first arrival and for a short time afterward, their enjoyment seems like the indulgence of a natural taste; but the zest wears off with the novelty, and *ennui*, which is merely an incidental disorder in town, is a mortal disease when it attacks man in the shades of Retirement. The great Falkland used to say, that 'he pitied unlearned gentlemen in the country on a rainy day;' but there is a listlessness, and an inaptitude for occupation, that no sunbeam can at all times dispel from the mind even of the learned, and against which the country has beyond doubt fewer expedients than the town.'

'Have you ever known an instance of an individual bred to a city life, who, after his *improvements* as they are called were completed, could remain upon them the year round in contentment and repose?'

'Contentment and repose,' my dear John!' said the Rector; 'I might parry your question by asking you to define the meaning of the two words as applied to mortal man, but I will meet the matter boldly. Yes, I have known such an Instance. It certainly is not an every-day occurrence to meet with such an one, but I am safe in saying that there is a class of mind capable of it. It is the class, the small class, 'to whom no note is dissonant that tells of life.' It is the 'not many wise, not many learned,' of the Scripture; the spiritual; the pure of heart; the class to whom the highest promise of futurity is given. As to the instances I have known, I grant that they are few; but as these pass over the field of my recollection my thoughts dwell upon one individual with unfading interest, who came to reside at a beautiful place, that bordered upon my parish so closely as to give me frequent opportunities of an acquaintance with her, and I did not fail to cultivate it. How shall I describe her to you, and yet escape the danger of enthusiasm?'

'She had passed the bloom of youth before she came among us, and yet her face was like the morning of an April day; and pleasure, and delight, hope, intelligence, truth, sympathy, came of their own accord, and beamed over it. I have walked with her in the fields; and flowers that were hidden from my sight, or that entirely escaped the notice of my unpractised eye, revealed themselves to her, almost at every step; and as often as she plucked one, she seemed to draw from the bosom of the earth a fresh argument for the love of God; so exquisite were the order, the usefulness and beauty that she exhibited, in all its parts, as she divided the plant with her graceful and discriminative touch. Her cheerfulness was unfailing, and it sprang from a well-regulated, enlarged, and cultivated mind, active in the performance of every duty with quiet, unostentatious zeal, and drawn by this activity of good away from all those selfish purposes that control and possess the unoccupied spirit.'

The farm they had purchased was on the outskirts of one of our few remaining manors, and while she passed in silence through the primæval woods which cover parts of that extensive domain, I could see that she realized the beautiful expression of the poet:

'Sure there's a hidden power,
Mid the lone majesty of untam'd nature,
Controlling sober reason!'

'You remember the verses, John —'

‘Certainly, I do,’ I replied; ‘they contain almost the finest line in the language.’

‘It appeared,’ continued the Rector, ‘as if she held converse with the latent power that the poet imagines to exist in those deep recesses of nature; and though nothing could be more simple and unstudied than her language, infinite thought dwelt upon the confines of her imagination, and long-sustained passages of light, like those that radiate from the Aurora of the North, glowed in her manner and expression.’

‘You are figurative, my good Rector,’ said I, ‘and yet you give me the idea of a delightful spirit.’

‘She was one of the few, John, that are suited to the retirement of a COUNTRY LIFE.’

JOHN WATERS.

STANZAS

BY A LADY IN THE COUNTRY: COMMUNICATED BY THE RECTOR TO JOHN WATERS.

THE AIR SPIRIT.

My home is in yon fleecy cloud
The sun is gilding bright;
But you will seldom find me there—
I am the Spirit of the Air,
Uncertain is my flight.

I wander through each verdant bower,
And bear the perfume on;
I cull the sweets from every flower
And pass along at evening hour,
Welcome — and lost anon.

I swiftly glide along the deep
And curl the slumbering wave;
I fill the sail, and waft along
The boatman’s peaceful, evening song;
Then sleep in Echo’s cave.

But when my harp I lightly touch
Such magic strains I pour,
The soul that listens to my lay,
Rapt in bright visions, soars away
To its own native shore.

Yet think not that I always play
Like child in fairy bower;
Though soft and gentle I may seem,
And nothing worth, my power you deem —
I bide my coming hour.

With sudden heat’s expansive force,
O’er sea and land I rave;
An oak-tree for my sceptre take;
Of lofty towers, my crown I make;
My suppliants, the brave.

I drive my car with ’vengeful speed,
Nor fleet nor forest spare;
And India’s treasures are no more
Than sands, upon the silver shore
Where Fancy braids her hair.

CYRA.

THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN HISTORY.

James H. Lane.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BORDER TALES.'

THE SINGLE COMBAT.

ABOUT the year 1763, the depredations of the Indians upon our western frontiers became so audacious, that a large number of the inhabitants were required to be continually under arms. The Middle and Southern states were particularly exposed, and the beautiful valley of the Ohio, which is now the most fruitful part of civilized America, and is rapidly becoming the centre of a vast nation of freemen, was then tenanted only by hordes of hostile savages, animated by a common sentiment of hatred to the white man. The observant Indian had become aware of the energy and enterprise of the American character; he had seen the axe and the plough, quietly but with undaunted perseverance, urging their conquests westwardly, until the greater part of the forests east of the Alleghany mountains had been subdued: and now the hardy Pioneers seemed ready to pass those barriers, which had been supposed to be impregnable defences against the footsteps of civilization.

The Indians had vainly hoped to find in the valley of the Ohio a refuge which the European invader would not covet. They little dreamed of the wonderful energies, or of the rapid growth, of that people; and attributing their success thus far to want of union and energy among themselves, were now prepared for a more vigorous resistance. Extensive alliances were formed among the tribes, and active efforts were used to stir up in the savage mind the feelings of revenge and hatred.

The Pioneers soon became awakened to the necessity of corresponding efforts; and they were a people whose genius and habits rendered them little averse to a state of war. Every man residing on the frontiers was necessarily a soldier, prepared at all times to defend his own fireside, or to hasten with alacrity to the assistance of his neighbors. The cruelties practised by the Indians, the shocking scenes of midnight violence, the burning of houses, and the indiscriminate slaughter of individuals, however young, beautiful, or helpless, enlisted in this warfare the noblest sympathies of the heart; and it was a high and generous impulse that armed those gallant men for the fight. They were not mercenary soldiers, nor were they called to the field by the lust of conquest or of plunder; but were patriots, united in the defence of their homes, and rallying around their firesides and family altars, for the protection of all they held most dear and sacred. True, they often carried the war into the enemy's country, striking him with a violence as ruthless as his own; but it was to reclaim their property, to redeem their friends from a captivity worse than death, or to revenge the atrocities of the marauder.

The revolting scenes of desolation incident to savage warfare were calculated to engender a deep and lasting hatred against the red man, which has proved fatal to that race, by involving all in the punishment due to the misdeeds of a part. But these wars were also productive

of nobler fruits ; uniting a scattered population by a sense of common danger in the bonds of friendship ; inculcating a generous hospitality, by throwing open every door to the houseless ; and calling out the valor of the strong, for the protection of the widowed and defenceless. From this stock sprang the Pioneers, who peopled the western forests, and whose intrepidity in meeting the varied dangers that beset their path, was not more conspicuous than the simplicity of their lives, and the kindness of their hearts. They were rough, but brave and honest ; impetuous, but kind-hearted and charitable.

In the eventful enterprises growing out of these border wars, a martial spirit was inculcated, and a military experience gained, which enabled the American people, afterward, in the struggle for independence, to contend successfully against the veteran troops of Europe. The colonists were an industrious, pacific, and loyal people ; but they had always been accustomed to defend themselves from aggression, without asking aid from the Sovereign ; and when *he* became the aggressor, they were ready to turn against him the arms they had wielded honorably against his and their own enemies. Such was particularly the character of the population of the frontier districts. The revolution found them soldiers, with arms in their hands and military habits ready formed ; and this school furnished many of the most accomplished officers of that war, as well as numerous bodies of the best light troops in the world.

We cannot fix exactly the date of the adventure we are about to relate ; we only know that it occurred during one of the military expeditions of the stormy period mentioned at the beginning of this article.

A company of volunteers were marching from the Virginia border toward the Indian country, under the command of Captain Crawford, the same gallant but unfortunate individual whose tragical end a few years afterward has given his name a melancholy celebrity in the legends of the border. He was, like those under his command, a farmer, with no pretensions to any military knowledge gained from books, or from the drill-sergeant, nor indeed any training, except such as had been obtained in repelling or pursuing the savages, according to the desultory warfare of the times. He was a brave and enterprising man ; the fact that he was placed on several occasions at the head of parties of this description, by the choice of his neighbors, shows that he was popular ; and this is no small evidence of merit, for the country was not then distracted by that miserable spirit of party, whose excitements exalt the demagogue, as the boiling of a liquid raises the scum to the surface. A common sense of danger called the bravest and most competent men into stations of responsibility. Crawford was a plain man, of affable manners, who practised a simple though genuine hospitality. Without being wealthy, he was surrounded by abundance, his farm yielding him all the necessaries of life, and affording the ability to contribute to the relief of those who were driven by the violence of the times from the shelter of their own roofs.

A militia officer in those days was a person of character and consideration, who became a leader in consequence of some real or supposed qualification for the office. His men were armed with some-

thing more dangerous to the enemies of their country than walking-canes and umbrellas, and they desired to be commanded by those who understood the use of their weapons. He was a social man, who loved to mingle with the people on public occasions : being a sort of chief among them, he was expected to show himself whenever a concourse was assembled, and his natural instincts led him to seek out such opportunities for gaining popular favor. A militia officer was moreover a modest man, who said little, because in those days he was expected to do much ; but then he could convey a good deal of meaning in a few words, and had a pleasant way of saying agreeable things to the women, who always have great influence in elections, and can make and unmake great men when they please. He was an excellent judge of a horse, a quality which, in the purest days of the good Old Dominion, seldom failed to secure for its possessor the regard and esteem of his neighbors ; he was an admirable shot with the rifle, and was usually among the winners at shooting matches ; and above all, he was a man of speed and muscle. It was not often that he engaged in wrestling and foot-races, as these sports were usually left to the young men ; but the captain had a pride in that way ; it was known that he had proved his manhood in such feats, and was well understood that he would not back out if challenged.

That Captain Crawford was possessed of most of the good qualities which distinguished the men of his grade and profession, need not be doubted : he had many social and estimable traits of character. His company was made up of border men, hastily collected for the occasion ; farmers and their sons, mounted on their own horses, carrying their well-tried rifles at their backs, and going to war at their own proper charges. They were a merry set of men, when they rode forth on their sleek and well-curried nags, full of jokes and pleasant sayings, and brimful of courage, noise, life, and action ; but they were cautious and quiet woodsmen, as wise as serpents, and as cunning as foxes, when they came upon the trail of the enemy.

The company had charge of some provisions and ammunition, intended for the use of troops assembled on the frontier for an expedition in which Crawford's men were to bear a part. They had nearly passed through the settlements, and were upon the verge of the wilderness, when one of the wagons employed in carrying those stores broke down, and was so completely disabled that it was found to be impossible to repair it. This was a sore disaster : the stores were too valuable to be abandoned, and it was not probable that any suitable conveyance for them could be procured in that wild region.

The prospect of a delay was very unwelcome to these gallant fellows, who having volunteered for a short period, were eager to employ their whole term of service in active duty ; to perform some brilliant feat, and then return quickly to their homes. The idea of lying idle, or of getting forward at a snail's pace, while other detachments were pressing on, was very galling. In this extremity the greater part of the border men lost their tempers, and showed themselves to be persons who could be overcome by small difficulties, though they might bravely contend with great ones. They swore terribly ; and in the excitement of the moment, invented new and strange oaths, wherewith to express their displeasure against the stores, the wagon, the

driver, the roads, and even themselves. They blasphemed against King George, who was innocent of the whole matter, pouring out anathemas upon him which would have shocked the ears of some of his more refined subjects, but which were as void of malice as those which they wasted upon their own persons. The captain was puzzled; but he very prudently kept that to himself, and as there was a cool stream at hand, with a pleasant grass plat on its margin, he commanded a halt, and made his camp for the evening.

Just at this moment a wagon, drawn by four stout horses, which happened to be passing from one settlement to another, appeared in sight, and as it slowly approached the camping-ground, the commander determined on pressing it into the service. The driver, wholly unconscious of an intention so hostile to his civil rights, moved quietly on until he reached the spot, when finding it convenient, he halted to bait his horses, and to ascertain at the same time the meaning and destination of this military gathering. When the intention of the captain was announced to him, his surprise and indignation were very great; and he promptly resolved to offer all the resistance in his power. But he was alone, in the midst of a military band, who were ready and able, at a word, to enforce their leader's command; and he stood for a while silent, sullenly gazing at the bordermen, as if measuring their strength against his own comparative weakness. The soldiers considering the affair settled, resumed their good humor, and were soon busily engaged in rubbing down their horses, cooking their suppers, and whistling merry airs; so well are men satisfied when they can shift an evil from themselves to others, and especially when a community can throw off its own proper burthen upon the shoulders of some poor scape-goat, who may be crushed by the weight, but cannot cast it off. However tyrannical the teamster may have thought it, to be pressed into the public service against his own interest and wishes, the soldiers thought there was no pressure that any honest man should complain of; and the very individuals who would have fought to their knees in blood, rather than submit to such wrong from the king's officers, saw no harm in the thing when done by themselves.

But there are two sides to every question. The wagoner had been reared in a country where the rights even of the weakest are held inviolate, and considering himself an injured man, was determined not to submit without a struggle. Although alone, he did not lack the courage and audacity to assert his liberty. He was a great, gigantic, two-fisted, square-built fellow, who bore on his face the marks of many a hard-fought battle, and was in fact a noted bruizer — the hero of numerous fights — one on whom much money had been lost and won. He considered himself *the best man in the country*, and had much better evidence to found his belief upon, than most men can show in support of their self-estimation. After a pause of some minutes, he observed to the captain that it was hard to be forced to go with the expedition against his will; that every man ought to have a *fair chance*; that he had not a fair chance, inasmuch as the odds against him were so great as to deprive him of the power of resistance. He said, however, that he would make a proposal, which he hoped the captain would be gentleman enough to agree to.

'Oh, certainly!' replied the captain; 'I will agree to any thing that's fair.'

'Very good,' said the wagoner; 'all I want is to be put on an equal footing with the rest of the men. I don't want to be forced to go like a slave along with others that are going by their own free will. I am Virginia born, and am as willing to serve my country as another man; but then I'm not going to be ordered about by them that are not my masters.'

'Gentlemen,' continued the wagoner, turning to a circle of the men who had collected around, 'I am come of the right breed of dogs; there is no mistake in me; I am not afraid to go where there is danger; all I want is a fair chance.'

'That's right!' exclaimed several voices.

'Very good,' says the teamster; 'now, captain, I will make you a civil, genteel offer. I will fight you, or any man in your company; if I am whipped, my wagon and team are yours, and I will go with you; but if I win the fight, I am my own man, to go or not, as I please.'

'Hurrah! Hurrah!' 'Old Virginia never tire!' shouted several voices.

A dead silence ensued, and all eyes were turned upon the captain. It was now evident that the wagoner had shown himself a shrewd negociator. He was aware of the military bias which formed a leading trait in the character of those around him, and which would lead them to applaud his bold challenge. He knew Crawford's cast of mind, or had guessed it during the interview. The captain was stout, active, and chivalrous; he prided him on his personal prowess, for which he had obtained some reputation. He was not by any means so heavy or muscular as the team-driver, and could scarcely hope to meet him in a pugilistic encounter, with any chance of success. But then to refuse the challenge might seem to indicate a want of confidence in his own manhood; it might lessen him in the eyes of his men, and endanger his influence over them; while his own disposition and code of ethics perhaps suggested that in good faith the wagoner was entitled to the *fair chance* which he claimed. He was a popular leader, and must act in conformity with the public sentiment of the community whose suffrages he desired. The sense of justice of that body would doubtless have decided, that when about to take possession of a man's property, and indeed of himself, against his will, nothing could be more reasonable than to indulge him in a fight if he demanded it. Military commanders, when forced to surrender to superior force, think it right to make a show of fight, and have a few men killed, to save their honor. Our wagoner acted upon the same principle; and Captain Crawford was not the man to deny justice to any one, however humble. He therefore agreed to the proposal, and both parties threw off their coats, and began to prepare for the combat.

At this juncture, a tall stripling, who had recently joined the company, but was a stranger to most of them, and who had been carelessly leaning against a tree, observing the scene with apparent unconcern, or with the levity with which a spirited youth beholds a contest which he supposes will end in words, stepped forward and drew the commanding officer aside.

‘Captain,’ said he, ‘you must let *me* fight that man ; he will whip *you*.’

‘It takes a very good man to do that,’ replied the captain.

‘I don’t dispute that,’ replied the youth ; ‘but I noticed that fellow while *you* were talking with him, and am satisfied that there is not a man in the company who can handle him but myself. It will take the best kind of a man to do it.’

‘You have a high opinion of yourself, young man.’

‘That’s *my* business,’ said the youth, sharply ; ‘but what I may think of myself, is neither here nor there. I don’t want to see you whipped, nor to lose the wagon ; but depend upon it, if you fight that man, he will use you up in short order ; he will beat you to a jelly in a minute. Turn him over to me, and the team shall be ours.’

Crawford was struck by the confidence of the young man ; but he was not willing to appear to draw back, especially as one of the men had just remarked in his hearing that the teamster *was* ‘of the right breed of dogs, sure enough.’ To which another responded :

‘He is barking up the wrong tree *this* time. There is no back out in the captain, no how. They can’t banter him off the track, no way they can fix it.’

But the youth insisted, that to have the captain beaten, which would certainly be the case if he persisted in fighting, would be discreditable to the company ; and moreover that *he* was the only man present who could fight the wagoner with a fair chance of success. This confidence, and a something about him that inspired confidence in others, enabled him to carry his point. The captain had probably but little relish for a gentle passage of arms of this description, in which there would be hard knocks without honor, and having done all that policy required, in accepting the challenge, prudently suffered himself to be persuaded by his men to let the young stranger take his place.

The combatants were soon stripped, and ready for the fight ; seconds were chosen for them, a ring was formed upon the smooth level, and the terms of the battle proclaimed. It was a curious scene. A few minutes before, the whole of that company were reposing from the fatigues of the march ; around them were the shadows of the forest, and a silence deep as that of the grave. The fairies, if such gentry there were in a wilderness so far from the haunts of civilized men, were probably frisking around, prepared to practice their jests upon the band, so soon as the drowsy god should have sealed their eyes in slumber. The autumn sun was sinking to the horizon, and the mellow hues of the landscape were rendered still more delicious by the repose, and the agreeable temperature of the air. Suddenly the unruly passions are unloosed ; eagerness and excitement pervade the rude assembly ; coarse voices, loud shouts, and heavy peals of laughter, awaken the echoes. The lone teamster is no longer a friendless being, whose rights were to be trampled upon by a military despot. He has appealed to a court of honor, and stands upon a level with his opponent. His spirit has elevated him into a hero ; the loungers of the camp have pressed about him, to catch a glimpse of his features, and several have recognised an acquaintance. The name of a bully, familiar as the victor in many a brawl, is passing through the busy throng. Stout men have gathered round him, to advocate his cause,

and insure him a fair trial, according to the ancient form of battle. The band is divided into two parties, animated by a mutual sense of justice, and a common desire for victory.

As they stood in the ring, ready for the onset, a great disparity was visible in the appearance of the combatants, the advantage being decidedly on the part of the wagoner. He was in the vigor of life; big, muscular, hardened by labor and exposure, and experienced in this mode of warfare. Calm and self-possessed, he contemplated his adversary without dread, and looked for an easy victory. The youth, who in his hunting shirt-seemed slender, and by no means athletic, now showed himself a young giant, when his broad chest, his huge limbs, and strong joints, were exposed. He was only about eighteen or twenty years of age; his frame was large, but had not yet acquired the fulness, the compactness, and the vigor, of ripe manhood, which it afterward possessed in so eminent a degree: his limbs seemed to be loosely hung together, but the bones and muscles were enormous, and the eye full of courage.

The battle was severe, but brief; and even in that country where pugilism ranks among the amusements of the refined circles, would have been esteemed a pretty specimen of that art. It is true there was not much science, for boxing has never been publicly countenanced in this country, and one of the competitors was a person who would not have condescended to cultivate the art as a source either of amusement or reputation. But there was a spirit, a life, an earnestness about this combat, which, to such as could witness with pleasure a spectacle so revolting, gave it an intense interest. The wagoner was completely and terribly beaten. His antagonist sprang upon him with the ferocity of an enraged panther, and after a few blows the battle ceased to be doubtful. The tremendous fist of the young Virginian broke down all the guards of his practised opponent: the athletic teamster, who had been the leader in many a brawl, now met with one greater than himself, and in a few minutes he was stretched exhausted at the feet of his vanquisher, who was but little hurt.

That youth was DANIEL MORGAN, who had now for the first time taken the field, against the enemies of his country, as a volunteer soldier. A few years afterward, when the war for independence called out the patriotism and chivalry of the land, he became known to fame as the daring and sagacious leader of a regiment of riflemen, whose exploits were among the most brilliant of a contest fruitful in noble deeds. It was a favorite corps of Washington, who always bestowed his confidence with judgment. Morgan rose to the rank of Major-General, often led our armies to victory, and was said to have been more frequently engaged in battle than any other officer. He was as celebrated for his activity, strength, and personal courage, as for his military talents; and the above is one of the numerous incidents of his eventful life, which attest his almost incredible bodily powers.

A T H O U G H T :

PENCILLED ON A BLANK LEAF OF A 'BLANK BOOK.'

M — never strongly soars, nor deeply dives,
But muddles truth, at which he ne'er arrives!

THE MARKSMEN OF MAINE.

P R Æ M I U M.

Ye varied forests that with graceful sweep
Wave to the storms that vex the Atlantic deep!
Ye rocks of adamant, whose brows defy
The thunder's rage, the lightnings' as they fly!
Ye saw the day that led the sons of Maine
In hostile fury on the trembling plain;
Ye saw each zig-zag rank, each motley line,
As thorns upon an angry porcupine
Bristling their rusty bayonets: here and there
A solitary shot disturbs the air,
While groups are heard discussing martial law,
Like crows contending on a stack of straw.

The Muse inquires not why these 'braves' in arms
Pour forth from town and field in hostile swarms;
She asks not why the 'border' warriors stand,
Death in their looks — but critics understand.
One deed alone, of these immortal ranks,
She snatches from the verge of Lethé's banks,
Crams it unwilling in the trump of Fame,
And bids the blustering goddess blow the same!

THE TARGET.

'T was on that morn, blest be the welcome day!
When Erin's sons their annual tribute pay
To PATRICK'S worth, the patron of the isle,
Where summer blooms with an unceasing smile;
Whence snakes and toads in sad disorder fly,
Or if they linger, linger but to die:
'T was on that morn, our heroes might be seen
Bearing a portrait of Britannia's QUEEN,
Tied to a Patrick's cross of ample size:
Around th' unconscious wood the canvass flies,
And sweet in beauty's mien and youthful smiles,
Beams the fair picture of the 'Queen of Isles.'

'Halt!' cried the captain of this martial band,
'You *will* keep moving, when I bid you stand:
Halt! dress! attention! move not long nor shorter,
While I explain your duty as I or'ter!'

THE LEADER.

HERR, gentle reader, as in faint relief,
The Muse attempts an outline of her chief:
Nor yet the *man* she subjects to her rule,
Heaven makes the man, but habit makes the fool.

The great ram-beaver which our hero wore,
Somewhat the worse for wear, turned up before
Its wide expansive leaf, and from behind
It gave a faded ribbon to the wind;
A gift his wife had lent this son of Mars,
What time he left her for the 'border wars';
Nor did her spouse esteem the favor less,
That it had been the girdle of her dress,
Till for its length her years had made the dame
Somewhat too large in amplitude of frame.
A coat that once was bright, now somewhat pale,
Its skirts descending like a swallow's tail,
Which long had done its owner service true,
And named by all his men 'the long-tailed blue,'

Around the 'border' chief its shelter cast,
 In proud defiance of the northern blast;
 And partly hid a vest which well could vie
 In colors with the gaudiest butterfly.
 Shreds from an old kilmannock night-cap tied,*
 Like Dido's thongs, a sash supplied:
 Of a late package it had formed a part,
 Extracted from John Bull by Yankee art;
 Its price the wily trader meant to pay,
 What time the 'powers' should meet in bloody fray.
 Last, on his feet the ponderous boots he wore,
 By fashion's ultra hand turned up before;
 And when he marched, it seemed full sure his toes
 Could ne'er refrain from contact with his nose.
 That morn, while dressing for the glorious day,
 The moose-skin belt that bound his sword, gave way;
 Ill-fated weapon! laid aside in haste,
 The blood of foemen thou shalt never taste;
 A poker turned, thou load'st the wench's arm,
 And 'fire and sword' shall keep her kitchen warm!

THE SPEECH.

He now continued: 'Friends, the hour of fate,
 That claims our *actual service* for the state,
 At length is come, and finds you on the field,
 In danger's front, determined not to yield,
 Till every son of Britain hides his head,
 And flies or falls before our steel or lead!
 Said I each son of Britain? — yes, and more,
 Each hateful daughter of that hateful shore;
 All, all must sink, when Maine's dread anger hurled,
 Shall drive the 'speck of ocean' from the world!
 To prove the mettle of your Yankee stuff,
 To prove your captain's words are more than puff,
 Yon cross, by thousands loved with fond devotion,
 Which bears upon its breast the Queen of Ocean,
 Fixed as a target, for your aim shall stand,
 To prove the truest eye, the boldest hand:
 Full fifty paces shall the distance be,
 And the best shot shall have — a pound of tea!

THE TRIAL.

THEIR guns were levelled and their shots let fly,
 And far and near the echoes made reply;
 But strange to tell, all guiltless of their aim,
 Each thought his neighbor must have been to blame:
 At least they said so; and their leader swore,
 'T was fearful waste of ammunition store,
 And he, by long experience bold, must say,
 'T was strange that fifty bullets missed their way.
 A second volley, with the same effect,
 Showed there was strange misfortune or neglect.
 All stood aghast, each blustering tongue was still,
 To find the deed so adverse to the will;
 The boldest deemed some sudden judgment near,
 And Maine's brave champions hung their heads for fear.
 But great events from causes small may grow,
 A mouse's birth has caused a mountain wo:
 And though the story springs from fiction's school,
 We hold there's truth and reason in the rule;
 The maxim's force the nervous warrior band
 All gladly learned from Truth's corrective hand:
 A smothered laugh was borne upon the wind,
 And loud out-bursts of fun were heard behind;
 All eyes were turned to mark from whence it came,
 Till fixed at length upon an ancient dame,
 Known in the state — MEG MUXSON was her name.

* A slouch cap worn by northern boatmen.

MEG'S HISTORY.

From Scotia's land, full forty years before,
 Meg had been landed on New-England's shore;
 Some whispered 'for her crimes,' but yet in sooth
 'T was false; the Muse herself shall speak the truth.
 Near 'Halket Head,' where blustering ocean flows
 With fiercest rage, her father's cot once rose;
 Its humble inmates tilled the sterile ground,
 With much of peace but less of plenty crowned;
 Till one dark night, mid billows' loudest roar,
 A shattered bark was cast upon the shore.
 The peasants reached the spot in time to save
 One sole survivor from a briny grave;
 Then fed and nursed him till — Oh, cease the lay!
 He turned their eldest born, their child, away;
 And scarce a year was passed, ere Meg was thrown
 On foreign shores, forsaken and alone.
 Deep-rooted hate had now usurped the place
 Once the sweet seat of innocence and grace;
 And while her pride forbade her to return
 Where long her friends had ceased her loss to mourn,
 She cared not yet with full contempt to view
 The race from which her early sorrows grew.
 Beside a straggling wood, meet place for cheer,
 Her little sign-board promised 'Cakes and Beer';
 And there the 'braves' of our heroic lay
 Had spent the morn of that eventful day.

THE EXPLANATION.

'Your powder spare,' she cried, 'from such abuse,
 For MAXWELL's boys may show you yet its use;
 And if what every body says be true,
 They've dealt with harder-headed chaps than you!
 Last night I learned by chance that you designed
 A crime against the nature of mankind;
 One which your friends would hardly like to name,
 One which your foes will couple with your shame;
 One which, though guiltless of your precious lives,
 Would make you cheap at home among your wives:
 But if your bloodless swords you love to draw,
 You'd better fight with some big man of straw,
 Than with a *woman's picture*! — such disgrace
 Through life shall stare you broadly in the face.
 Hear now the truth: while piled in yonder shed,
 I stole from every catridge-box its lead,
 And run them into weights of ounce and pound,
 Such as are needed for the country round,
 When starch, and soap, and pepper I arrange
 In just proportions, as they send the change;
 And if your sons the present race exceed,
 I vow to truth, they'll thank me for the deed!'

THE RETREAT.

Just as the dame her bold harangue had screamed,
 The sound of music, martial as it seemed,
 Came booming on the air: their captain heard,
 And listened long; 'Attention!' was the word;
 And soon to prove they knew their chief's commands,
 In tube-like order lifted both their hands,
 And placed them to their ears; then touched the ground,
 To catch the echoes of the dreadful sound:
 It came again! O Mars! in battle great,
 Oft as it seems, thy voice alone is fate
 Breathed through a trumpet, when thy fiery car
 Lays heroes prostrate in the ranks of war!
 Not even th' affrighted Trojans, when they fled,
 And left the Greeks to bear away their dead,
 What time the great Achilles, with his shout,
 Put all their forces to a shameful rout;

Proving beyond dispute, the timid swarms
 Supposed his *lunge* as dangerous as his *arms* ;
 Not even the Trojans, with their utmost speed,
 Our heroes could outstrip in time of need ;
 When fairly started, free and unconfined,
 With liberty in front, and death behind !
 They pant, they groan, each death-like warrior reels,
 And thinks the 'Thirty-Sixth' is at his heels ;
 Till safe at last, the thickest woods they gain,
 And Meg alone is mistress of the plain !

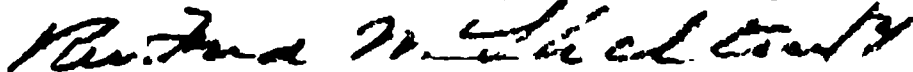
Three times our heroine raised her voice aloud,
 And thrice she called upon the flying crowd,
 That 't was 'a horn at time of dinner blown ;
 Perhaps a cow — the cow might be her own ;
 But when she saw the foe all out of sight,
 She claimed the trophies of the field, by right
 Of conquest hers ; and then her honors bore
 Where never envious Yankee saw them more.

FINALE.

'T is still disputed how that sound got birth,
 Whether in air, in ocean, or in earth ;
 Whether the dinner-bugle bade it rise,
 Or truant school-boy gave it to the skies ;
 Some think 't was 'Brownie,' and in Houlton, now,
 The dinner-horn is called 'Meg Munson's Cow !'

PETER CRAM:

ON THE ROW AT TINNECUM: A SKETCH OF LONG-ISLAND.



BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE KUSHOW PROPERTY.'

THE village of Tinnecum, situated on Swan-Creek, Long-Island, has hitherto escaped the observation of travellers ; happy, however, in this respect, if she has likewise escaped their ill-natured remarks and maledictions. There is, it is true, little here to attract the eye. A church, a school-house, a shop, a tavern, and a blacksmith's forge, supply the spiritual and temporal wants of those who make up the small society. By some extraordinary oversight, the Post-Master General has neglected to establish a post-office in this place, so that the inhabitants, who are wonderfully fond of news, can get little except what they manufacture on the spot. Nevertheless I must not forget to mention that a newspaper has just been established, which manages to get wind of the great revolutions which take place in the world, long after they have ceased to be matters of surprise or wonder. It is a pity that Tinnecum lies off the mail routes. It makes it a very dull place. The rumbling of coach-wheels, and the clear bugle of the post-man, as he brings up gallantly after creeping for miles at a snail's pace, is never heard. There is no gathering together in groups at the post-office, to catch the rumors of the day, but all things exhibit a stagnation and repose, imaged forth by the languid waters of Swan Creek, which rest upon the profound mud. When the November elections come round, there is indeed more excitement ; and recently, when the political party who have always had the upper hand in this neighborhood, gained a renowned victory, and succeeded in sending

the blacksmith to the legislature, in opposition to the store-keeper, who was 'too much of a gentleman,' they thought that this was rather too large an exploit to rest in silence; and in order that no one might be ignorant of what they had done, from the north to the south, and from the sea-coast to the Rocky Mountains, they got an immense show-bill struck off, and liberally dispensed, which was headed in flaming capitals to this effect: 'TINNECUM ERECT!' But the waters of Swan Creek were to be agitated yet more violently than they had ever been 'within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.' There was to be, it seems, a puddle in a storm. To speak more plainly, *the* event which had lately taken place in Tinnecum was of that exciting character, and is the subject of such vehement remark, that it really seems worthy of being recorded in her annals; and the attention of the reader is requested for a few moments to the narrative of one who would not willingly 'extenuate, or set down aught in malice.'

One evening in the middle of November, Mr. Jonas Weatherby, school-master, who taught all the arts and sciences which it was necessary for the inhabitants of Tinnecum to know, came home very much wearied after the labors of the day, and sat himself down before a good fire to read the 'Tinnecum Gazette.' He had been for some time so engaged, and was beginning to doze comfortably over the learned disquisitions of the editor, when he was observed suddenly to wake up and look bright; his eye-balls expanded, and became large; he held the paper first near, and then afar off, as if he had got the wrong focus, and did not read aright; then shaking himself in his chair, he began to sniffle in a way indicative of contempt and indignation. The cause of all this feeling was a simple announcement in the Gazette, in the following terms:

'INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF SINGING.

'MR. PETER CRAM, of the State of New-Hampshire, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Tinnecum, that he intends to open a singing-school in this village, provided sufficient encouragement is given. The course of instruction will be twenty-four lessons, in RHYTHM, MELODY, and DYNAMICS. He proposes to meet those who are desirous of instruction in music, at the Big-room of the Tavern, on Tuesday evening, when the first lecture will be delivered GRATIS, at which the public generally are invited to attend.'

'Here is a pretty illustration of bringing coals to Newcastle!' thought Mr. Weatherby, as he reflected on this impudent invasion of his musical province. Here comes a New-Hampshire Yankee, green from the mountains, who cannot pronounce three words according to Walker, I warrant it, and wants to set up a singin'-school in Tinnecum, where I have been chorister for these ten years past, and regularly instructed the folks in psalmody! Like enough he will come here with his hallelujah choruses, and powerful anthems, and new-fangled notions, and almost craze some foolish heads. But he sha' n't snatch my laurels, nor shall I be trifled with. It shall be Peter Cram, or Jonas Weatherby, one or the other. If this stranger is to receive countenance, then I pull up stakes, and depart from Tinnecum forever.' This solemn resolve was promptly suggested to the mind of the school-master, who manifested not a little contempt and anger; for the more he read the advertisement, the more he was astonished at the rashest act of temerity he had ever witnessed in his born days. If it were not for the evidence of his eyes, he would not have believed that any one would

have ventured along the shores of Swan Creek on such an errand. ONLY TO THINK OF BRINGING MUSIC TO TINNECUM !

After fidgetting about for some time, Mr. Weatherby got his hat and cloak, and crumpling up the obnoxious paper, went out. The cold air of the night did not allay his excitement. He directed his steps to a small apartment situated over the horse-shed of the inn, where a huge board projected in the air, on which was inscribed in large characters, 'OFFICE OF THE TINNECUM GAZETTE.' There was a flight of steps on the outside, which the school-master ascended, and opening a door at the landing, entered without ceremony. The room was dark, silent, and almost solitary. A single mould candle, having a thief in it, and stuck in a black bottle, which had become thoroughly encrusted with grease, shed an uncertain light over the forms, cases, and cabalistic instruments of art, scarcely revealing the huge iron outlines of the 'press,' which vaguely suggested to the mind the idea of that 'tremendous agent,' which it is described to be. It was the day after publication, when the noise, bustle, and clatter of the office had momentarily ceased, and the cry of 'copy' and continual demands upon the brain were stayed. The *genius-loci* sat at a table, snuffing the air of literary sanctity, but forgetting to snuff his candle withal. It is no wonder that he was absent-minded, for the departments of his labor were many. He made the news, printed it, pressed it, wrapped it, and despatched it ; and he was at this moment engaged in the task of pasting wrappers on papers which were intended for the Long-Island subscribers at Bog Lots, Drowned Meadow, Patch-Hog, and Mount Misery. He was an inferior-looking man, of servile demeanor, with a low, concave brow, and whose other features seemed to retire unanimously to make room for a great beak of a nose, which Nature made on purpose to be twitched, and which cast the shadow of a flying bridge over a wide extent of wall. It was wonderful that so distinguished a member disappointed the end for which it appeared to have been formed ; for although many persons felt an irrepressible inclination to give it a tweak, the owner was so meek and inoffensive that he never afforded any body a chance : for his editorial reflections could not in any case be construed into libel, unless they were severely wrested ; on the contrary, they were so obvious in their character, that they could with difficulty be questioned at all. Nevertheless Mr. Weatherby presented himself before the editor, somewhat excited, and holding the crumpled paper in his right hand, which he clenched so tightly that the windows rattled in the room, 'Sir,' said he, 'I hold in my hand the Tinnecum Gazette, of yesterday's date.'

'An interesting number, wa'nt it?' replied the editor, who was far from suspecting any cause of displeasure in the person who addressed him.

'Yes, it was interesting—particularly so,' said Mr. Weatherby, with a sardonic smile, which the darkness of the room concealed. Then raising his voice, so that his feelings could not be mistaken, 'I come here to inquire,' said he, 'whether you are privy to that article ;' and he thrust the newspaper in the light, and put his finger upon the name of PETER CRAM.

'I printed it,' replied the editor, in a tone of perplexity and surprise.

‘ You printed it ! ’ thundered the school-master ; ‘ then let me tell you that you have done insult and injury to me, by alluding to this man in your editorial columns. He is an impostor and an ignorant ramus, and such he will turn out to be, and you had n’t ought to have recommended him. By so doing, you bring contempt on the legitimate masters of the art. You see that, do n’t you ? ’

‘ Jes’ so ! ’ conceded the obsequious editor ; but he murmured something about the ‘ liberty of the press.’

‘ The ‘ liberty of the press ! ’ ’ echoed Mr. Weatherby, in a loud and contemptuous tone, which would have required all the exclamation points in the office to express its emphasis ; ‘ if the ‘ liberty of the press ’ consists in praising quacks and impostors, then I for one do not know what it means. I should rather call it a prostitution of the press. That’s equally plain, is n’t it ? ’

‘ Jes’ so ! ’ said the editor, cowering : ‘ I hope you will excuse me ; I did n’t mean any harm.’

Notwithstanding the wrath of the school-master was thus deprecated, he continued to speak for a long time in the printing-office with caustic severity, and at last he took the paper in question, and wended his way homeward, stopping however first at the blacksmith’s shop. Here he gained the attention of a little audience, and for several minutes the bellows ceased to heave, the iron cooled on the anvil, the sparks went up lazily out of the chimney, one after another, instead of ascending in blazing fire-works, and the interesting operation of making hob-nails was arrested. Mr. Weatherby then went into the ‘ store,’ where half the town of Tinnecum were warming their fingers around the stove-pipe, and wound up his argument against itinerating school-masters, in these emphatic words, which will long be remembered by those who heard them : ‘ Gentlemen, it is rascally, it is contemptible ! ’ The consequence of all this was, that quite a party was got up against Peter Cram, and a council convened to determine what it was proper to do to him. Some were in favor of keeping entirely aloof, and looking upon him with silent contempt ; others wished to appoint a committee to wait on him and inform him that his services were not needed ; while the younger part of the community would resort to the lawless alternative of plunging him head and ears into Swan Creek. Fortunately for Mr. Cram, a grand obstacle prevented them from executing any of these plans. They had an itching and craving desire of novelty, and secretly they had no intention of crushing this matter in the bud, just to gratify Mr. Weatherby. For since the departure of the ‘ Erudite Goat,’ and the ‘ Albino Lady,’ and the ‘ Prodigious Children,’ there had been no exhibition of any kind at Tinnecum. Consequently they determined to wait the arrival of the stranger, and let him speak for himself.

Probably if no previous mention had been made of him, he would have attracted little attention, and would have quietly departed for the want of patronage ; but now the whole village were on the *qui vive*, and when the appointed evening came, the place of meeting was crowded almost to suffocation. It was the Big-room of the tavern, where the town-meetings were usually held, and where there was a dance every winter after the first snow, provided the services of the blind fiddler could be secured. It was illuminated on the present occa-

sion by five candles, four of which were placed in tin receptacles on the walls, and one stood on the table. An ominous silence reigned in the assembly, something like that which precedes a thunder-storm, when the air is pent and murky, and scarcely a leaf is seen to move. Mr. Cram had not yet arrived, but he was momentarily expected, and there was a stretching of necks at every motion in the direction of the door. At the last moment, when expectation was wrought to the highest pitch, he entered, and walking up to the table, laid down an oblong book, called 'Zion's Harp, or the Collections of the New-Hampshire Academy.' His motions were watched with great greediness. He commenced operations by pulling off his great-coat and hanging it upon a peg, at the same time rubbing his hands, and adjusting his dress. This he did with a smart, sprightly air, for the number collected had flushed his cadaverous cheeks with the hope of unwonted success.

He was a tall, shambling man, and his body, if I may speak musically, was composed of flats and sharps. His feet were flat, his stomach, chest, back, all were as flat as grave-stones; but his chin was sharp, and his nose 'looked as if it had been cut out of a shingle,' and lay in the same plane or superficies with his cheeks, of which it was a continuation. His mental endowments, to speak the truth, were not any richer. He was utterly ignorant of the world, and simple and unsuspecting in his character. He looked for no guile in others, and for his own part, there is no doubt that he had at heart his individual emolument, and the improvement of the Tinnecum folks in psalmody. He had received his musical education at the base of the Green Mountains, and his dialect was rancorously tinctured with the peculiarities of that region. He began the lecture, by saying that there were more persons present than he calculated to have met on the first night, and that it was gratifying to see them so eager to embrace this privilege, for it *was* 'a great and crowning privilege,' to possess the means of instruction in this sublime art. He said that music was of divine origin; that it was coeval with the world, and that the morning stars sang together for joy; that it was common among the primitive Christians; and that it was said of the disciples in the Testament, that they 'sang a hymn, and went *about*!'

No sooner was this last word heard—which was uttered with a compound twang which it is impossible to describe, out of the mouth of Mr. Peter Cram—than the down-east pronunciation struck upon the Dorian ears of the Tinnecumites, and they burst into a fit of extinguishable laughter. This first symptom of insubordination was however utterly unintelligible to the lecturer, and he went on. He remarked that music had been used *in the army*, at an early date, and that the children of Israel were commanded to try the musical properties of *reäms'-horns*, when they besieged the town of Jericho, and by those means the walls fell down. After that, the use of 'reäms'-horns' was continued in the army for a long time, to allay excitement and to soothe the feelings. It had been fitly said, that

'Music was formed to tame the savage breast,
And lull the angry passions all to rest.'

After many more reflections of this nature, and some grotesque

illustrations, to render them more forcible, Mr. Peter Cram arrived at the driest part of the lecture. He said that the science of music might properly be divided into three parts, viz : rhythm, melody, and dynamics. He asked their attention while he attempted to explain briefly what they were. He was proceeding to give the definitions with mathematical precision, when a movement was observed in the middle of the room, and the spectators held in their breath with excitement when they beheld Mr. Weatherby slowly rising to his feet, and evidently about to speak. That profound teacher had listened from the beginning with exemplary patience, but things had now arrived at that pitch of absurdity, that he deemed it his duty to interpose for his townsmen's sake. 'Sir,' said he, gazing at Cram so steadily and so sternly, that folks said, after the meeting was out, they wondered that look did n't cut him in two : 'I beg leave to suggest to you that the Tinnecum people don't care much about the *elements* of music, of which they have hear'n tell for these two hundred years, and more ; and it is the opinion of those present, that you had better skip over that part of the subject, and give us a sample of your style of singing, and we will try and jine in with you.'

'Ah,' replied Cram, with a patronizing smile, as if he were allaying impatience, and holding back a store of good things which he was not yet ready to dispense, 'we mus' n't be impatient ; we must feel our way as we go. You will find these things sort o' dry, Sir, at first, but it won't be long before you get lo love 'em. It won't do to leave off square jest here.'

'We insist upon it!' said Mr. Weatherby ; and this motion was seconded by an uproarious demonstration on the part of the audience.

'Oh, very well!' replied Cram ; 'it doos'nt matter a pin's p'int to me ; I calculated to lectur', and I'd jest as leave do it as let it alone. But I've no objection to sing you a psalm-tune, since you're anxious to hear it ; but after that you must buckle to, and stick to the elements. Spellin' comes before readin', and readin' before writin'. Has any on ye got a tunin'-fork ?'

'A what!' shouted the inhabitants of Tinnecum, with eager curiosity.

'A tunin'-fork, my friends. I left mine to home, to New-Hampshire. It slipped out of my pocket while I was a-splittin' rails.'

'I say there,' shouted a voice in one corner of the room, 'landlord's got one o' them 'ere things.'

'Will somebody be so kind as to go and ask landlord to lend it for the use of the singin' school ? Take good keer of it.'

A messenger being despatched, Mr. Cram said that in the mean time he would give them a little exercise for the voice ; he therefore requested them to repeat after him the syllable, la ! 'Them gentlemen,' said he, 'that's a-settin' on the bedstead, in the corner of the room, please not make so much squeaking. Them boys that's a scrouging each other, will find plenty of room this way. Silence, gentlemen, if you please. Pay attention, and take notice of me. La—la—la, la—la—la ! Now all jine in.' 'La—la—la—la—la—la !' 'Good !' said Cram ; 'that's enough.' But the inhabitants of Tinnecum proceeded to exclaim 'La—la—la—la—la !' 'I tell ye that's enough !' said he. But they thought otherwise, and continued to drown his voice

with the monotonous cry of 'La—la—la—la—la! Mr. Cram stamped his foot, and strove to command attention; but he might as easily have silenced a sheep-fold; and when he reflected that wherever there was singin'-schools, there *would* be carryings-on, 'he thought the cheapest plan was to let them have the fun out. When the noise had subsided, he told them that he *thought* they would 'get to love the science before long, but they were rather more on the go-ahead plan than the New-Hampshire folks.' This raised a prodigious laugh, which put him in a pleasant mood. 'Ain't there no *gals* in this neighborhood?' said he; 'I never see a school organized without *them*.'

'Oh! lots on 'em!' replied the scholars.

'Then jest fork 'em over here!' said he; but no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than a suppressed giggling was heard in the direction of the door, and the landlord's buxom daughters, who had been peeping upon the scene, precipitately fled. This again raised a good deal of laughter and confusion, during which, that no time might be lost, Mr. Cram took out of his pocket a wooden comb, 'in two parts,' made at the 'New-Hampshire Wooden-Bowl and Fancy Snuff-box Manufactory,' and began to 'slick down' his hair. This nice little operation over, he fumbled for a bit of chalk, and said he was going to give them a little idea of *time*. He then strode up to the black-board, which consisted of a plate of sheet-iron well rusted, which he said 'would have to do,' as Mr. Weatherby did n't feel justified in letting his go out of the school-house, and wrote some musical characters.

'What 's them things?' cried an ignoramus in the crowd.

'Them is *minims*,' replied he, obligingly.

'We do n't want minims, we want Old Hundred!' exclaimed several.

'Dont be so heady,' replied Cram; 'you can't do two actions to-once.'

'Old Hundred!' exclaimed the assembly, with one consent.

'Gentlemen, time is very important; I was going to give you some exercises in beating time; Old Hundred bime-by.'

'Ay, ay, let 's beat time!' said a number.

'That looks like coming to reason,' replied he; 'now pay strict attention, and I'll show you how it's to be done. I want you should all raise up your right hands, jest as I do.'

All obeyed the summons as far as related to lifting up the hands, only some held up the right, some the left, and others both; and the patched elbows which appeared, reflected abundant credit on the housewives of Tinnecum.

'Now,' said he, 'I want you should bring down your hand horizontally, and then carry it up ag'in, and say, 'Downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat.'

The scholars of Tinnecum obeyed this direction with enthusiastic promptitude, stamping with their feet, and jarring the tavern to its foundation, while they shouted lustily, and with tolerable precision, 'Downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat.'

Cram's eye sparkled. He looked round the room with a gratified air. The school was getting into capital order; it was evident they

were becoming 'interested,' and he reflected to himself, that 'only leave him alone,' and he would cheat 'em into the elements, before he sang Old Hundred for them. He never 'see' such scholars, except when he taught school one winter in the 'walley' of Connecticut. 'Now,' said he, 'we'll have triple time. Make three motions, thus : 'Downward beat — hither beat — upward beat.'

The scholars obeyed willingly, repeating the words, 'Downward beat — hither beat — upward beat ; downward beat — hither beat, upward beat.' And this they did for several minutes, and stopped beating when requested.

Cram was delighted ; but not to push the scholars on too fast, lest they should become wearied, and relapse into inattention, he entertained them by making a few remarks with respect to the indispensable necessity of keeping correct time. 'Ever sence I took to school-teachin,' said he, 'for which I left a very profitable profession, (the manufacturing of pump-handles,) I set a proper vally on time. There's nothing more important in singing ; and I hope my pupils here begins to see it. Is the gentleman that spoke a spell ago satisfied on that p'int ?' said he, glancing in the direction of Mr. Weatherby.

'Oh yes,' replied the latter, humoring the joke, 'perfectly satisfied !'

'Thank'ee, Sir,' said Cram ; 'I'm pleased to hear you say so ; and now as we're getting on so slick, 'spose an' we try a lick at the quadruple time ? Attention by the bedstead there. Lift up your right hands, gentlemen — are you ready ? Downward beat — hither beat, thither beat — upward beat ; downward beat — hither beat — thither beat — upward beat.'

This pleasant exercise was interrupted by the arrival of the messenger who had gone after a tuning-fork, and who now presented to the breast of Mr. Cram the sharp points of a two-pronged table fork, with an air which seemed to indicate that he had executed his commission to the letter. 'Well, really,' thought the professor, as he gazed at the instrument with evident surprise, 'to think that the Long-Island folks never see a tunin'-fork !' He however grinned pleasantly, and endeavored to smooth over the matter, saying that his meaning had been entirely mistaken, and kindly entering into an explanation of the thing required. 'My friends,' said he, 'a tunin'-fork is not what you suppose it to be, an article to use at the table, and to pick teeth with, but it's something that you get the pitch with.'

'Ah,' is it *indeed* ?' said Mr. Weatherby, speaking from the middle of the room.

'Yes, my friend,' replied Cram ; 'I would show you mine with pleasure, but I lost it, when I was to home. I would n't have parted with it for a load of shingles.'

Here a considerable confusion took place in different parts of the room, and there was a loud demand for 'Old Hundred.' Ay ay,' said he, shaking his head understandingly ; 'I have 'nt forgot that yet. I s'pose some of the youngsters would like to have me sing a psalm tune by this time, and some of the old folks too, may be. 'Bubby,' added he, looking at a white-headed little boy with that affectionate good humor which indicates the love of children, 'blow your nose first, and then go and tell landlord to send me a tum'ler of water ; I'm pretty nigh chok'd. Make haste, and mind, bubby, tell him to put a little apple-brandy into it.'

Cram now began to cough, and clear his throat, preparatory to singing Old Hundred. Standing with his arms a-kimbo, and his feet in the first position, he bent his body slightly forward, and screwing up one eye, while he gazed eagerly downward with the other, spat with unerring aim through a small knot-hole in the floor; then throwing his head back, and scraping with his right foot the edges of the orifice with an air which seemed to indicate that he had accomplished nothing remarkable, and which he could n't do again if it were necessary, 'We 'll try, and *guess* at the pitch,' said he; 'fa, sol, la, fa — sol, la, mi, fa. Fa, mi, la, sol, fa!' Humming over these syllables rapidly, he requested those who thought they could come 'any wheres nigh the tune, to jine in' with him. Then opening the Collection of the New-Hampshire Academy, he lifted up his right hand for the purpose of beating time, and began to give a specimen of his powers in good earnest. His voice was really not a bad one, and it was now wonderfully clarified by the apple-brandy. Unhappily, the whole audience undertook to 'jine in,' and every man setting out upon a different key, produced such wild and warring sounds as it is difficult to imagine. When they had finished the first verse, Cram shook his head, but not upbraidingly, for it was not his intention to discourage them.

'It doos 'nt sound much like it,' said he, 'but I never calculate to look for too much from new beginners. Try it again.'

The second attempt, however, resulted much worse than the first; and some of the profane so far forgot themselves, as to intermingle all manner of hideous sounds, and even to sing the air of that popular song called 'Jim along Josey.'

'That will do,' said Cram, decidedly; 'there is room for improvement. I'm glad I come to this place; and I feel as if I was sent here by a particular Providence. My friends, singin' is a science which comes pretty tough at first; but it goes slick afterwards; and if you pay the attention that you had ought to, in three months I'll make you know pretty nigh as much as I know myself.'

While this harangue was going on, a certain wight of Tinnecum, who had 'an eye,' got behind Mr. Cram, and chalked his full-length portrait on the black-board; and as the plot of this little farce was rapidly approaching its *dénouement*, no sooner was this perceived, than a burst of undisguised laughter proceeded from the crowd. 'Ha!' said Cram, turning around, 'a very pretty picter! Music and drawing is twin sciences.' Another laugh, and cheers hearty and thrice repeated, followed this oracular saying. Cram smiled. He certainly did not know why the audience should laugh at every thing he said, but he supposed as business had been transacted first, that play must come afterward.

But a solemn pause now succeeded, unbroken for several seconds by a single word or motion; and Mr. Cram was on the point of requesting those persons who 'calculated to jine the singin'-school,' to come forward to the table and 'subscribe their names,' when Squire Sharkey, a man universally known and respected in the town of Tinnecum, left his seat, went up to Cram, and leisurely casting his eye about the room, called out in a clear, distinct voice:

'Will Mr. Weatherby please to walk this way?'

A breathless anticipation pervaded the audience, as that gentle-

man slowly arose, cast aside his cloak, and approached, as he was desired.

'Mr. Cram,' said the Squire, looking him full in the face, and speaking loudly, so that every one might hear :

'Permit me to introduce to your particular acquaintance, Mr. JONAS WEATHERBY, Instructor of District School Number Three, and Chorister of the Presbyterian Meeting-house in this town !'

This tremendous announcement was followed by great excitement, whispering, and suppressed exclamations, all through the assembly, who seemed to think that Mr. Cram ought certainly to sink through the earth. That personage *did* look particularly foolish. A sickly smile came over him, and his head rolled from side to side, as if it desired a hiding-place. But he was too ingenious to suffer himself to become the victim of a predicament. In a little while he recovered his self-possession, or, to make use of one of his own expressions, 'he slicked up.' He scratched his head in deep study, and at last, starting as if with some bright idea, and gazing eagerly at the Tinnecum school-master, 'Look a-here,' said he, 's'pose an' we take the school on *sheers* ?'

He made the suggestion so much on the impulse of the moment, that he was almost frightened when he had said it ; and he paused immediately, to observe what the effect would be. Mr. Weatherby nodded his head and smiled ; then he looked at Squire Sharkey, and *he* smiled. Cram mistook the expression of that profound contempt, and proposed that they should sing a duet. Before this offer could be met, one of the candles was suddenly extinguished, in an instant after another, then a third, and (it grieves me to record so gross an instance of misconduct,) in the midst of the greatest tumult and confusion, a fourth was hurled at Mr. Cram by some unknown hand, and hit him on the bridge of the nose. Bewildered, and scarcely knowing what he did, he grasped the remaining candle upon the table convulsively, and when that shared the fate of the others, being pushed and pulled about in the dark, he roared loudly for quarter.

But the better class of the inhabitants of Tinnecum did not permit this scene to continue. They struck a light, and took Mr. Cram under their protection. He shook from head to foot like an aspen leaf, nor could he divest himself of the idea that he was mobbed, and in imminent danger of being murdered. He came within an ace, however, of turning the tables upon his oppressors. It seems that he had all his life been subject to 'spasms,' as he himself called them ; in other words, to epileptic attacks, of a strong character. But as these came on at regular intervals, generally at the change of the moon, he so timed his operations that they should never clash with singing-meetings. But now, whether owing to miscalculation, or to the agitation of his brain, or from what cause it is difficult to say, without giving any previous notice, he sprang from his feet with a yell absolutely terrific, and the moment that he touched the ground, began to whirl round like a dancing dervis, and throwing out his long arms, to dash down every thing within his reach. Benches, table, black-board, were strewn around in confusion, and a valuable Slickville clock, which stood on the mantel, was for several minutes in imminent jeopardy. Those who were in the room went out of the doors and windows

precipitately, as if they fled from the cage of a wild beast. It was some time before they dared to return ; and then, as they peeped in at the door to look at the state of things, they could not help upbraiding themselves. 'He's been druv' into fits !' said one ; 'he's been treated shameful !' 'Fits is awful,' replied they ; 'but Peter Cram's fits goes ahead of any thing we ever seen !'

When the distraction of the unfortunate man had ceased, he was put to bed, and kindly treated. The next morning he had recovered from his fright, and felt better, and even went so far as to say that he 'had known worse noises at some singin'-concerts afore now.' But he decided that it was best for him to depart from Tinnecum. Before the sun had risen very high, he left the place where he had received such ill treatment, and putting a little brown trunk under his left arm, strode down with hasty steps to the shores of Swan Creek. There he made a keen bargain with the owner of a skiff, and in a few moments embarked, and pushed off with a long pole. He was observed for several hours urging himself along, until at last his tall form entirely disappeared in the distance ; and as he was never seen or heard of afterward, it is supposed that he was lost amidst the windings and meanderings of that romantic river.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

SPIRIT of Music and of Song !

Through the wide range of earth and air
Thy sweet harmonious rule prevails,
Nor doth it ever slumber there :
It fills the fragrant breath of morn,
It steeps the odorous breeze of noon,
Upon the twilight sigh 't is borne,
It floats beneath the sailing moon.
The passing air that stirs at night,
The mountain forest, deep and dim,
Tossing the leaves in faint moonlight,
Hath its own wild, mysterious hymn !

Across the rolling prairies' waste

Thy soft airs heave the murmuring grass,
And bright-hued flowerets gaily nod,
As o'er them your sweet voices pass.
The waters of the babbling stream,
As o'er their pebbled bed they roll,
Mingling their clear melodious tones
In tinkling ripples, charm the soul !
The wild bee joins his tuneful hum,
The beetle sounds his shrilly drum ;
The cricket's constant chirping fills
Each pause with its clear-ringing trill.
The hunter, wearied with the chase
Of the big bison and the deer,
Charmed by the blooming verdant place,
Delighted stops the sounds to hear ;
And as he leans upon the brink
Of the cool water-course to drink,
Soothed by the lulling breeze and streams,
His senses sink in happy dreams.

I've voyaged many a live-long day
Across the Atlantic's watery way,
And as the melancholy tides
Beat drowsily the vessel's sides,
There ever was a tuneful sound
In their deep hollow anthem found;
And while at night the angry surge
Whitened the bleak horizon's verge,
Each snowy-crested billow lent
A voice to the sad Sea's lament.
Through the strained rigging moaned the gale,
Heavily flapped the flowing sail;
Nor ever ceased that solemn psalm,
In howling storm, or drowsy calm.

Far have I roamed a foreign shore,
By famous stream and mountain hoar;
Have heard the Seine and Rhone repeat
The song for ages they have sung,
Have heard the yellow Tiber beat
Its dirge at Rome's imperial feet;
Have heard amid the Alpine snows
The endless torrent as it flows;
And silver Arno tell its tale
To the thick gardens of its vale;
And the old Rhine by castled steep
And terraced vineyard swiftly sweep;
Have heard the clear Ilyssus call
By wasted Athens' ruined wall,
The call oft heard by bard and sage,
In glorious Græcia's elder age;
And I have listened, as the wave
Beat sadly by the Persian's grave,
Where the brave Greek in battle won
Thy silent field, drear Marathon!
Have heard the long grass and the moss
O'er Pæstum's ruined temples toss.

I've heard the turbid Nile, as fast
By Cairo's gate it hurried past;
Fast by the soaring Pyramid,
Its desert-skirted vales amid;
Rehearsing to the Egyptian's ear,
And to the wandering Arab near,
The same wild story that it bore
To Pharaoh's ear in times of yore.
Thus, by each stream, and wood, and plain,
Spirit of Song! is heard thy strain;
And whispering leaf, or whistling bird,
Or voice of waves or winds are heard,
Or haply the harmonious lay
Of damsel singing on her way.

Haply the hollow-sounding hum
Of the Egyptian's rolling drum,
Haply the Syrian shepherd's flute,
Or Turkish herdsman's twanging lute,
Or the long horn the Switzer blows
At twilight o'er the sparkling snows;
Haply th' Italian's rustic reed,
Heard where his browsing flocks do feed;
Haply the viol of the Frank,
Heard by the swift Rhone's pastoral bank;
Haply the camel's tinkling bell,
When evening o'er the Desert fell,
And round our camp-fire by the tent,
The hours in talk of home we spent;
All these familiar voices cheer
Our hearts when pacing life's dull ring;
Sweet tones! sweet voices! sent to cheer
The glooms that round our spirit cling!

OLD SPANISH BELLS.

Stacy G. Pitts,
BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

IN this present age of steam and intellect, it has become the fashion to rail unmercifully at the 'good old times ;' to associate with the dim vistas of antiquity, and its departed glories, a perspective of barbarism and a delusive splendor. The world has become so purely matter-of-fact, that it is scarcely thought necessary to draw the distinction which is so palpable between the useless researches of the musty antiquary, and the fine moral which a well-tempered mind may educe from the history or the relics of a by-gone age. To one whose imagination leads him discreetly to consider these things as forming a part of that chain of memories which, well conducted, constitutes the history of our race, much profitable speculation may be drawn from the contemplation of a rusty coat of mail, or of a rent and faded banner. To the thorough-bred antiquary, generalizing is naturally abhorrent. He is one who lives upon *minutiæ*, and who eschews romance. He will cavil at a mere verbal error in the reprint of an old ballad, and waste days in collation to correct it, while the nerve, the fire of its spirit is unheeded. To such a fellow as Ritson, a false reading of Chevy-Chace were more heinous than a forgery, even though the change improved the version. To such people, an *uncut copy* of some worthless black-letter is immeasurably more valuable than the finest modern effort of genius. This is surely any thing but the true reverence for antiquity; and the rabid bibliomaniac, or the mere technical antiquary, are persons to whom the world can never owe but little. With what gusto will such persons dissipate the visions of dreamers like ourselves, by ferreting out an anachreonism ! How keenly will they pursue the point, and with what triumph prove the relic, which has been the subject of our meditation, as belonging to another age, or perhaps indeed a forgery !

We look with indefinable feelings upon a Roman or a Syrian coin ; we conjure up a thousand images ; we fancy it at one time as having formed a part of the treasures of a Cræsus or the hoards of a Tyrian merchant ; flung by the heralds to the populace as *largesse* at a triumph, or wrested by the minions of a Prætor as a tribute from a captive province : in short, we frame a history, and expatiate in imaginings ; while perhaps the subject of our speculation is but a cunning counterfeit, the ingenious labor of those who live upon credulity or ignorance. We cannot feel grateful to any one who dissipates our harmless dreams, for to us an antique has a sacredness, from the associations connected with its real or supposed history ; and we are little thankful to one who overturns the fabric which an ardent mind so loves to build upon a foundation which is often as airy as the superstructure. The spirit of our age is unfavorable to hypothesis. A man may speculate never so divinely in vain ; he is asked for proof, and no mercy is shown to the ramblings of fancy. We have become utilitarian, mere unintellectual Macadamites. People must travel now upon a mental turnpike, and no green shady by-lanes, redolent of flowers, and vocal with the songs of birds, are tolerated. We are becoming more learned

and less fanciful than our predecessors. It is a matter of surprise to many, that we should read, ay, and enjoy too, Rabelais, Burton, or Charles Lamb, in preference to the Penny Cyclopædia; that the racy quaintness of our old favorites should be preferred to the colder and more naked realities of the innumerable 'libraries' which the press has vomited forth in such indiscriminate profusion. We dispute not the tastes of others, and only pray that we may be allowed to minister to our own, useless comparatively though they may be, but surely harmless. To those who have no feelings congenial with these, it is a matter of surprise that any difficulty should be made in prostrating the most venerable ruin in the universe — one of the mile-stones in the march of history — to make room for a rail-road! We have fallen upon an advertisement of the sale of bells belonging to the old Spanish churches, which has touched the spring in this fount of feeling.

What thoughts are conjured up at the sight of these deep-toned monitors! We can scarcely imagine how their iron tongues were silent, when they were torn from the ancient tower whence perhaps for ages they had marked the lapse of time. Could they but speak, how many tales might these solemn heralds tell us of the past! We can fancy them pealing through the midnight air to warn a sleeping city that the Moor is at her gates, swelling the cry of triumph for a victory, or tolling the *agonias* of a monarch. Such may have been the history of one of these relics, into whose composition precious metals were cast, and over whose baptism a bishop perhaps presided. The massive rim is rough with fret-work, surrounding the name, the legend, and the date, fit decoration for the towers of Seville or Toledo. Another, less elaborate in its workmanship, may have graced the simple belfry of some mountain village of the Asturias, calling its wild and scattered peasantry to their devotions, mingling its joyous chime with the shouts of a bridal party, or wailing sadly above a Spanish maiden's grave. This, heavy and deep-toned, is said to have been taken from the Inquisition. Upon how many dreadful scenes is it the commentary, and of how many frightful deeds a witness! Its brazen voice ne'er spoke to tell of joy, but marked aloud the few short hours between the torture and the grave! With this dread signal we associate the blazing pile, the devoted victim, the immovable executioners; it tells but of disgrace, despair, and death. Its mournful clang, mingling with the pealing hymn, the dirge of the departing, rang out the knell of mental freedom, and told the triumph of craft and superstition.

We remember a small bell, delicately sculptured, which once formed part of the treasures of a Peruvian church, the sight of which called up a long train of imaginary recollections. The shape was elegant; the handle formed by a female figure, with closed palms and upturned eyes, the veritable image of a saint. It had been rescued from a mass of old plate, sold to be re-melted. We fancied we beheld the proud nobles in whose hands it had sent forth its silver tones, while with affected humility they knelt as assistants at the altar; the splendor of a Spanish cathedral in its palmy days; the crowds of grim warriors in their mail; the white-robed friars; the pealing music, and the swelling choir. I saw the steel-clad robbers, Pizarro and Almazo, prostrate before the symbol of a Divinity, whose every law they had outraged, returning thanks for the successful issue of schemes of rapine and of blood; while shrouded in the clouds of in-

cense, which soaring from the censers to the lofty roof, dimmed the blaze of the innumerable torches, flitted the pale ghosts of the murdered Incas, calling down the vengeance of the gods upon their destroyers. And not in vain. Could the poor victims of its avarice rise from their bloody graves, they would find the curse bequeathed by them to Spain too terribly fulfilled. If a dreamer may believe that the spirits of the departed are permitted to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' and that the Moor now haunts the ancient seats of his greatness, lamenting over the blooming plains of Granada, and the magnificent ruins of the Alhambra, his glory and his tomb, the same harmless stretch of imagination will people the decaying cities of America with the shades of the noble Peruvians, and the heroic bands of Montezuma, exulting in the anarchy and discord which has degraded their haughty conquerors to be the slaves of every petty tyrant whom force or stratagem has made their temporary master. By all the miseries which Spain has suffered ; by the oppressions of her kings, and the still more grievous tyranny of her priests ; by her degraded nobles and her debased people, who bow their necks to the yoke of superstition, and make a boast of ignorance ; by these and by a thousand other evils, are the pale hosts of her innumerable victims well avenged !

Spain, 'romantic Spain!' like Rome in its decline, lives upon the memories of the past. The recollection of her faded glories consoles her sons in their decay, but fails to wake that spirit which alone can restore her to prosperity. Let us hope, however, that the seas of blood which have been shed upon the altars of civil discord be not in vain, and that at a day not distant, the old war-cry of 'St. Iago y España!' may not longer be an empty sound. The mighty agent of this bright consummation will not be the sword. Let Spain reform her colleges, open new channels of information for her people, encourage education, and explode the antiquated systems which have so long cramped her intellectual energies, and we may hope to see again a Quevedo, a Calderon, and a Cervantes, and her faded banner shine once more with its proud vaunt of 'Ne plus ultra !'

Such are the reflections which spring from the contemplation of these relics ; and, as we write, the signal for the evening prayer comes swelling on the wind ; the vesper bell, or more properly the *Avé-Maria*. We rise from our desk, and flinging open the casement of the corridor, gaze down into the 'Plaza,' thronged with people. At the first peal, every one stops and uncovers ; the din of numberless carriages ceases ; the echo of the bell, and the deep roll of the drums from the barracks, alone interrupt the silence, which hushes, as if by magic, the noise and clamor of a large city. The moving crowds which fill the streets, as the fervid sun declines, pause with one accord, as if under the influence of some mysterious spell. The succeeding peals of the huge bell toll on, and gradually they move forward ; each one salutes his neighbor, and in a few minutes every one is hurrying onward, and the 'city's hum' is redoubled. A few persons, more devout than their fellows, may still be seen immoveable before a church, prolonging their orisons, and adding to their supplications to the 'Queen of Heaven' some additional importunities to a favorite saint.

Could we but persuade ourselves that this affecting scene were real ; that at a given signal a whole nation with one accord prostrated itself

before the throne of mercy, confiding and repentant, pouring out a grateful prayer for the happy close of another day ! Unfortunately, however, it is but a form, and one which is every day falling more and more into desuetude, with so many other ceremonies of the Roman faith, which once added to its splendor, or aided its delusions. Still, to imaginative people, who witness it for the first time, it has a deep charm, which can only be dissipated by custom, and the conviction that instead of one of the most beautiful services of religion, the evening sacrifice of grateful hearts, it is but an empty mockery. w.

OUR COUNTRY: A LYRIC.

BY FLACCUS.

I.

FAIL to thee, Native Country !
The young, the brave, the free :
What heart of true-born child of thine
Beats not with pride for thee ?
Thine are the unshorn mountains,
And thine the sweeping streams,
The billowy and the shoreless plains,
Whose soil exhaustless teems !

II.

Far o'er the world of waters,
From Europe's broken chain,
Freedom a wandering exile fled,
To found a nobler reign.
The westering sun she followed
To this her chosen ground,
Where tyrant never planted foot,
And God alone is found !

III.

Bright flower among the nations !
Wild blossom, half disclosed,
Yet fairer in thy opening bud,
Than with full bloom exposed ;
The glory of thy forests
Can ancient realms outshine ?
The pride of Art let others boast,
But Nature's best is thine !

IV.

Thy waters need no minstrel
To sound their mighty name :
Niagara is a herald-trump
More worthy of thy fame.
Far flow thy swelling rivers,
Wide roll thy spreading seas ;
The burthen-steeds of boundless wealth,
The silver chains of peace.

V.

Thy people need no monarch,
No sceptred 'man of straw ;'
Their rulers are their servants all,
The freeman's king is LAW.
They boast no haughty title,
From ages gone before :
They know, and proudly know, their sires,
Oh ! need they seek for more ?

VI.

Thine is the noblest charter
By wisdom ever penned ;
And what thy sages could achieve,
Thy soldiers can defend :
By this the humblest yeoman,
Released from every ban,
May lift to Heaven his honest front,
And feel himself a man !

VII.

Thine are the generous fathers,
Who, claiming but a grave,
The soil to Freedom and her heirs,
A mighty freehold, gave !
Their star-illumined record
Of trial deeds sublime,
Will guide and cheer the struggling free,
Throughout the route of time.

VIII.

Thine is the youthful navy
That in a night arose,
And thundered through the sounding seas
Defiance to its foes :
Wherever blow the breezes,
At home throughout the world,
Her canvass flaps its daring wings,
Her banner is unfurled.

IX.

Thine is the glorious Union,
That like the solar sway,
Binds roving stars of various clime
In one harmonious play :
Wheel within wheel revolving,
The vast machine sublime
Rolls on, the model of the free,
The wonder of the time.

X.

Fair group of sister-nations !
In holy friendship twined,
Still cherish with unbroken front
One heart, one voice, one mind :
God bless the sacred union
That made the many one,
And lead the sisters hand in hand,
Till thousand years are gone !

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

A SKETCH OF KEY WEST: BY THE AUTHOR OF THE DRAMA OF 'ANNE BOLEYN.'

READER — of migratory habits, for I need ask no other — have you ever, in any of your flights, visited Key West? Probably never; for it is a Marbleheadish sort of a place, that nobody visits, unless impelled by the broom-stick of the wrinkled hag Necessity. The vast majority of our countrymen would be in utter ignorance of the existence of such a spot, were it not for those ominous paragraphs in our daily and weekly chronicles, entitled, 'Melancholy Shipwreck,' 'Unfortunate Disaster,' 'Disputed Salvage,' etc. Indeed, many men of great intelligence are accustomed to consider this jewel imbedded in coral, as a nest of pirates, because it is the abode of '*wreckers*;' not reflecting, that although, like the lawyer and doctor, the wrecker lives by the miseries of his fellow men, he may nevertheless be honest. Some individual has made the discovery before us, that 'there are good and bad men in every profession or business :' the lawyer *may* swindle, the doctor *may* knowingly prescribe nostrums to make the invalid worse; and the wrecker may beguile a ship to her destruction; and yet we are all willing to trust lawyers when we are in trouble, doctors when we are ill, and the life of the shipwrecked mariner and passenger, as well as his property, is often saved only by the daring and perseverance of the wrecker. Cases of piracy are as rare in the latter profession, as are swindling and murder in the two former. Key West, it must be allowed, is no paradise; but neither is it a pandemonium. The wrecker is the main ingredient in the composition of its society; yet the universal lawyer and doctor are here also; the merchant and the devoted minister of the gospel, too, to modify greatly the roughness which must necessarily exist in a society of sailors.

The town is situated on a small island of the same name, which is one of that Archipelago of sandy and coral islets, formed on that immense submarine reef which makes the whole southern coast of Florida as inapproachable as the crystal den of Beloun the Tartar, except through the mysterious portal of Key West. The island may possibly at present contain a thousand inhabitants, including dogs and swine. Stunted trees, thickly-matted bushes, and gigantic weeds, sufficient to supply a whole convention of 'Botanic Physicians,' are in this island the sole products of unassisted nature. No one but a native of Cape Cod, or the grand desert of Zahara, can possibly conceive how its soil can be tortured to produce *any* thing; yet around a few of the neater dwellings, the orange, the lime, and the cocoa, have, by sedulous coaxing, been made to assume a very thrifty appearance. It has been for many years a sort of half-way house, where small craft from the Atlantic towns, bound to ports in the Gulf of Mexico, might stop to procure water, and if grievously 'short,' might be accommodated, at an extortionate price, with a few handfuls of little green, gnurly, ligneous fragments, which the Key Westers facetiously term 'fire-wood.'

The climate is highly salubrious; at least thus saith the worthy Boniface of the '*city*,' who stands prepared to testify to diverse remarkable cures effected on sundry consumptive invalids, by a residence of a single season at his house. For those who are fond of living on fish exclusively, the fare is also excellent, in the opinion of the worthy personage aforesaid; and in truth, a sight of the mammoth turtle taken here, might put the pericardium, epigastrium, heart, liver, and spleen of a London alderman to the execution of cotillions and waltzes of ecstatic delight.

THE sun had yet two hours of his daily journey to complete, and was shedding his softest smiles on the white houses of the town, and the shipping in the harbor. At the end of a pier lay a fore-and-aft schooner, of light and graceful model, on board of which a single individual might be seen, bestriding the tiller. His duck trowsers and Russia shirt, his rusty tarpaulin and the black stump of a pipe that protruded from a face whose combined features strikingly resembled a half-peck of blue-nosed potatoes piled pyramidically, with the largest at the top, bespoke him every inch a sailor. The spirit of the storm had passed harmlessly over his head, but alas! it had settled on his nose. The spirit of the grog-shop had done likewise, only adding deeper, darker, and more Titianic tints to the rubicund proboscis. This individual had just paused a moment, to insert a little finger into the bowl of his pipe, for the purpose of compressing its contents, as he cast his eye up the pier, and saw his well-dressed captain hastily approaching. Instantly the pipe disappeared in the recesses of his spacious pocket, and his ample lips puckered together, in the shape of the nozzle of a dried ox-bladder, for the purpose of modifying certain sounds which he intended to emit in the shape of a long and sentimental whistle. But on the nearer approach of his employer, the employ e evidently changed his purpose; for quitting the tiller, he advanced to the main rigging, and stood silently awaiting the expected orders.

'Well, Mr. Lircome, still weather for this time of year, eh?'

'Yes, Sir; but I'm thinking it'll breeze by sun-down from Nor' West.'

'So I think, and that's why I'm here now. Come, let's go aft.'

So saying, the captain jumped on board, and stepped aft to the taffrail, observing, as he walked along: 'You've noticed that fellow outside, Mr. Lircome?'

'Ay, the brig; I've been watching her all the afternoon: her colors is sot for a pilot.'

'And the pilot, you know, has left his post, on a visit to Cow-Keys. Bill, my boy, what's the use of ceremony? Our business has been dull lately, eh?'

'Have n't made a single picaillon since the Belshazzur stove her bottom, Sir.'

'Ha, ha! that was well done, and turned out well, notwithstanding the backing and filling of the lawyers and owners. I can't but thank you over and over again for that job, Bill; it's kept me and my family in trim ever since. By the way, did you save any of your share of that windfall?'

‘Not a stiver, Sir. I’m no miser, thanks to a considerate daddy, that helped me to spend all my first wages in a genteel way. But I would n’t run such a risk again for the little I got then. It would n’t hardly pay for the hemp collar that I like to have got.’

‘Why, you got a thousand dollars, and with a little prudence, you might have saved enough to have purchased a vessel, and begun on your own hook.’

‘Saved! ay, but that’s part of the business I never learned. I must make it all at a slap, or I shall never be better than mate.’

‘My dear fellow, save me that brig, and this schooner shall be *yours*! Yes, I mean it, and I’ll pay any extra wages that may be necessary to insure the secrecy of the crew: one good haul will make me independent, and I’ll retire from business. Come, what say?’

The mate took a short turn on the quarter-deck, thrust both hands into his pockets, then stopped suddenly, and having, by a masterly display of muscular power, succeeded in evolving his huge quid from one cheek to the other, turned to the captain, and replied:

‘Its a hanging business; but —— I’ll try it.’

‘Enough; I know you’ll succeed: but mind ye, I’m to know nothing of it. The risk is your own, and so is the schooner, if you succeed. Is the crew ready?’

‘They will be, at fifteen minutes’ warning.’

‘Well, be out with the first of the breeze: have your canvass ready for the white streak, and douse your top-masts. But —— I can trust you, Bill?’

‘True as a die, Sir, and never *say* die, neither.’

‘Well, good-bye, and good luck to you!’

THE last blush of parting day was fading upon the waters, as the swift schooner shot along the shore, and passed close under the light at the south-west end of the Key. The top-masts were lowered away, and in a few minutes more, by dint of a few strokes of the hammer, the black schooner presented a plain white streak from bends to counter. The breeze continued to freshen, and the graceful vessel, soon emerging from the harbor, bowed and danced swan-like upon the waves of the Gulf. The brig’s light shone distinctly off Sand-Key, as she stood on a westerly tack. The schooner at first stood away to the south-east, to avoid being seen; but when well out, she turned her head westward, and stood on in the wake of the brig. An hour’s beating brought the vessels within hail. A loud ‘Boo—oo!’ from both speaking-trumpets was followed by the query from Bill:

‘Do you want a pilot?’

‘Yes: where have you been all day?’

‘To Cow-Keys — just got back. What’s your cargo?’

‘Assorted — for Mobile. Can I get in to-night?’

‘Yes; follow me. How much do you draw?’

‘Eleven feet: but you’d better come aboard.’

‘No, no; tack when I tack, and you’ll clear every thing. Hard a-lee, aboard the brig!’

‘Hard a-lee, Sir!’

Blocks and cordage rattled, sailors yelled, yards whirled, and the

vessels came round together. For fifteen minutes the brig walked the waters, and then a heavy thump, and a harsh grating sound, announced that she had struck!

‘Up helm! Halloo, pilot! we’re on the reef! Bear a hand here!’

A suppressed but distinct laugh from the fore-castle of the schooner was the only reply to the disastrous intelligence from the brig.

‘WELL, Bill, is she safe?’ inquired the captain, as he leaped on board.

‘Safe as a bug in a rug, Sir!’

‘Where did you lay her?’

‘On the south-east edge, off Sand-Key.’

‘Did she thump well?’

‘Beautiful! She’s on as far as her fore-mast, and a hole in her bottom as big as my hand! I’ll bet the drinks of it.’

‘Good! What cargo?’

‘Assorted.’

‘Good ag’in! I’ll sleep aboard to-night. We must be down at peep of day, for it looks breezy: but she’ll stay, won’t she?’

‘It’ll take a harrycane to blow her off, Sir.’

It did look breezy, and it *did* breeze, and the ‘harrycane’ came; and when day broke, Bill mounted the rigging to report to the captain, who stood in the companion-way, gazing upward with intense anxiety. Not a word from Bill!

‘What! don’t you see her?’ inquired the captain, in a tone of intense anxiety.

‘Yes — I see her.’

‘Where away?’

‘About ten miles off, Sir, standing west by no’t — hull all down, Sir!’

Parents and teachers are requested to take notice how the ardent spirit of inquiry may be damped in youth, by a too sudden shock. The captain dashed his hat upon the deck, and gave vent to sundry expletives, which tended to the condemnation of his own eyes and soul; but the desire for farther information seemed to have utterly deserted him. It was ‘a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.’ He asked not another question, but hastened away to the nearest grog-shop to alleviate his sorrows. Bill watched the captain till he disappeared, and then slowly descended the rigging, muttering to himself several times, with very distinct and diverse intonations, ‘That’s what I call LOVE’S LABOR LOST!’

A PARAPHRASED LACONIC.

WHILE Virtue lends a zest to joy,
And bliss to rapture warms,
Our very tears she turns to smiles,
And every pang disarms:
But Vice her foul Circean cap
May medicate in vain:
E’en in her mirth some sorrow lurks,
In all her pleasures, pain.

S A G A
OF THE SKELETON IN ARMOR,

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

The Poet questions the Skeleton in Armor at Fall River, and asks why his imagination should be haunted by so fearful an apparition.

'SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?

II.

A spectral light gleams in the hollow eyes of the Skeleton, and a low, mournful voice issues from his chest.

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seem'd to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

III.

The Skeleton speaks; he had been a Northern Viking, or Pirate; but no song of the bard nor popular tradition had preserved his heroic deeds from oblivion.

'I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

IV.

Relates the courage and adventures of his childhood.

'Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon:
And with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

V.

More perilous achievements of his youth.

'Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Follow'd the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

VI.

Becomes a pirate, and leads a wild life at sea.

'But when I older grew,
Joining a Corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders,

VII.

' Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

Likewise a wild life
on shore in winter,
carousing at night,
and hearing the tales
of some fierce Ber-
serk, a descendant of
Arngrim, who fought
his foes with a naked
breast, as the name
Berserk, *Bers-ekirt*,
sufficiently denotes.

VIII.

' Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

As he tells a story
of the sea, the eyes
of a maiden gaze at
him, and he becomes
enamored.

IX.

' I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

He wins the mai-
den's heart in the
forest.

X.

' Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory ;
When of Old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

A bear-carouse in
the halls of her father
Hildebrand. He asks
her hand, and the
minstrels are silent at
his audacity.

XI.

' While the brown ale he quaff'd,
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn
Out of those lips unshorn
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

He is laugh'd to
scorn by old Hilde-
brand.

XII.

' She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

Is discarded by
Hildebrand, but steals
the maiden away at
night.

XIII.

' Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen ! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his arm'd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

Puts to sea ; but
is pursued by Hilde-
brand and his fol-
lowers.

He gains upon his
pursuers, when a
head-wind round the
Cape of Skaw drives
him back.

xiv.

'Then launched they to the blast —
Bent like a reed each mast —
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

Runs down the
vessel of Hildebrand,
and sinks him and
his crew.

xv.

'And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

Like a bird of prey,
bears off the maiden.

xvi.

'As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

Driven westward
by a fierce storm ;
but at length makes
land near Newport,
and builds the Round
Tower.

xvii.

'Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lea-ward ;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Is looking sea-ward.

Lives many years
in peace. His bride
dies.

xviii.

'There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden's tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother ;
Death clos'd her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another !

In despair, falls
upon his own spear
in the forest, and
dies.

xix.

'Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful !

His soul ascends to
the Hall of Odin ;
and with the souls of
warriors, drinks a
skol or health to the
Northland. The Saga
ends.

xx.

'Thus, seam'd with many scars .
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skol ! to the Northland ! *skol !*
— Thus the tale ended.

The Crayon Papers.

BROEK:

OR THE DUTCH PARADISE.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

It has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and the learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from whence our first parents were exiled. This question has been put to rest by certain of the faithful in Holland, who have decided in favor of the village of BROEK, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, correspond in all respects to the description of the Garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

This eulogium induced me to make some inquiries as to this favored spot, in the course of a sojourn at the city of Amsterdam, and the information I procured fully justified the enthusiastic praises I had heard. The village of Broek is situated in Waterland, in the midst of the greenest and richest pastures of Holland, I may say, of Europe. These pastures are the source of its wealth, for it is famous for its dairies, and for those oval cheeses which regale and perfume the whole civilized world. The population consists of about six hundred persons, comprising several families which have inhabited the place since time immemorial, and have waxed rich on the products of their meadows. They keep all their wealth among themselves; intermarrying, and keeping all strangers at a wary distance. They are a 'hard money' people, and remarkable for turning the penny the right way. It is said to have been an old rule, established by one of the primitive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no one should leave the village with more than six guilders in his pocket, or return with less than ten; a shrewd regulation, well worthy the attention of modern political economists, who are so anxious to fix the balance of trade.

What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium, in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore, is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity to see a place which I pictured to myself the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits and customs prevalent among the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of my native state. I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrimage to Broek.

Before I reached the place, I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little clump-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal, but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles stood on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover, on the way to his mistress. After proceeding a little farther, I came in sight of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy navigator. This was the Broeken-Meer, an artificial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is situated, and the borders are laboriously decorated with flower-beds, box-trees clipped into all kinds of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little 'lust' houses, or pavilions.

I alighted outside of the village, for no horse nor vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the street by curiously-wrought railings, or balustrades, of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, excepting on christenings, marriages, or funerals : on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted upon.

A poor devil Frenchman, who attended upon me as ciceroné, boasted with some degree of exultation, of a triumph of his countrymen over the stern regulations of the place. During the time that Holland was overrun by the armies of the French republic, a French general, surrounded by his whole état major, who had come from Amsterdam to view the wonders of Broek, applied for admission at one of these taboo'd portals. The reply was, that the owner never received any one who did not come introduced by some friend. 'Very well,' said the general; 'take my compliments to your master, and tell him I will return here to-morrow with a company of soldiers, *'pour parler raison avec mon ami Hollandais.'*' Terrified at the idea of having a company of soldiers billeted upon him, the owner threw open his house, entertained the general and his retinue with unwonted hospitality; though it is said it cost the family a month's scrubbing and scouring, to restore all things to exact order, after this military invasion.

My vagabond informant seemed to consider this one of the greatest victories of the republic.

I walked about the place in mute wonder and admiration. A dead stillness prevailed around, like that in the deserted streets of Pompeii. No sign of life was to be seen, excepting now and then a hand, and a long pipe, and an occasional puff of smoke, out of the window of some 'lust-haus' overhanging a miniature canal; and on approaching a little nearer, the periphery in profile of some robustious burgher.

Among the grand houses pointed out to me, were those of Claes Bakker, and Cornelius Bakker, richly carved and gilded, with flower-gardens and clipped shubberies; and that of the Great Ditmus, who, my poor devil cicerone informed me, in a whisper, was worth two millions; all these were mansions shut up from the world, and only kept to be cleaned. After having been conducted from one wonder to another of the village, I was ushered by my guide into the grounds and gardens of Mynheer Broekker, another mighty cheese-manufacturer, worth eighty thousand guilders a year. I had repeatedly been struck with the similarity of all that I had seen in this amphibious little village, to the buildings and landscapes on Chinese platters and tea-pots; but here I found the similarity complete; for I was told that these gardens were modelled upon Van Bramm's description of those of Yuen min Yuen, in China. Here were serpentine walks, with trellised borders; winding canals, with fanciful Chinese bridges; flower beds resembling huge baskets, with the flower of 'love lies bleeding' falling over to the ground. But mostly had the fancy of Mynheer Broekker been displayed about a stagnant little lake, on which a corpulent little pinnace lay at anchor. On the border was a cottage, within which were a wooden man and woman seated at table, and a wooden dog beneath, all the size of life: on pressing a spring, the woman commenced spinning, and the dog barked furiously. On the lake were wooden swans, painted to the life: some floating, others on the nest among the rushes; while a wooden sportsman, crouched among the bushes, was preparing his gun to take deadly aim. In another part of the garden was a dominie in his clerical robes, with wig, pipe, and cocked hat; and mandarins with nodding heads, amid red lions, green tigers, and blue hares. Last of all, the heathen deities, in wood and plaster, male and female, naked and bare-faced as usual, and seeming to stare with wonder at finding themselves in such strange company.

My shabby French guide, while he pointed out all these mechanical marvels of the garden, was anxious to let me see that he had too polite a taste to be pleased with them. At every new nick-nack he would screw down his mouth, shrug up his shoulders, take a pinch of snuff, and exclaim: '*Ma foi, Monsieur, ces Hollandais sont forts pour ces betises la!*'

To attempt to gain admission to any of these stately abodes was out of the question, having no company of soldiers to enforce a solicitation. I was fortunate enough, however, through the aid of my guide, to make my way into the kitchen of the illustrious Ditmus, and I question whether the parlor would have proved more worthy of ob-

servation. The cook, a little wiry, hook-nosed woman, worn thin by incessant action and friction, was bustling about among her kettles and sauce-pans, with the scullion at her heels, both clattering in wooden shoes, which were as clean and white as the milk-pails; rows of vessels, of brass and copper, regiments of pewter dishes, and portly porringers, gave resplendent evidence of the intensity of their cleanliness; the very trammels and hangers in the fire-place were highly scoured, and the burnished face of the good Saint Nicholas shone forth from the iron plate of the chimney-back.

Among the decorations of the kitchen, was a printed sheet of woodcuts, representing the various holiday customs of Holland, with explanatory rhymes. Here I was delighted to recognize the jollities of New-Year's day; the festivities of Paas and Pinkster, and all the other merry-makings handed down in my native place from the earliest times of New-Amsterdam, and which had been such bright spots in the year, in my childhood. I eagerly made myself master of this precious document, for a trifling consideration, and bore it off as a memento of the place; though I question if, in so doing, I did not carry off with me the whole current literature of Broek.

I must not omit to mention, that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men: indeed you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is in fact the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades every thing else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place, but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a riband!

On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the prediger, or preacher; a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long time the inhabitants lived in a great state of indifference as to religious matters: it was in vain that their preachers endeavored to arouse their thoughts as to a future state: the joys of heaven, as commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them, who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dykes, and ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should never come horse, or ass, or cat, or dog, or any thing that could make noise or dirt; but there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, for ever and ever, amen! Since that time, the good housewives of Broek have all turned their faces Zion-ward.

AN HONEST EPITAPH.

A PLAIN, rough man, but without guile or pride,
Goodness his aim, and honesty his guide.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

'Le poëte inspiré lorsque la terre ignore
 Resemble à ces grand monts que la nouvelle Aurore
 Dore avant tous à son réveil,
 Et qui long tems vainquer de l'ombre,
 Gardent, jusqu'à dans la nuit sombre,
 Le dernier rayon du soleil'

I.

MOORLAND and meadow slumber
 In deepest darkness now,
 But the sunrise hues of the wakened day
 Smile on that mountain's brow.

II.

And when eve's mists are shrouding
 Moorland and meadow fast,
 That mountain greets day's sunset look,
 Her loveliest, and her last.

III.

And thus the God-taught minstrel
 Above a land untought,
 Smiles, lonely, in the smiles of Heaven,
 From his hill-tops of thought.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON.

John Fenderson

BY THE 'AMERICAN IN PARIS.'

REGENT STREET.

REGENT-STREET has no historic interest, even less than our Chesnut-street. It has less variety, too, of buildings and pursuits than your Broadway, and bears no comparison with the Boulevards in this respect. Its great beauty consists in its company; in its animated display of equipages, in its well-dressed and elegant multitudes. In these particulars, it has no rival in the universal history of streets.

I like fashionable streets. In walking in them, one feels, for the time being, a refined antipathy to low life. If shabby in apparel, one sneaks instinctively into some place of meaner resort. The inclination to be decent is, I believe, one of the strongest of the human mind. Pliny informs us that the drowned ladies of his time were always found upon their faces; their strongest feeling being, in the last struggles of life, the becoming. Poets have given their heroes, even those not very delicately brought up, such as Julius Cæsar, the same sentiment. One might reason much, if careless about squandering time, of the advantages to be drawn from these human feelings; say the statesman, of his power, through the means of fine streets and gardens, and other places of public resort, of making the upper classes instru-

mental in refining that part which, from neglect or scorn, or from want of observation, is continually falling into slovenly and immoral habits; and of the good effects which the frequency of such places, and a more familiar intercourse of the different orders, might have in lessening pride on the one hand, and on the other the vicious emulation produced by an excessively important and exclusive gentility.

The south and Picadilly end of this street meet you with a curve, having on each side a colonnade and roof over a wide pavement, which is called the Quadrant; a kind of eddy, that receives the sediment of the street of a rainy day, and affords shelter to those who have none elsewhere.

This Quadrant continues in a tangent due north, and terminates at a mile distant, in Regent's Park. I mounted the gentle ascent, and stood where Oxford-street pours in its multitudes, east and west, mixed with the elegant world from Grosvenor and Berkley squares, and the other fashionable districts. Here the grand scene suddenly explodes. One used only to the laconic simplicity of our Schuylkill, on reaching this spot, stands agape with astonishment; and at the end of an hour you will see him gaping there still. One becomes fatigued, however, with the general prospect, at length, and begins to analyze, and look into the details.

Equipages do not present themselves in a single form, but in a most agreeable and picturesque variety. Now it is a gorgeous and massive chariot — the king's; cream-colored horses, sturdy and large, two postillions, mounted footmen, and lancers, front and rear, in scarlet livery; now it is a tiny coach, light as Queen Mab's, when she trots over ladies noses in a dream, driven by a woman in the full blaze of English beauty, with ponys a little bigger than Venus' doves; now it is a high-mounted barouche, rich with emblazonry, displaying its group of gallants and noble dames, overlooking the prospect; or a modest box, an earl's arms upon the pannels, and at a foot only from the pavement, to accommodate old age and the gout. Now and then you see a two-wheeled vehicle, burnished with the precious metals, and a single horse, and inside a single gentleman, white-gloved, and the jetty reins reposing gracefully on the left hand and grasped in the right, rattling over the pavement, and going nowhere with infinite speed — passing sometimes over a man's body without his knowing it. This is a *tilbury*. The little man in sky-blue, silver-laced, who swings in the rear of it like the tail of a kite, whose shorts, and fair-tops, high-buttoned jacket, silver shoulder-knots, and bushy hair curled over his varnished cap, give an air of the pompous, excessively genteel. This is a *tygar* — an individual not yet known in America, and therefore the more deserving of notice. Little he must be, from the nature of his functions; and leanness being inadmissible in a gentleman's household, therefore little and plump. He is suspected of being sometimes of the gentler sex. Doubtful. He is intrusted with his master's private affairs, and *minus plaisirs*, and is required to be of wonderful secrecy and fidelity. Why called a 'tygar,' I omit to inquire. It is not granted mortals to know all things.

He who sits imminent in front, of graver aspect, and sturdier frame, wearing a broad brim, and coat with the majesty of many folds and

capas, and a wig, making the coach-box dispute important looks with the wool-sack ; this august personage is the coachman. Driving gives to the human countenance a cast of gravity. There is the idea of holding the reins, and sense of important functions. One may be charged with a duchess, and a long line of ancestors, or it may be, with the destinies of the three kingdoms ; one may drive perhaps the prime minister. Indeed, the dignity of this office has been recognized in all ages. Automedon was one of Homer's notabilities. In England some of the noblest blood seats itself occasionally upon the coach-box. In Jehu's time they made kings of drivers, and often in ours they make drivers of kings ; and this incognito brings a general respect ; as when the gods travelled in mortal disguises, a poor devil was treated with fat geese and other civilities, through fear it might be Jove, or some other stroller from the skies.

The plump little man astride the leading horse, like a pair of compasses ; his face the full moon, in a powdered wig ; his livery silver upon a black, yellow, or blue ground ; the arms of 'our house' emblazoned upon his left sleeve, and a bouquet at his button-hole, is the postillion. Above all things, if you presume to drive into Regent-street, let your footman be tall, and perfect in shape, a study for a statuary. Let his coat be of a glaring color, rustling in gold or silver, his vest plush, the sky-blue lining reflecting upon the bright polish of his countenance. His hair must be powdered and frizzled into ringlets, and he must wear a laced hat, and silk hose of the drifted snow. Two of these must swing in your rear, and one more on days of parade ; each holding on great occasions a mace, glittering with the precious metals, obliquely over the tail of your chariot. If a great lady does sometimes take a fancy for her footman, in England, as we read in the romances, it has its apologies. This elegant individual is chosen also in Paris upon the same principles ; but there he is plumed, which yet adds to the procerity of his figure ; he is more airy too, and elastic, and steps upon the tail of a coach like 'feathered Mercury.' If with these principal figures, footmen, coachmen, and postillions, you imagine a graceful and magnificent chariot, its pannels blazing with crests and arms, and filled with a group of ladies and their cavaliers, and drawn by six horses of fine rounded and tapering forms, and skins of the dove, and burnished with rich trappings, you will have before you one of the prettiest objects ever presented to the human fancy ; one which Homer's muse would not have disdained to describe.

Of these footmen there are in London enough to found a colony, about thirty thousand. They have, too, their several ranks, conferred by personal merits, and the dignity of the employers ; he who bears the long staff, announces his master, and delivers messages, being of a more graceful mien and polished phrase. And the pride of place of the footman is quite as great as that of the patron. To see a pair of broad shoulders, fit to do good service at the plough, thrown away in this manner upon the tail of a coach, at first inspires one with contempt for the individual. But after all, what matter whether you step behind a coach, or get into it, if happy in your lot ?

Not the least beautiful images of the picture are the mounted ladies and gentlemen. All the variety of noble steeds for which the English are so noted, are seen here caparisoned richly, and mounted by the

best riders of the world. Horsemanship may be considered as an English virtue *par excellence*. Fanny Kemble, who used to scamper up Chesnut-street, the oafs with mouths wide enough to swallow her and the horse, including spurs and martingale, for her riding qualities (these only) would be here unnoticed. Fifty ladies are now in view, who would leap you a five-bar gate, and come in at the death. As for the Englishman, he is a kind of centaur, and seems to be a part of the horse; other nations look as if they might fall off. In fine arts, and in literary and military glory, the French may dispute perhaps the palm with this island; but on horseback, the Englishman leaves the world at his heels.

The London merchant is often rich enough to imitate, and even outdo, the splendor of the nobles; and parades his magnificence so presumptuously in all the public places, that the latter are driven to hunt distinction in the opposite direction. It is common enough to see a lord, with the blood of twenty generations in his veins, mounted in simple garb upon a nag, followed by his footman upon a full-blooded steed, in all the pomp of liveried greatness. I forgot to say that an American citizen, of Philadelphia, is seen daily riding up Regent-street, with a hauteur that ill-befits the freedom of our state.

The street margins have each a broad walk, paved with square flags, and each covered with a full stream of pedestrians. About '93, a gentleman used to appear abroad with a *toupée*, and two curls on each ear, and a chapeau under the arm; and to be properly frizzed and coiffed was the affair of two or three hours. To reduce this exuberance of dress, was one of the achievements of the French revolution; and more modern reform continues to trench upon the elegancies of life daily. Each class, however, still continues, upon the continent, to move quietly in its separate sphere, and retains a peculiar mode of dress; but in England, no employment disqualifying any one from being a gentleman, pretension breaks up and confuses the orders; and the very uniformity makes the laws of fashion more absolute; for neatness of fit, and the genteel air, is all that is left to distinguish the master from the valet. Also in nations which only copy, and do not invent, there will be less diversity. A Parisian fashion is always a little less fashionable in Paris than in foreign countries. Upon the Boulevards, the Philadelphia Quaker, the German, with his triangular hat and tie-wig, the trowsered Turk, and Christian razed to the quick, all pass by unnoticed. Upon Regent-street, any abrupt departure from the simple, uniform mode, is a subject of observation, and with the low-bred, sometimes, of insult. Such uniformity is much less remarkable in America, from the constant emigration of foreigners, and the greater love for French fashions.

As 'gentleman' in London implies entire exemption from business, the pretenders are on the strain to disguise professional habits. The cockney, aping the exquisite, carries awkwardly his snowy glove between finger and thumb, and an inch of immaculate cambric looks out from his pocket; and the *artist* of the ballet walks toes-in, to conceal the dancing-master. All affect to seem natural; but efforts to conceal are discoveries, and the affectations flash in the eyes of the adept, in spite of the supereminent Stultz. An English gentleman is a right neat personage, having no gold nor silver ornaments, nor open-worked

embroidery, nor any attempts at finery. All is appropriate neatness. The coat does not draw away the attention from the wearer, who in fact is the principal part of the concern. Paris is the proper region of ladies' dress, but a Frenchman is magnificent only in his *robe de chambre* of damask, with arabesques of divers colors upon an emerald ground : out of this, he is entitled to no sort of commendation.

The English are anti-paganist : whiskers are not permitted to spread upon a British subject lower than the ear ; and they repudiate moustaches altogether. A Spanish nobleman, however, moustached and whiskered to the eyes, is quite 'the go' in the very fashionable circles. Their travellers often ridicule your women's dressing on the street ; their own smutty and fuliginous atmosphere making such a custom inconvenient in London. The Frenchwomen, too, run about undressed in their filthy streets in the same manner. But whatever be the streets, I like the English custom in this. Women should be relieved, on ordinary occasions, from the inquisition of the toilet. One is favorably disposed to a beauty that can stand en déshabille. Beauty gains by contrasts, and after all, is more dangerous in a well-ordered negligé, than in the extremest fashion. A woman is never dressed, who is dressed always.

· HERE Mercury—who would believe it?—stepped down from the top of the East India House, Leadenhall-street, and leaving Britannia to shift for herself, presented himself at my side as escort, and now standing upon the sunny brow of the hill, where the grand scene at fashionable hours of parade opens upon the view in its brightest éclat, and unseen, we looked out upon the passing world.

This one, upon a slow drive, his ambrosial curls dishevelled in the breeze, his august visage toward the firmament due vertically, who now kindly surveys the heavens, that with his vast self compared are but an atom, and now peruses his goodly frame and well-turned legs, incomprehensible, and marvels how nature could create such fair proportions, such decencies of limb, is the London fop. Think of his dressing himself in this manner in cold blood, and riding out, regardless of consequences ! He opes his lips : let us listen ! 'Tom, do you 'ear?—I say, Tom, you'll drive on slowly. I walk. A gentleman's figure is lost in a coach : '—and he lets himself down softly upon the pavement.

She who now alights, is the beautiful and fashionable —— . Heavens ! Mercury, did you ever see such a transcendent little foot !

'Hush ! If you run into raptures in this way with a foot, what are you to do with the whole woman ?'

Such gracility of waist !—such jauntiness of figure ! If I were a god, like you, I would take her under my special divinity. And did you see how, with three bounds, like a light wood-nymph, with an ease and grace, and as it were, without the least intention ——

'Yes, and you will see how this prettiest little leg and foot of London will contrive, without the least intention, to show themselves presently in getting again into the carriage. The difference between male and female foppery is, that the lady does not fall in love with herself. It was from a proper knowledge of human nature, that Ovid

made Hyacinth, and not his sister, die of this kind of affection. Your American dandy is but the miscarriage of a London exquisite. The perfection of the character is to be sought for in Paris, yet the Englishman is quaint and singular. A fop is the effect of excessive refinement. Nature has made no kind of excellence easy to mortals; and it is downright presumption in your ultra-marine ignorance yet to attempt the character at all. In London we have many shades of the same. Now here is one not unworthy your attention, of the parvenu breed. He makes presents to himself from a great lady, and shows them about; and exhibits the billets of his laundress as letters from people of quality. He multiplies a duchess into fifty, and lives a whole season on a duke's dinner. 'They are so horribly stupid at Almacks, he begins to be fatigued; felt no inclination, last night, but was prevailed on to go by the pretty Ambassadors of——. Couldn't refuse.' This, to whom he now gives the tip of his little finger, is an intimate acquaintance just returned from abroad, after a year's absence.

'How-à'-you? How-à'-they in Rome? This is very neat; horribly disagreeable vests they make in London! Heard you were in town. Did n't see you yesterday at the levée.'

'Devil you did n't! Where were your eyes? I saw *you*. (Neither of them were there.) Tom, do you know I am fallen furiously in love with the Countess——? I am; and that I visit her every evening?—I do.'

And now he ducked his head to a great lord who passed, to show lookers-on the dignity of his acquaintance; and now he examines his legs, and talks of the intellectual faculties.

This one, who blows the dust from his sleeve, is keeping up appearances. He has just undergone the refreshing process of changing his linen; he has put on a clean shirt, and feels queer in it. 'Why, Job, how lean you are growing!' 'Dissipation! dissipation! I begin to think hot suppers and wines are unwholesome; and then the sleepless nights;' (yawns.) This one 'passes the warm season at Brighton, or Cheltenham,' or other watering-places—in his back parlor.

Here is one who has the flavor of gentility, and though not come of a good house, actually lives with dukes and duchesses. 'I am your shadow, my lord. I'll follow.' Great men, and especially women, though they hate flatterers, cannot dispense with the flattery. This is a young man of promise; has travelled; sings in a duet, is good at a rubber, writes or makes sketches in albums, shapes a hat, matches a color with a complexion, to a nicety; is an obsequious attendant upon the ladies, in the absence of nobler gallants. He understands dumb show, the most difficult part of acting; is a good listener; knows by looking in a lady's face whether she would rather talk or be talked to. He has, as you see, fashionable limbs, much better than philosophy. How often, alas! after graduating in the university, does one owe his fortune to a good leg! This man is not unhappy; he has, on the contrary, a pleasure in his sycophancy, as great perhaps as a pious person in his religious devotions. One of the natural bumps of the human skull is veneration. Pride, you see, has a curious effect upon the nervous system; elevating the chin, sometimes turning up the nose, and giving a strange toss to the head. This is my Lady——, too conscious of Threadneedle-street. She is asserting her dignity,

and fears to be suspected of a lower rank. A higher bred person knows nothing of such apprehensions, and walks as she pleases.

‘Who is this, do you think, who turns his back upon the commons with a lordly contempt, with almost the stride of a kangaroo, looking over his shoulder, as if afraid some one might take improper liberties with his shadow?’

A royal duke at least.

‘A royal fiddle-stick! He is the duke’s footman!’

I will just call your attention to this one, with lack-lustre eye, who sits in the barouche by his mamma. He is come of a noble house, is naturally stupid, and the intentions of nature have been carried out by education. His father was illustrious, and died, and the mother is unhappy over this only son, as an eagle who has hatched an owl. He has been chummed and crammed at Eton and Oxford, and does not yet know the Latin for a goose. He has danced till there are no more pumps in London, yet walks a clown as distinctly as Venus ever walked a goddess. He has been scolded into an apoplexy for deficiencies, and wears, as you see, an apologetic face, as if making excuses for the stupidity of its owner. . . . And this one — he was born, I think, in a Newgate cell; wrote history, from which he made a romance, and dramatized it. He is now a chief justice, and will die a lord.

Step aside, and let pass this lady and her poodle. Tell me, most learned Hermes, why the London and Paris ladies love dogs so much better than children; and why this canine appetite has not extended to the United States.

‘Women have been addicted to dogs in all ages and in all countries, and the inclination will come upon your women with greater refinement. I remember that St. Clemens preached a sermon, yet extant, against ladies’ poodles, at Alexandria. A woman has a natural bias toward nursing, and give her a lap-dog, she will not want to nurse any thing else. You will observe that they who indulge much in this passion, never marry: so that dogs are in some degree the cause of old maids.’

THE cloud here suddenly separated, and mixing in its kindred vapors, we stood forth purified in the open air, at Very’s, with keen appetites, and the hour six. I like the European dinner hour. An English lady now dresses for dinner at the hour her great grandmother used to undress to go to bed. Henry IV. used to dine at twelve; Louis the Great at two, and the hour of dinner has regularly advanced with every new degree of national refinement. We stepped in. This is the only house in London that bears some resemblance to the French restaurant. And this is a little unfrenchified. The woman at the *contoir* is left out.

Son of Maïa, what soup do you prefer? Your Greek custom of having the meals served by the most beautiful male and female slaves, was worthy the elegant Greeks. The Romans were your imitators in this, as in most other things, giving vast prices for beautiful slaves to fill this office.

‘They imitated a still higher authority. We were served in

heaven by Hebé and Ganymede, and I myself officiated in important entertainments.'

Your Roman and Greek custom (a little Burgundy after your soup) of not admitting women at their tables, was detestable. The English — and *we* of course — have followed this mode partially, driving out the women with the dessert and sweetmeats. Those decent London monasteries, the club-houses, will accomplish the rest. In a country whose richest tables exclude women, any high degree of enjoyment and refinement is not to be expected. Seventeen thousand is the average number of dinners devoured annually at a single club-house, the Athenæum. It is from this practice that intemperance is more frequent at a London than at a Parisian meal. It is for the same reason there is so much less vivacity at a London than a Parisian evening party. Why, an Englishman is as stupid after dinner as —

'An anaconda who has swallowed a horse——'

And the rider. Your ancient custom of healths, in which one drank part of the cup, and gave the rest to his friend, was sometimes exceptionable.

'And sometimes delightful, as Dido's health to the Trojan. You had the choice of the lips you would drink to.'

Why was it you offered in sacrifice the tongues of the animals slaughtered for the feast?

'To intimate that the language of the feast was for the gods only; not to be divulged among mortals.'

In our country we have them salted for the tea-table: (you will like a little of this *poulet a la crapaudine*; the flavor is racy and delicate.) In many respects, the art of dining has been improved by the moderns. The Greeks imposed ceremonies upon their entertainments not in accordance with their usual good taste. Not only had they places of honor, but a master of the feast, a part of whose duty it was to compel each guest to drink his portion. How much better the French, who remove the sense of authority almost entirely; the host even mixing undistinguishably with the guests, lest his presence should impose upon their liberty. In Homer's time, there was not only a first seat, but the largest share of meat; and the fullest cup was given to the highest rank; and we may infer, by the way Joseph helped Benjamin, that the Jews had the same custom. The English, who are the last people in Europe to introduce ease into their social intercourse, have retained these Greek absurdities, adding some of their own, which we, their faithful imitators, have transferred to the new world. Some philosophers have thought the monkies a part of our species; and nothing seems so much to induce such a belief, as the readiness with which men ape one another's ridiculous practices. The Chinese custom of dining out yourself when you have company, is more reasonable. If any place requires to be unfettered of restraint, in a special manner, it is the festive board. A stranger at an English or American table feels like a young miss during the first days of her corsets. At a French table you are easy as the uncinctured graces.

THE dinner being discussed, with many long digressions upon cookery and politics, away we hied again into the street, where the

gas-lights had taken up their office for the night. The blind man's staff went *tap-tap* by the wayside, the duke's chariot rattled upon the pavement, and the beggar's benediction died away amidst the hum of the many noises. There is nothing here like the galaxy of shops of the Palais Royal, whose cafés tempt you with sumptuous refreshments, and richest gems glitter in all the hues of India and Peru; where superb frocks recommend themselves in the most seductive attitudes, the little shoe, silk stocking, and graceful garter, lurking behind, upon legs natural as life. But sometimes a shop flashes upon your view, of surpassing richness and beauty. Here is one all window, like a face all eyes, exhibiting shawls from the precious pastures of Cashmere; their labels gold and azure, burnished with the gas, a part of the decoration. Here too are stores of French novelties, and fashions; *mantillas*, *mantilletes*, *mouseline unie et brochet*; and milliners and mantuamakers seeking reputation under French names; transformed like Roderick Random's faithful Strap, who became on his continental travels 'Monsieur D'Estrappe.' Mrs. Duke is 'Madame le Duc,' and 'Madame de Trotville' was once Mrs. Trotter. The rest are lodging-houses, without fashionable notoriety.

In Paris, a great man may live in a little poking alley, and be a great man nevertheless. I have visited many a member of the Institute *au 4^m*, in a chamber ten feet by eight. A street in America is a substitute for merit. Who in Girard-street, at eight hundred dollars, presumes to associate with the front on Chesnut, at twelve hundred? Here is a clear, undisputed gentility of four hundred dollars per annum! London is even more nice in this respect. To lodge east of Regent-street, would spoil the best blood of England. When you step into your carriage, put out your head and say loudly and distinctly, 'Drive to St. James' Place,' or Grosvenor, Portland, and Belgrave squares. It will inspire the coachman and lookers-on with an exalted opinion of your respectability: for after all, coachmen are but men.

'I HAVE now shown you Regent-street in its prettiest varieties. A pity it is such streets are not to be expected from the radical and levelling spirit of a republic.'

Why you are the most impudent god I was ever acquainted with! You must be hen-pecked by your new bride, to disunite from republicanism any kind of refinement. You, who at Athens passed the morning in listening to Pericles in the Senate, strolled after dinner with Phidias to the Parthenon, went to a new piece of Sophocles in the evening, and to complete the day, supped at midnight with Aspasia.

We now reëntered the Quadrant. Sancta Veronica! what infinite girls! Not more leaves fall upon the plains of the Apallachian, nipped by the first frosts. Why they count of these same London Cyprians eighty thousand!

'Eighty thousand! And why think you this extravagant?—you who have ten thousand at New-York? The half of ours, too, are driven to this dishonor by extreme poverty, and yours ——'

Mercury, which of those stars is your mother?

'She at the side of Merope, who is a little dimmer than the rest, being the only one of the seven sisters who espoused a mortal.'

Here the Cyllenian god, his feathered cap in his hand, took a civil leave, and mounting astride of a moonbeam, resumed his station at the side of Britannia, upon the East India House. . . . Good night!

A N E V E N I N G R E V E R I E .

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE summer day has closed, the sun is set.
 Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
 The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red west. The green blade of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
 From bursting cells, and in their graves await
 Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
 Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
 That now are still forever; painted moths
 Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
 The mother-bird hath broken, for her brood,
 Their prison-shells, or shoved them from the nest,
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
 In woodland cottages with barky walls,
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
 Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
 Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
 Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
 And filled and closed. This day hath parted friends,
 That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
 New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
 Her faith and trust her peace to him who long
 Had wooed, and it hath heard, from lips which late
 Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word
 That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
 Is added now to childhood's merry days,
 And one calm day to those of quiet age.
 Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
 Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
 By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
 Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
 Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
 And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
 Or Change, or Flight of Time, for ye are one!
 That bearest, silently, this visible scene
 Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars; the very hour
 He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;
 Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
 Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love

Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame and general scorn of men —
 Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack of pain,
 Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my age?
 Or do the portals of another life
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
 In the vast cycle of being which begins
 At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently — so have good men taught —
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

C A R O U S S I S :

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH OF THE MASSACRE AT SCIO.

BY C. F. CASTANIS.

THE family of CAROUSSIS, a Sciote, was among the first that fled to the mountains, on the arrival at Scio, of the Ottoman fleet, with the forces destined to massacre, burn, and pillage all within their reach. Caroussis conducted his family and some of his relatives to a cave, which afterward received an accession of others, until the whole number of families amounted to more than a score. Here they lay concealed, in the greatest terror; neither daring to move nor speak, for a long time, as they constantly heard the echo of the distant noise of destruction. In a few days, all their provisions were exhausted; yet the incessant roar of cannon and musketry told them that the work of death was still going onward. At night, some of them ventured to go abroad and collect grass and fruit, and even grain, from the neighboring fields. Had their flight been in winter, they would have soon perished. From the mountains they beheld the smoke and flames of their dwellings; and they lost all hope of peaceful life, while the sons of Agar were allowed by the christian world to proceed in their unjust assaults upon their country. They could neither sleep by night nor by day. The sounds of lamentation and slaughter were ever in their ears, and their hearts were rent continually.

About twenty days passed in this manner, when at length the Moslems began to hunt the Christians who had taken refuge in the mountains. They employed blood-hounds for the purpose. The inmates of the cave where Caroussis had concealed his family, began to fear lest the Mussulmen should discover them. One day they heard the discharge of fire-arms near at hand; and soon after some of their companions came rushing into the cave, reporting the advance of a gang of Osmanlies. The next moment a blood-hound entered, and announced by his howls the presence of the refugees. Guns were fired through the shrubbery, in front of the cavern, until the wounded victims began to scream, and rush out. As they came forth, some of

them could not see, having so long been deprived of the 'cheerful day.' The Turks killed the most of them as fast as they emerged to light; a few only were spared as slaves. Caroussis was shot dead immediately, but his children and his wife, together with her brother, who was retained for his great beauty, were led away captive. They fell to the lot of a Turk from Asia, who kept them on the island of Scio.

In a few months, the terrible vengeance of CANARIS, the Greek *brulottier*, was wreaked upon the Capitan Pacha, and three thousand of his murderous assistants, who all perished in the explosion of the flagship, and the confusion of the awful scene that ensued. Then indeed was the fury of the Turks vented in retaliation, without mercy, upon the remaining inhabitants within their reach! The brother of the wife of Caroussis was killed by his master, in revenge for his slaughtered countrymen. She, with her children, was sold for *seven dollars*, to a Turk from Crete, who removed them from Scio to Colophon, where he owned a magnificent seat. The mother was obliged to perform the most menial services, while the children were circumcised, and educated in the tenets of the Mohammedan religion. The mother, however, would not intermit her efforts, in secret, to confirm her children in their attachment to the christian faith; and in this way did all the Sciote matrons persevere in their endeavors to save their offspring from the pollution of Mohammedanism. They exhibited the noblest virtues in their deep distress, and so effectually educated their children in the love of truth, that they preferred death to the relinquishment of their belief in Christianity.

But they had still severer trials to undergo. Their master one day took Amurat, the youngest boy, and binding him to a cypress tree, beat him so barbarously, that his spine was injured irremediably. From that time forward, his brain was much affected, so that occasionally he exhibited symptoms of insanity. After this cruel deed, the mother watched every opportunity to escape. One rainy day, when she was sent, with a horse, to perform her accustomed labor, she placed her children upon the animal's back, and led him, as fast as she was able, toward the sea-shore, where all arrived safely in about two hours. They found a vessel moored near by, from Tinos, bound to Syra. The party was taken on board, and safely transported to Santorini, whither they were pursued by the Turk, who arrived a short time after, and encountered them sitting on a rock by the shore. He went in tears to the mother, and offered her two thousand piastres for her children, whom he had so long endeavored to convert to Islamism, and whom he had anticipated were destined to become defenders of the Mohammedan faith. But she refused; and her son immediately drew a loaded pistol, and threatened to shoot him, if he did not instantly depart, adding: 'We are on the soil of Greece, and here at least we shall defend our rights!' The Turk returned to Colophon, in the greatest sorrow for the loss of his captives. Arrived at Syra, Amurat was adopted by Captain Alexandros, who christened him after himself; and on his third voyage to America, brought him to Boston; where subsequently, owing to his weakness of intellect, he became involved in trouble, and was finally taken back to Greece, where he now survives, with his mother, a living monument of Turkish barbarity.

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

BY GEORGE HILL.

A glorious tree is the old gray oak,
 He has stood for a thousand years,
 Has stood and frowned
 On the woods around,
 Like a king among his peers :
 As round their king they stand, so now,
 When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
 The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
 In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
 Through sun and shower,
 And dared the winds to battle;
 Has heard the hail,
 As from plates of mail,
 From his old limbs shaken, rattle :
 Has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
 (When the storm hath roused his might,)
 Of the forest-trees, as a strong man doth
 The heads of his foes in fight.

The autumn sun looks kindly down,
 But the frost is on the lea,
 And sprinkles the horn
 Of the owl, at morn,
 As she hies to the old oak-tree.
 Not a leaf is stirred,
 Not a sound is heard
 But the thump of the thresher's flail,
 The low wind's sigh,
 Or the distant cry
 Of the hound on the fox's trail.

The forester, he has whistling plunged,
 With his axe, in the deep wood's gloom,
 That shrouds the hill,
 Where, few and chill,
 The sunbeams straggling come ;
 His brawny arm he has bared, and laid
 His axe at the root of the tree,
 The old gray oak,
 And, with lusty stroke,
 He wields it merrily :

With lusty stroke,
 And the old gray oak,
 Through the folds of his gorgeous vest,
 You may see him shake,
 And the night-owl break
 From her perch in his leafy crest.
 She will come but to find him gone from where
 He stood at the break of day :
 Like a cloud that peals as it melts to air,
 He has passed, with a crash, away !

Though the spring in bloom and the frost in gold
 No more his limbs attire,
 On the stormy wave
 He shall float, and brave
 The blast and the battle-fire !
 Shall spread his white wings to the wind,
 And thunder on the deep,
 As he thundered when
 His bough was green,
 On the high and stormy steep !

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PATHFINDER: OR THE INLAND SEA. By the Author of 'The Pioneers,' 'Last of the Mohicans,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 473. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE would invite the attention of our readers to the remarks which precede the subjoined critique of BALZAC, an eminent French novelist, upon 'The Pathfinder' of Mr. COOPER. Every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER is aware that, while we have labored to do justice to the genius of our author, and to extend his literary fame, we have nevertheless not hesitated to express at all times our opinions in relation to the 'provocations by which he has so often invited assaults' which, disguise the fact as he may, have evidently stung him to madness; but with the capable writer of the following pages — a thorough *American*, who has looked upon Mr. COOPER's late course 'more in sorrow than in anger,' but doubtless not without the latter emotion — we cannot but hope that hostilities between our novelist and the public may henceforth cease. As to suits at law for the recovery of damages against critics who may sometimes have exceeded their credentials, we may remark here, that we should consider them the last resort of a sensitive mind, like that of Mr. COOPER. An honest blacksmith in Kentucky, when advised by a litigious neighbor to prosecute another for slander, replied: 'Prosecute him! What should I obtain? I can go into my shop and *work out* a better character in six months, than I could gain at the hands of a court and jury in six years!' There is wise counsel in this answer, which should not be lost upon Mr. COOPER, who, sitting down to write in his fine library, with a free mind and unembittered heart, would soon live down all the 'conspiracies' and 'calumny' of which he complains, and extend and freshen a fame, of which, in common with his countrymen, he has good reason to be proud.

THE name of COOPER now seldom appears in our journals, except for the purpose of censure or ridicule. His productions, good or bad, are laid hold of as themes upon which the malignity of the press delights to dwell, and to pour forth its vials of wrath. In his case, the limits of criticism have been wantonly transgressed, in order to wound his pride, provoke his irascibility, and depreciate his writings. Even the unamiable attributes of his imaginary offspring have been identified with those supposed to exist in the breast of the author. Is this fair dealing? Ought a writer to be charged with the vices and follies of his literary progeny, and himself arraigned at the bar of criticism, to be tried, without a jury, for the delinquencies of beings necessarily created to advance the action and point the moral of his story? Had such a tribunal existed in days of yore, alas for those culprits, SHAKESPEARE and MILTON! they could not have escaped condign punishment. It may however be possible that the self-constituted directors of the morals and taste of the public find themselves mistaken in the praises they were wont to lavish upon COOPER's romances, and that they now seek to avenge their ancient credulity, by an unmanly crusade against an author whose works are read with admiration in all the languages of Europe.

is our literature so affluent in great names, that we can thus afford to impale

the reputation of a writer whose genius has exalted the name and the fame of his country throughout the civilized world?

Without attempting to expose the weaknesses of the author of 'The Pioneers,' 'The Pilot,' etc., or allude to the provocation by which he has so often invited the assaults of his enemies, we feel mortified to witness the ignoble warfare that has so long existed between the parties combatant, and we hope, for the honor of our country, as well as for the cause of humanity, that hostilities may cease.

The position of a successful author with the public is always one of extreme delicacy and difficulty. The world's admiration of his genius is never awarded without its pains and penalties. He is expected to write up to his first work, and even to surpass it in his second, without regard to impossibilities, or those anxieties to which minds of the finest texture are oftenest exposed. But '*celui qui se met en scène*,' with the world, affecting to look down with haughty indifference upon its censure or applause, while his heart is bleeding within him, exposes himself to a life of misery and torment. If he dares to rebel against his patrons, or to vindicate himself and his productions from the fickle judgments of the press, he is overwhelmed with scorn and abuse. We be to him, if he 'turns to politics his dangerous wit,' or presumes to aspire to any other species of fame than that which has been conceded to him! He is certain of being reproached with a desire to meddle with affairs which belong only to men of common sense, and practical knowledge of the business of life. In short, that inscrutable system of compensations of good and evil which so beautifully governs the world, and which adjusts and reduces the lot of every man to its proper level of enjoyment, is finely illustrated in the life of an author endowed with the susceptibility of genius. While his works transport us into the flowery regions of romance, and we almost look upon him as a being of immortality, the canker of envy and disappointment is eating into his soul, turning all his joys to bitterness. 'The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,' exasperates him to brave the injuries and ingratitude of the world, and at last drives him to despair and misanthropy. The reflections and resolutions of Sir WALTER SCOTT, preparatory to his becoming an author by profession, ought to guide every one who yields to the seductions of a literary career. No man ever maintained the dignity of his station with more success than the author of Waverley, because no man was ever able to appreciate his own powers of mind, and those of others, with more judgment and liberality. Unfortunately Mr. COOPER has made his enemies acquainted with an infirmity of mind which they have benevolently laid hold of to tease and irritate him. If his philosophy had been able to have screened his susceptibility, and he had not betrayed to the public the agony which its criticism upon his works inflicts, his happiness would indeed be enviable, and he would never have thought of appealing to a grand jury for redress. But the certainty of provoking the arm of a man of COOPER'S strength, encourages every puny whipster to do battle against him; the temptation is too flattering to be resisted. We believe that the productions of a man of genius must stand or fall upon their own merits, and that no conspiracy of detractors will be able to sink the literary fame of a man of COOPER'S calibre of mind; but it is possible to provoke a man into such a state of irritability, as to render him incapable of writing up to his own standard of excellence. No writer can do justice to himself, unless he is at peace with himself, as well as his contemporaries.

We do not mean to apply these hasty remarks impertinently to the case of Mr. COOPER, for whom we entertain the kindest good will, as well as admiration of his genius; but we cannot help believing that the universal conspiracy, of which he accuses mankind, to crush himself and his works, exists only in his own imagination: the world, he may rest assured, has other objects of malice and ambition, of at least equal importance, to bestow its favors upon. Were it possible for Mr. COOPER, only for an instant, to imagine what is passing in the minds of his fellow men, he would be able to *define his position*, and stoop to humbler sources of daily content or misery, than himself and his works afford. But all that we have said on this subject has been already expressed by

EDMUND BURKE, in a letter to his friend and protégé, Barry, the painter, who stood foremost among the *genus irritabile* of his day and generation :

'Depend upon it that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the same emulations of interests and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy ; and if they have some effect on your temper, they will have just the same effect upon your interests ; and, be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome ; and the same in Paris as in London, for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts.' . . . 'That you had just subjects of indignation and of anger often, I do noways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trials of his patience ? But believe me, my dear Barry, the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combatted, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves ; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune : for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species ; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own,' etc.

Never was the wisdom of the illustrious statesman more touchingly expressed, nor more completely thrown away, than upon the intractable and turbulent Barry, whose existence was wasted in cabals and contests with his friends as well as his enemies.

Our intention, when we sat down to write, was not to display our knowledge of the world, nor to imitate the example of BURKE, but simply to transcribe a critique of 'The Pathfinder' by M. DE BALZAC, which we chanced to meet in the August number of his 'Revue Parisienne.' This tribute of one of the most successful writers of fiction in France to the genius of COOPER, we take pleasure in making known to those who scoff at it in his own country. The grounds upon which the literary reputation of COOPER rests in France, and we believe throughout the continent of Europe, are distinctly explained, and the parallel between our gifted countryman and the author of Waverley is finely drawn. The faults and blemishes, too, of COOPER are pointed out by the hand of a master, who knows how to appreciate his beauties ; and we believe that no man of taste and judgment in our own country, who has read COOPER's romances, will differ from BALZAC in his opinion of their merits and defects.

'AFTER two feeble works, COOPER has redeemed himself by his 'Lake Ontario.'* It is a beautiful book, worthy of 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'The Pioneers' and 'The Prairie,' which it serves to complete. At this moment, COOPER is the sole author worthy of being placed beside Sir WALTER SCOTT. He is not equal to him, but he possesses the same order of genius ; and he owes the high place which he occupies in modern literature to two faculties ; that of painting the ocean and its mariners, and of idealizing the magnificent scenery of America. I am unable to comprehend how the author of 'The Pilot' and 'The Red Rover,' and the four romances just cited, should have been the author of his other works, with the single exception of 'The Spy.' These seven works constitute the only and the real titles of his fame. I do not pronounce this opinion lightly. I have read again and again the productions of the Romancer, or to say the truth, the Historian of America, and I feel, in common with Sir WALTER SCOTT, the same admiration for his two faculties, to which I may add his grand and original conception of Leatherstocking, that sublime personage, who connects 'The Pioneers,' 'The Mohicans,' 'The Prairie,' and the 'Lake Ontario.' Leatherstocking is a statue, a magnificent moral hermaphrodite, born between the savage and the civilized states of man, who will live as long as literature endures. I question whether the extraordinary works of Sir WALTER SCOTT furnish a creation so grandiose as that of the hero of the savannahs and the forests of America. Gurth, in 'Ivanhoe,' approximates to him ; and we feel that if the great Scotchman had seen America, he would have been able to create Leatherstocking. The conception, above all, of this man, half Indian and half civilized, elevates COOPER to the rank of Sir WALTER SCOTT.

'The story of 'Lake Ontario' is exceedingly simple : it is in fact the lake itself. A sergeant of the Fifty-fifth regiment, quartered in the remotest fort in Canada, an old man and a widower, sends for his daughter, who is in England, and whom he wishes to see married, before he dies, to his friend the Pathfinder, the faithful friend and guide of the English. The young woman comes with her uncle, a simple English sailor, conducted by a chief of the Red-Skins, to a spot where they meet the messengers sent by the Sergeant ; namely, the Pathfinder and the Great Serpent, Chingacook, a most interesting Mohican savage. The daughter of the Sergeant finds in company with these two persons a young

* The title of the French and English editions of 'The Pathfinder.'

friend of the Pathfinder and of the Great Serpent, together with a Lake Ontario sailor, called Jasper. The whole party are escorted by a chief named Arrowhead, and his wife, the Dew of June, and do not reach the fort without encountering numerous dangers. The Iroquois, who are acquainted with the journey of the Sergeant's daughter and her uncle, waylay them for the purpose of making them their prisoners. They roam through the wilderness, and have an accomplice in the person of Arrowhead, the secret spy and ally of the French. During this perilous journey, the young woman falls in love with Jasper, the friend of the Pathfinder. After their safe arrival at the fort, and in going with the Sergeant to take possession of one of the Thousand Islands, for the purpose of intercepting supplies sent by the French to the Iroquois, the Pathfinder discovers that he is only the friend of the Sergeant's daughter: he renounces his engagement with her, although he loves her, and marries her to Jasper.

'I love these simple stories: they discover great power of conception, and always abound in fertility. The early part of the work embraces a description of the Oswego, one of the tributary rivers of Lake Ontario, along the shores of which lurk the Iroquois, for the purpose of making the party captive. Here COOPER is himself again. His description of the forest, the running stream, with its rapids and waterfalls, the artifices of the savages, who endeavor to outwit the Great Serpent, Jasper, and the Pathfinder, furnishes a succession of admirable pictures, which in this work, as well as its antecedents, are inimitable. Here is sufficient to dishearten all romancers who have the ambition to follow in the footsteps of the American author. Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil. This is the school for the study of literary landscape-painters. All the secrets of the art are revealed. The magical prose of COOPER not only embodies the spirit of the river, its shores, the forest and its trees; but it exhibits the minutest details, combined with the grandest outline. The vast solitudes, into which we penetrate, become in a moment deeply interesting. The same genius which previously launched us upon the boundless ocean, with all its terrors, now thrills us with glimpses of the painted savage behind the trunks of trees, in the water, and hidden by rocks. When the spirit of solitude communes with us, when the first calm of these eternal shades pervades us, when we hover over this virgin vegetation, our hearts are filled with emotion. Page after page is filled with naturally-presented dangers, without any effort at stage effect. It seems as though we are seeking under these magnificent trees for the print of a moccasin. These perils are so skilfully interwoven with the incidents of the fable, that we have leisure to attentively examine the rocks, the trees, the water-falls, the bark canoes, the thickets; we incorporate ourselves with the soil; it passes in us, and we pass into it. We know not how this metamorphosis of genius is accomplished, but it is impossible to separate the soil, the vegetation, the waters, their extent, and their configuration, from the interests which agitate us. In short, the personages become what they really are, of little importance among the sublime scenery which surrounds them.

'The skirmishes with the Indians, and their devices, are never monotonous, and bear no resemblance to those which we find in the previous works of COOPER. The description of the fort, the encampment and repose of the party, and the target-shooting, are *chefs d'œuvre*. We owe to the author our warmest gratitude for his choice of these humble personages. With the exception of the young woman, who is not true to nature, and whose qualities are painfully and uselessly dwelt upon, his other figures are drawn from nature, if we may use a term borrowed from the *ateliers*. It is unfortunate, that the English sailor and Lieutenant Muir, the pivots of a drama so simple and so naïf, should be failures. More reflection, and a little more breadth, would have rendered this work faultless. The voyage across Lake Ontario is a delicious miniature, rivalling the finest ocean-scenes of COOPER. In short, the expedition to the Thousand Islands, the fights with the Iroquois, commanded by a French captain, possess an interest equal to that master-piece of genius, 'The Last of the Mohicans.' The Pathfinder predominates here as well as elsewhere; and this profoundly melancholy personage is in some degree explained.

'Enough of the interest and details of this beautiful work: it will be more useful to point out the faults which we find in it. COOPER's inferiority to Sir WALTER SCOTT is his radical and utter feebleness in scenes of humor, and his perpetual anxiety to make us laugh, in which he has never succeeded. In reading him, one experiences a singular sensation; it is as if while we are listening to fine music, there is near us a frightful village minstrel, who scrapes his fiddle, and fatigues us by playing the same tune. To produce what COOPER mistakes for humor, he puts into the mouth of one of his characters the same foolish joke, invented *a priori*. Any perversity, moral vice, or deformity of mind, which appears in his first chapters, is repeated again and again to the end of his work. The fooleries of these bores produce the effect of the scraper of whom we have just spoken. To this system we are indebted for David Gamut in the Mohicans, the English sailor and Lieutenant Muir, in the work before us, and indeed all the would-be comic characters in COOPER's romances. The first author of this malady, which has now degenerated into *epizootic*, for many of our French writers are infected with it, was Sir WALTER SCOTT. King Charles' visit to Lady Bellenden, which she repeats so often in 'Old Mortality,' with other similar examples, which the genius of SCOTT has used discreetly, have lost

COOPER. The great Scotchman has never abused this privilege, which is trifling, and always betrays sterility of wit.

'Genius consists in applying to each situation the words which are suited to display the character of the actor, and not in tacking to him a phrase which adapts itself to each situation. It is perfectly admissible to sketch a character as gay, sombre, or ironical; but, its gaiety, its melancholy, or its irony, ought to manifest itself by characteristic traits. After describing your personage, let him speak; but to make him always repeat the same thing, is a weakness. Sir WALTER SCOTT has noticed this comic absurdity of repetition; but this painter has only produced one or two examples of such characters. It is the invention of circumstances, and the display of characteristic touches, which distinguishes the modern Troubadour. By contrasting the poor grimacing humorists of COOPER with the two executioners of Tristram, in 'Quentin Durward,' and with Michael Lambourne, in 'Kenilworth,' we immediately perceive the law which governs these literary creations. If you do not possess this power, confine yourself within your own proper limits, and draw upon your own resources. There is an old smuggler in 'Redgauntlet' who is forever repeating 'All in the way of business;' but Sir WALTER SCOTT has contrived to make this phrase a source of inexhaustible humor, which never palls upon us. I am really grieved, in reading this beautiful work of COOPER, to find a repetition of the same joke in the mouth of the sailor, at the expense of the four wives of Lieutenant Muir.

'The conception of the subordinate characters betrays the weakness of the rival of SCOTT. We are made to feel too sensibly that the conceit and obstinacy of the English sailor who refuses to listen to Jasper, is indispensable to bring about the catastrophe. COOPER is sublime when he initiates us into the beauties of American scenery; when he transports us across Lake Ontario, and when we thread with him the Thousand Islands. He is tedious in the opening of his drama, and only redeems himself by the beauty of the details. Sir WALTER SCOTT would never have committed the fault of exciting suspicions of the fidelity of Jasper, except in the middle of the romance: the device is too transparent. Lieutenant Muir ought to have been introduced much sooner, and the author would have excited a deeper interest, by skilfully making us understand his part of traitor, and the nature of his intercourse with Arrowhead.

'A serious charge remains to be stated against our author. Undoubtedly COOPER's renown is not due to his countrymen, nor to the English: he owes it mainly to the ardent admiration of France; of our noble and beautiful country, which pays more attention to foreign men of genius than to our own poets. COOPER has been perfectly understood and appreciated in France. The universality of our language has made his works known among nations who are unacquainted with that of England. I am therefore the more astonished to see France, and the French officers who were in Canada in 1750, ridiculed, in the person of Captain Sanglier. They were gentlemen, and history attests the glory of their conduct. Is it for an American, whose position entitles him to a high sense of honor, to invest a French officer with a gratuitously odious character, when the only succor which America received during her struggle for independence came from France? The noble or ignoble character of Captain Sanglier is not material to the plan of the drama, and nobleness of character would have furnished the author with an additional scene of beauty. It is pitiful to see enlightened men adopting the vulgar prejudices of the multitude. But COOPER shares this fault in common with SCOTT, who repaid the sincere admiration of France by writing 'Paul's Letters' to his Kinsfolk.' My censure is however the more just in the instance of COOPER, whose works contain not a single trace of kindness toward France.

'The difference between these authors arises mainly from the nature of the subjects to which their talents have been directed. From those chosen by COOPER, nothing could be drawn from philosophy, nor from the deep workings of the human mind. When his work is once read, the mind looks back to it, to embrace it as a whole. Both are certainly great historians, but both have cold hearts. They refuse the admission of passion, that divine emanation, superior to the conventional virtue which man has made for the preservation of society: they have suppressed it, in order to offer a holocaust to the prudens of their several countries. SCOTT unfolds to us the great revolutions of humanity; COOPER the mighty changes of nature. The one paints the romance of the ocean, the other grapples with the mysterious workings of the heart. We are struck with this most forcibly, in reading 'Lake Ontario.' There is not one character in it which makes us think, which reacts upon the mind by ingenuous reflection; which explains the facts, the personages, or their actions. The author seems, on the contrary, to delight in plunging us into solitude, and to leave us there to our own dreams. These are the associations of one who loves to travel alone, while Sir WALTER SCOTT surrounds us every where with a numerous and brilliant assemblage. The works of COOPER detach us from artificial life; but SCOTT mingles us in his drama, while he depicts to us the grand features of his country in every age. The greatness of COOPER is in the reflection of that nature which he describes; SCOTT begets his own works; the American is the offspring of his. SCOTT has a thousand phases; COOPER is a marine landscape-painter, admirably provided with two studies—the savage and the sailor. His beautiful

creation of *Leatherstocking* is a work apart. I am not acquainted with the English language, and therefore cannot judge of the style of these two great authors, happily for us so different; but I nevertheless think the Scotchman much superior to the American in the expression of thought, as well as the mechanism of style. COOPER is not a logician. He proceeds by sentences, which taken one by one, are confused; the first has no connection with the last; but taken together, they make an imposing whole. To comprehend my meaning, we have only to read the two first pages of his '*Lake Ontario*,' examining each proposition separately. They exhibit a mass of ideas which would furnish tasks for a scholar of rhetoric in France; but very soon we yield ourselves to the majesty of nature, and forget the embarrassing course of the vessel, in our admiration of the ocean-lake. Finally, we repeat, that the one is the historian of external nature, the other that of humanity; one reaches the beau-ideal by images, the other by actions, without omitting any poetical associations. The high tide in the '*Antiquary*,' and the first landscape in '*Ivanhoe*,' exhibit a talent for description equal to that of COOPER.

WE annex to this beautiful critique of M. DE BALZAC an anecdote which we find in the recently-published memoirs of M. GISQUET, formerly a prefect of the French police under LOUIS PHILIPPE, which exhibits the moral force and truth of one of COOPER's characters. Monsieur GISQUET, in his chapter on the secret agents of the police employed under his administration, observes:

'I will now cite another instance of a very rare and uncommon variety of men, who became agents of the police from motives of patriotism. These are persons of a romantic turn of mind, who feel the necessity for strong excitement, and for whom the incidents of real life are too uniform and prosaic. When such men are not placed in situations to satisfy their cravings, and are unable to gain for themselves celebrity by some remarkable act, they are compelled to lower their pretensions, and seek for distinction by the singularity of their conduct.

'Among the thousands of my police agents, there was one individual of this species. A succession of ordinary occurrences had made him acquainted with the secrets of a correspondence between the Legitimists and the Duchess de Berri. This man, who could not disengage himself from the position which he occupied, and would not aid the opposite party with his opinions, demanded an audience. He made me comprehend the peculiarity of his situation, and revealed all the advantages which I might derive from it. I expected very elevated pretensions on his part; but judge of my surprise when my new agent declared his determination of serving his country without fee or reward, by rescuing France from the evils of a civil war, which then threatened her. Struck with the reading of one of COOPER's novels called the '*The Spy*,' he aspired to the sort of ambition which distinguishes the hero of that work, and was desirous of playing in France the part which COOPER has assigned to Harvey Birch, during the American war of independence. He only stipulated in behalf of his friends, my promise that no rigorous measures should be taken with regard to the several persons whom he designated, and who had a friendship for him. '*Harvey Birch*,' for he adopted this name in all his reports, never belied his professions of fidelity. He rendered services which would have merited a competent fortune; but when the term of them arrived, he contented himself with asking for a humble employment, barely enough to supply his daily necessities.'

MEMOIRS, LETTERS, AND COMIC MISCELLANIES, in Prose and Verse, of the late JAMES SMITH, Esq., one of the Authors of '*The Rejected Addresses*.' Edited by his Brother, HORACE SMITH, Esq. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 501. Philadelphia: CARRY AND HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

DID our readers but know that these well-printed volumes are composed of a great variety of articles, written many years ago for English periodicals, over which they once shook their sides with irrepressible laughter, they would not need our recommendation to obtain and peruse them at their earliest leisure. The fact is as we have stated. Those lively and graphic papers, which were the life of the London Magazines; the series of '*Grimm's Ghost*,' the numerous songs and recitations of MATTHEWS, '*The Bachelor's Thermometer*,' '*The Wedding Party*,' '*The First of April*,' and nameless numbers more, of a similar character, and equally pleasant to remember; are by JAMES SMITH, and are here collected together, with a correspondence not less various and entertaining. No book of the season will better repay perusal.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'THE LAW OF SPECTRES.' — We gave some months since a condensed record of an amusing article in **BLACKWOOD'S Magazine**, upon 'Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts,' which we trust our readers have not forgotten. A late issue of the same work contains a paper, evidently by the same author, which is marked by kindred ludicrous characteristics. It purports to be a retrospective review of two works, by an old German author, **JOHN SAMUEL STRYCK**, of Halle, printed at 'Francofurt et Leipsig,' in the eighteenth century, and entitled '*De Jure Spectrorum*,' and '*Dissertationes Juridicæ*.' This spectral code, or digest of the law as applicable to the relations of the world we live in with the devil and his emissaries, is treated in the most elaborately mock-serious manner. After a glance at a host of contemporary works on ghosts, to indicate the profound knowledge of the writer on his general theme, the reviewer proceeds to cite his author's subdivisions of the genus spectre into classes; as the domestic spectre; the feld-teuffel, field-spectre, or out-door devil; the mountain-spectre, or spirit of the mine; together with lamiae, incubi, and succubi, and that large class of incognito spirits who make no personal appearance, but unequivocally announce their presence by uttering pestilent noises, subverting the pots and pans in the kitchen, and kicking the tables down stairs; '*in domus turbant, ollas patinas,*' etc., *subvertant scamne, mensas per scalas dejiciunt!*' It was in view of this large spiritual standing army, constantly in commission, and to whom all hours are the same, that **STRYCK** became impressed with the necessity of a code which should place the legal relations of men and things with these ghostly beings upon a distinct and systematic footing, both in a civil and criminal point of view. As this is generally a season of 'marrying and giving in marriage,' we shall first quote a section which defines the rights of an affianced bridegroom, in the case of a haunted bride:

'Your marriage contract is extended; the party invited, the ring ordered, when you discover to your consternation that your intended spouse is haunted by spectres, one or more. *Quid juris?* **STRYCK**, with some hesitation, gives it as his opinion that the party may, in that case, *resile, rebus integris*, there being, in his view, an error in the substantial of the contract; and certainly, in our own case, if we had reason to suspect, beforehand, that the lady had any dealings with spirits, we should be off forthwith, and take all risks of an action of damages for breach. If the marriage is over, and you discover your bride to be haunted, **STRYCK**, though not without difficulty, and a strong feeling of the hardship of the case, conceives there is no remedy. You have taken your companion for better or for worse, and must bear the visitation as a trial from heaven, as you best may.'

On the subject of the discovery of hidden treasures by means of spirits, our author's exposition is not eminently lucid. He answers the question, says the reviewer, whether we can with a safe conscience take possession of a treasure which is in the custody of a spirit, 'by a distinction which to us appears rather thin. If the spirit stands by, and remains neuter, have nothing to do with the treasure. It is a temptation from Satan to burn your fingers; there let it lie. But if the spectre offer it, press it upon you, make a point of your pocketing it — in short, won't be denied — then you may take it safely, and ask no questions, presuming that 'it is all right.'

'If the spectre not only shows the treasure itself, but points out some charm or magical operation by which the treasure is to be got at, and you follow its suggestions, and by magical practices make yourself master of the money, it is forfeited to government as an illegal acquisition. If, on the con-

trary, the spectre merely shows it, and allows you to get at it in the best way you can ; or if you politely decline his suggestion of using spells and enchantments, and content yourself with a pickaxe and a spade, you may safely take the ghost's word for the thousand pounds, and may bid defiance to the revenue officer. In regard to the discovery of treasure in another man's ground, Stryck lays it down as law, that, although in the ordinary case a person discovering by his own exertions a treasure in another man's property, is entitled to no part of it ; yet in the case of its being pointed out to him by a spectre, the fortunate individual may lay claim to a half.'

Touching the rent and location of buildings, the law of spectres is very clear. If after the lease of a house, the devil appears for his interest, and the house becomes a nuisance, the tenant may recover : a moderate spectral annoyance, however, is no ground for voiding the contract, though it may entitle the tenant to a deduction from the rent, when the landlord presents his receipt, in due form : as, 'Deduct for spectres in bed and bed-room, five pounds.' The onus of proof rests with the occupant :

'Because otherwise, as Stryck observes, it would be easy for any one who had a dislike to the payment of rent, to blast the character of a house, and escape scot free. On the other hand, this view is not free from difficulty. Suppose the tenant proves the nuisance to exist, and to such an extent as to void the contract, how is he to escape the reply of the landlord, that the house had a perfectly good character before ; and that if there were spirits there now, the tenant must have brought them along with him ? In short, that they are personal rather than real incumbrances upon the subject. Stryck thinks that, in that case, the burden of proof may be thus divided. It lies with the landlord to prove that his house had a good character up to the time of the tenant's entry ; that done, he has the benefit of the presumption that the supervening spectres have been introduced by the tenant, in which case, of course, the landlord is entitled to exact the last stiver, since it is plain that he is not to suffer merely because his tenant is on bad terms with the world of spirits.'

In discussing the amount of spiritual annoyance that justifies the annulling of a contract, Stryck stretches the point in favor of the landlord. His view of the law is, that if the inconvenience be moderate, as for instance, if the spirits confine themselves to the remoter quarters of the house, and merely knock occasionally at the dining-room door, or utter disagreeable sounds, the tenant must put up with it. The objections of the reviewer to this rending the law of spectres from its wise intent, are so well put, that we cannot forbear to cite them here :

'Now, perhaps, it may be true, that so long as Truepenny confines himself to the cellarage, the inhabitants of the upper stories need give themselves little trouble about his movements ; nor, perhaps, would the squalling of an additional imp from the nursery be matter of just complaint. Still the constant scratching of such a creature as old Jeffrey, who continued to haunt Wesley's study so perseveringly, would to our nerves have been disagreeable ; and we must strongly protest against the doctrine that these wretches can be allowed, on any account, to approach the dining-room. If they are permitted to knock at the door with impunity, the next step will be to take a seat at table, in which case it is plainly impossible that good digestion can wait on appetite, and the comfort of existence would be destroyed. On the whole, therefore, the view of Romanus seems at once the sounder and the simpler of the two. With him the question is not one of degree at all : whether the spiritual existences confine themselves to the garret and the basement story, or intrude into the dining-room or bed-room, seems to him, on principle, to be all one ; it is enough that there they are. No one is bound to put up with such inmates. Prove the fact by notarial instrument, or in any other way that may be legal, and you are entitled to get quit of the bargain entirely. We own this would be our own view of the case ; for we really do not see what security a tenant who tolerates with impunity the gambols of a troop of ghosts in the basement can have, that these subterranean performers may not occasionally take it into their heads to walk up stairs.'

We confess to a far greater reverence for the legal acumen of Romanus than for that of Stryck. The above consistent and humane exposition, as well as the subjoined directions to the tenant for obtaining legal evidence that his house is haunted, fully establish the preëminence of the former jurist : 'Get hold of a notary-public ; shut him up in the haunted room ; there let him witness a dance of spectres, or hear the racketing of pots, pans, tables, and elbow-chairs ; give him just light enough to enable him to extend a protocol of what passes, and the document thus obtained will be good evidence of the fact.' This must be rather sharp practice, we think, for the notary ; but probably he would charge accordingly. We would here humbly insinuate the shadow of a hint, whether the legal rights of the *ghosts* themselves have not been overlooked in this discussion ? — and whether it be altogether fair to put a lawyer's ghost, for example, out of view, simply because he has lost the use of his 'quiddits and quillits,' and can't conveniently set forth his action of trover, in any christian court ?

THE BLIND. — Who that has ever heard BRAHAM sing 'Sampson's Lament for the loss of Sight,' can ever forget the emotions which filled his mind, when the passage, so effectively rendered, 'No sun, no moon, no stars — ALL DARK!' falls full on the ear? For ourselves, so powerful was the illusion, that for a moment it seemed as though

——— 'swift from zone to zone
Swept a vast shadow, swallowing up all light;'

and the first impression we received on entering recently the New-York Asylum for the Blind, was a vivid renewal of the feeling which the performance in question awakened. It was our purpose, in the present number, to have described our visit to this noble institution; the interesting processes of reading and cyphering, by means of raised letters and moveable numerals; the exquisite musical performances, in full instrumental band, by the male pupils, and the excellent vocal efforts of the females; together with the ingenious manufactures, of various kinds, which enliven the manual department, and cheer the hearts of the willing laborers; but we rather choose to leave these interesting objects undescribed, that our town readers, during the season of kind wishes and kinder deeds which is now upon us, may improve the occasion to visit the Asylum, and thus themselves be participants in the double gratification of receiving and giving pleasure. In the mean time, we annex the following version of a brief but pathetic narrative, which was related to us a few months since, by a warm-hearted friend in a neighboring village, who has been kind enough recently to reduce it to writing, at our request, for the benefit of our readers.

THE BLIND GIRL.

How gross are we in our mortal natures, yet how refined; how sensual, yet how spiritual! What sublime emotions, what delicious sensations, what glorious anticipations of immortality, are conveyed to us through the external senses! The goodness and power of God have formed us fearfully, wonderfully; and all nature has been adapted to administer to our joys. Did we not suffer our souls to become dull and insensible; were we acutely sensitive to impressions, and did we know how to keep our mysterious harps in tune, the works of God would continually fulfil the end for which He intended them. They would be 'beauty to the eye, and music to the ear.' It is this keen appreciation of external things, which makes us to delight in what the dying Hoffman called the 'sweet habitude of being.' With this the shortest existence is in reality long; without it, the longest is but short. For the hours may die, and the clock may toll their death-knell from the turret, and the sun may run his career through the zodiac, and we, like inanimate plants, may inhale the vital air, and 'take no note of time.' But it is the affections alone which should measure the sum of human existence; and then, whether we die in the spring-time, or be reaped down with the golden harvest, or linger into the bleak winter, life shall have been long or short, as we have *felt* most, or been devoid of feeling. Who has not been willing, in order to arrive at a point of time, to have the interval blotted out as a thing of no value, or felt as though the raptures of an age were crowded into the short delirium of a dream?

Such reflections were excited in my mind, after having witnessed the intense happiness of one who had been recently restored to sight; a happiness which was communicated in a high degree to all who ever knew the lovely recipient. She was a young and interesting girl, to whom, at her birth, nature had given the precious boon of sight, and with it a heart acutely alive to the beautiful. But accident deprived her of the use of her eyes at an early age, and a film spreading over them, soon left her in total darkness. For ten long years she had groped about, a patient sufferer, hearing the voices, but never seeing the faces, of those she loved. The world in which she would have revelled gaily as a bird revels in its own element, was shut from her view, and would be, in all human probability, until she had passed the portals of that grave which was not more dark than the earth in which she moved. Thus she had arrived at her fifteenth summer, when it was permitted her to cherish the fond hope that she might yet see. It was a hope modified, indeed, by doubts and fears, but fruition seldom imparts such exquisite happiness.

The day at last arrived, the eventful day, when human skill was to exert itself in the benevolent attempt to restore sight to the blind. Many were the eager, anxious countenances gathered around, and gazing in deep silence and with intense interest on the heroic girl, whose pale face rather indicated the trembling suspense of the soul, than the fear of bodily anguish. I attempt not to describe the little preliminary preparations, which make the heart flutter so much when any grand act is on the eve of

being done. She *saw* them not, but she *felt* them, by that keen intuition which nature has given to the blind. The moment came. The cautious, calm hand of the oculist proceeded to remove the veil which had so long shut out the glory of the world. It was a task soon over, and when the benevolent man, in a voice which did not indicate the feelings of his heart, inquired 'Ellen, do you see any thing?' the glorious triumph of the art was at once announced by the rapturous response, 'Oh God, I see!' All present burst into tears. A mother, a brother, a sister wept, and God heard the prayers which went up from the altar of those hearts, if prayers are heard for their fervency. No sooner was the light admitted, than it was again excluded, to be let in by just degrees, that the organ might be accustomed gradually to its refulgent blaze; and nothing remained but to await with patience the transition from the imperfect state of him who saw 'men as trees walking,' to a clear and unobstructed vision.

I remember having gone soon after this to congratulate that happy child, and to express the joy which I felt for her restoration. On entering the apartment, it was so dark that, coming from the bright sun-light, I could distinguish nothing. But presently the surrounding objects revealed themselves, and by the rays that struggled dimly through the curtains, I beheld a countenance with an expression so innocent, and supremely happy, that I can never cease to remember it. It was beaming with gratitude to God. A small stand stood by the side of the fair girl, containing a Bible, from which she was soon to read with her own eyes those words of eternal life which had been the solace of her blindness. 'Ellen,' said I, 'would you not like to go forth into the green fields, and behold the beauty of the Spring?—for in the words of that Book which you so much reverence, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' A brighter smile illuminated her features, and a look which told me that so great a rapture might be soon enjoyed, but must be still deferred. She said that all objects seemed beautiful, and that human countenances were bright and shining like angels. I arose from my seat, and drawing forth a moss-rose which I had plucked that morning, placed it in her hands. It was fresh and fragrant, and just opening its petals to the sun. She received it with ecstatic pleasure, gazed at it, kissed it again and again, pressed it to her bosom, and bursting into a torrent of tears, exclaimed: 'It is fair as Eden; beautiful as if plucked from the gardens of Paradise!' I watched the changing expression of her countenance with an interest growing every moment more intense. 'Alas!' thought I, 'if an object so simple is capable of exciting such emotions in the soul, how mute and insensible are we! For the most illustrious exhibitions of God's power and goodness do continually present themselves without our notice. We are unaffected by times or seasons; by the morning or the refulgent noonday, or the solemn midnight; by spring or summer, autumn or snowy winter. The sun rises and sets, and the moon and stars take up 'the wondrous tale;' and how are we better or more happy? How delightful is it to meet with one whose acute ear can listen to those harmonies impalpable to the grosser sense, and who can find in all nature something to love or admire!' But perhaps I shall one day ramble over fair scenes, refined into such a happy frame, plucking every flower that springs up to view, and pressing the hand of that fair girl!

'THE CHRISTIAN REVIEW,' a monthly work published at Boston, one number of which we have lately received from a friend, has impressed us with a favorable idea of its character and literary execution. We were especially struck with a few forcible observations in an article upon the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of BUNYAN. 'What mind,' says the writer, 'does not retain, treasured up among the things it will never forget, the forms of Christian and the Evangelist, of Greatheart and Faithful, of Apollyon and Giant Despair, or the scenes of the Interpreter's house, and the land of Beulah, and the Delectable Mountains? And who is not familiar with every step of the way, through the wicket gate from the City of Destruction where Christian dwelt, to the swelling river and the Celestial City beyond, to which he made his eventful and perilous pilgrimage? We have it all in our mind's eye. . . . Yet BUNYAN was not a learned scholar from the halls of Oxford or Cambridge; not the heir of wealth or fame and the world's esteem; but a travelling tinker, an itinerant preacher; in boyhood a blackguard in the streets of Bedford; in manhood, the persecuted tenant of Bedford jail.' A review of MACAULEY'S 'Miscellanies' affords some admirable examples of that writer's vigorous yet graceful style, to which, both for their matter and manner, we may hereafter advert.

THE 'SHORT PATENT SERMONS' OF 'DOW, JR.' — The notice of, and extracts from, these lay compositions, which we gave in a recent number, have led many of our readers in the country to 'ask for more,' with all the eagerness of little Oliver Twist. We have not the heart of a BUNSLA; and as we clipped short our former article, long before we had consumed the matériel which we had prepared for insertion, we shall here resume the thread of the discourses in question. It will be observed that Mr. Dow adapts his style to the various moral delinquents of a mixed audience; being now tender and persuasive, and anon stern and threatening. 'Some men,' he reasons, in extenuation of this course, 'are as mild and peaceable as lambs, while others are worse than tigers. Some will take a lateral kick as composedly as a bag of bran, while others will shed their quills at the bare tickle of an insinuation.' He is especially severe upon those who rely solely upon the external observances of virtue; who offer up thread-bare petitions, without feeling their import; who 'wear the robes of saints, with the cloven foot and switch-tail sticking out from under them;' and upon whom the 'coat of religion sits very awkwardly; wrinkling in the back, hitching up behind, and cutting under the arms.' But even such as these, it should seem, cannot escape conscience:

'There is no 'balmy sleep' for those who act dishonestly, live immorally, vote spuriously, shave closely, judge rashly, condemn instantly, lounge lazily, and in short, do wickedly, in any shape. The man who back-bites his neighbor, deceives his friends, speaks ill of married women, runs down the girls, throws a quid of tobacco into the contribution-box, and takes a penny out of it to buy more, and who cares not a snap for God, man, nor the devil — I say, my hearers, such a man never ought to sleep in peace, and he never will. Let him retire to his cat-tail couch, when sable Night has emptied her soot-bag upon one half of this terraqueous globe; when the iron tongue of midnight bids the witches straddle their broom-sticks, and the demons of darkness start from their cells; when his spree is over, and he seeks for repose; and what, my friends, await him there? Bed-bugs, mosquitoes, and the night-mare! Yes, amid all these troubles, he will lay down his guilty carcass; turn over, turn under, turn every way, in trying to coax Sleep to his bed-side; but she won't do it. He will fall into a snooze; but the load on his conscience will cause him to groan in distress, while the skeleton of a night-mare looks in at his window, and gives a horse-laugh at his misery.'

The contrast to this picture is striking, albeit the illustration at the close is not over-modestly cited:

'Now, my friends, look at the man who goes to bed with a sense of having done his duty to his Maker, his neighbor, and himself. He falls calmly asleep in the arms of Somnus, who beckons his messenger Morpheus to come, while reason slumbers, and guide his wandering fancy over that blissful world of dreams, where earth-born care is never known to enter. If he is a lover, his dearest angel is ever by his side, journeying with him through shady groves, and over elysian fields; if he is a business man, the banks all pay specie, and discount freely; if he is a lawyer, his clients are all wealthy and full of suit; if he is a preacher, like myself, his sheep yield good fleeces, and are content with such salt as they can get. O, it's a blessed thing to lie down at night, with a light stomach and lighter conscience! You ought to see me sleep sometimes! The way I take it easy is a caution to children.'

There is much of homely truth embraced in the following, as every man of experience can bear witness:

'Man never is contented: he is the fretful babe of trouble and care, and he will continue to worry and fret, no matter how pretty are the playthings with which Heaven essays to please him. He will sometimes fret merely because he can find nothing to fret about. If he were bound to live here forever, he would fret because he couldn't die and go to the other world, just for a change; and now, seeing he has got to die, and no two ways about it, he frets like a caged porcupine, and thinks he would like to live always. In fact, he don't know what he wants.' . . . 'My friends, I have seen about enough of this world, myself. For scores of years I have been searching every nook and corner for some perennial spring of happiness, instead of which I have found only a few flood-swollen streamlets, bearing upon their surface innumerable bubbles of vanity, and all along by their margins nests of young kumbugs are continually being hatched. I have drank of these waters nigh unto bursting, and always departed as thirsty as ever. . . . I have been kicked about like an old hat, nearly used up by the flagellations of Time, and am now feeling the way with my cane down to the silent valley of death, where I must soon pile up my poor old bones in the mouldy sepulchre; and, my friends, when you begin to groan beneath the burden of age, and find storm after storm rising dark o'er your way, you too will be glad to quit this rust-gathering world.'

We infer from the following passage that 'Dow Jr.' has aforetime been crossed in love. Possibly he may have sought a refuge in his present calling from his own thoughts, as the disappointed maiden seeks an asylum in a convent:

'Love, my friends, is neither a fluid nor a solid; it is a sort of a compound quintessence of something indescribable. I never experienced its effects myself; I only speak from observation. It has

an attractive power, like the magnet, not yet fully understood. (Silence those boys in the gallery.) Like electricity, it pervades all bodies; comes before you know it; creates a flutter in the breast; produces a fondness for poetry, romantic places, and shady groves; makes a person feel queer for a time, and finally departs as calmly as a christian dies. Not unfrequently it makes complete fools of people, as in the case of Werter; causes them to commit suicide, fight duels, take to drink, and become vagabonds. Oh! my heart sinks clear into my trousers' pocket, when I think of all the mischief that love has stirred up in this amorous world! Go ask those shattered wrecks of humanity who are now swarming in our lunatic asylums, what it was that fired the city of their senses, drove Reason from her throne, and spread anarchy over the vast empire of the mind; and they might answer truly, 'Love, the tyrant Love!' Behold the miserable sot, suffering a self-martyrdom, with the liquid fire of damnation gleaming through his carbuncle nose! Ask him why he, in the prime of life, is about to throw himself upon the funeral pyre of his hopes, and appear fuddled at the bar of judgment? — and he will say, it is all for love! Go read upon the stones of yonder church-yard how many of Love's victims have been consigned to the dark chambers of death, and have taken the worms of the clod as their bosom companions! Behold! lovers are weeping, upon the very turf where lovers are sleeping! I grieve for the sleepers, and O! my friends, I tremble for the weepers! They are made of soft matériel; kisses, tears, saw-dust, and soft soap; and heaven only knows how soon they, too, may dissolve, and amalgamate with their original clay.'

Here is an aspiration after the condition of a 'gentle and voluble spirit of the air,' which would do no discredit to the muse of PERCIVAL, of whom it a little reminds us:

'O that I were the spirit of a sound, uncomeatable, untouchable, and living while I live in the same happy tone that made me! I would be the viewless spirit of the breeze, the breathing harmony of the Æolian harp; forever expiring, and forever being born anew. At one moment I might go moaning through the hollow pines, sad and disconsolate, and at another, join merrily in the chorus of gay little birds that sport in the grove, and mingle their sweetness with the perfume of flowers. Sometimes the harp that breathed me might be set in the branches of the willow that weeps o'er the grave of murdered happiness, where worms are feeding upon the lover's devoted heart. There my sister robin red-breast and I would sigh away our souls, at the pensive evening hour, singing a requiem of peace for the ashes of the dead, and filling the breast of the mourner with a host of melting sympathies. Sometimes, too, would I perform a witching serenade around the moonlit bower of Love, arousing the tiny-winged god from his rosy couch, and inviting the fairies from their hare-bell homes to dance to the music of the numbers that compose me. I would sing at the lattice where beauty sleeps, and whistle through the key-hole to frighten naughty children. I would be a whisper in the breeze, a sigh in the gale, a moan in the storm, and a tornado in the tempest! . . . O, my friends, if we were only the soul of a sound, how happy we should be! We should have no eleemosynary bodies to provide for; no voracious appetites to cloy; no shelter to procure, and no ills to suffer: but living, like chamelions and celestial spirits, on air, fashion, folly, United States' bank, and the sub-treasury, might all rage with desperate fury, while we — bubbles that burst and are born again — would still come and go, just the same as ever, and enjoy all the happiness of heaven, as though peace, piety, and plenty ruled the world below. Ah! these bodies of ours are nuisances to the soul, and the sooner we get rid of them the better.'

A fashionable exquisite finds little favor in the eyes of our lay-preacher. Speaking of the genus dandy, he observes:

'They are mere walking-sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads, did I say? Nay, their caputs are only half ripe muskmelons, with monstrous thick rinds, hollow within, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about in a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garments are a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with pride, and lined with the silk of urbanity; their other apparel is all in keeping, and imported fresh from the devil's wholesale and retail ready-made clothing establishment. Tinkered up of broad-cloth, buckram, finger-rings, safety-chains, soft sodder, vanity, and impudence, they are no more gentlemen, than a plated spoon is solid silver. . . . I detest egotism and vanity, as a cat does a wet floor. There are some vain fools in this world, who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of furzy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity, with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.'

Mr. Dow is right. There is not a more contemptible personage in the world, than a *professional* exquisite:

Some say there's nothing made in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
And prove it very handy,
By citing animals like these:
Mosquitoes, bed-bugs, crickets, fleas,
And — worse than all — a DANDY!

One of these gentry was recently sporting a flashy exterior garment for the first time on the town; and meeting an acquaintance, began to call his attention to its costly perfections. 'What-à-d'ye think I gave for it, eh? You can't guess, now.' 'I guess you gave your note!' was the reply, as his acquaintance turned upon his heel and walked away.

Metaphysical disquisitions are not shunned by Mr. Dow; on the contrary, he is evidently disposed to indulge in them often. A single instance must suffice: 'I am

inclined to the belief,' says he, 'that any animate object having the power of motion, has that of thinking; for motion is governed by will, or volition, which must act with *thought*. A clam has the power of opening and shutting its shell, at pleasure; therefore I think a clam thinks; but it can't reason!' To the proneness to metaphor of our preacher we have before adverted. He seems aware of this propensity, and finds occasion now and then to 'define his position' to his auditory, as thus: 'This, my friends, is metaphorical language, the same as when we say it rains pitch-forks, hails pumpkins, or snows bed-blankets.' Such was the apology for the subjoined familiar but striking imagery: 'How glorious 't is to see Miss Luna Cynthia rise from her virgin couch, doff her night-cap, and proceed along the Broadway of heaven, with myriads of stars winking at her, as she moves majestically along!' But we are trenching again upon our available space. A summary of some of the notices at the close of the imaginary service, must close our 'report.' Those who remember the announcements of Mr. BURCHARD and 'Brother KNAPP,' will not need to be told that they are scarcely caricatures:

'I beg the audience to be seated a moment. Rumor has come to my ears, that a large quid of tobacco was dropped into the contribution-box last Sabbath. The man who committed that outrage, would do well to pause in his career. He is slipping down a greased plank to perdition!' . . . 'To-night there will be preaching in most of the churches. The public gardens, I am desired to give notice, are also open. On Tuesday night there will be a fire, Providence permitting. On Thursday evening, the gates of the Battery will be thrown open for the reception of strollers and ardent lovers. There will be a Distracted Meeting held at Tammany Hall on Saturday evening, to commence at early candle-lighting. Admission gratis: on going out, a shilling will be received by a keeper at the door, for the benefit of the 'Manual Labor Society for the Education of Indolent Young Men for the A. B. F. Mission, at Nootka Sound.' . . . 'I would observe that one Miller is preaching up the doctrine that the world is to be destroyed in 1843; but don't you believe it. The earth is just as good as new, and will last for a hundred years yet, at the least calculation.' . . . 'Those persons who are in the habit of coming late to church, taking advantage of the proverb, 'better late than never,' would confer a particular favor upon me, and the audience generally, if they would wear pumps. The clanking of iron-heeled boots does not accord with the place, and it also disturbs those who may be taking a comfortable snooze at the time!' . . . 'My friends are particularly requested not to hang round the doors after service is over, as it not only gives the house the appearance of a grog-shop, but is extremely annoying to many ladies.' . . . 'It may be proper here for me to state, that a part of the receipts arising from the circulation of the *Sunday Morning Mercury*, (in which my sermons are printed,) are appropriated to my benefit: therefore I wish you all to patronize that entertaining little paper, for my sake, and your own especial good.'

THE 'AMERICAN ECLECTIC.' — The first number of a work thus entitled, to appear every two months, has recently made its appearance. It is edited by ABRAHAM PETERS and SELAH B. TREAT, editors of the 'American Biblical Repository,' and is to consist of selections from foreign reviews, accompanied by original remarks. The editors take occasion justly to observe, in their address to the public, that 'our literary men are not doomed to toil for the few, the privileged class, but they labor for the many — for the people. The department of periodical literature presents the richest and most various sources of instruction and entertainment; it comprises all topics, whether of books or of active life. The highest talents have been and are enlisted in this class of writings, and the most distinguished authors have derived not a little of their celebrity from their contributions to periodical publications.' Among the articles in the present number, is one on Swedish literature, being a notice of RUDBECK'S 'Atlantica,' from the '*Skandinaviske Literaturselskabs Skrifter*,' by Prof. NYRUP, pronounced a 'great gun' by BRUNET, whose valuable opinion is confirmed by FORTIA DE PILES! A much more interesting paper is that of Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, 'the learned Blacksmith,' on Icelandic literature, introducing the sagas of the eminent Norse writers, in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The description of the Norsemen and their wild region is striking. Under the shadow of mountains that lifted their everlasting bulwarks of ice against the sky, or set the clouds on fire with their volcanic flames; 'shut out from the stormy theatre of the great world; scattered over one of the most inhospitable islands on the globe; separated into little colonies by intervening barriers, which seemed to have remained there from the birth of time; obliged to economize and improve the meagre provisions which

nature had there made for the sustenance of man and beast; the Norsemen had all the fire of patriotism and of freedom, and the chivalric energy of a heroic age, and more than perpetuated the marked characteristics of their ancestors. The sources of the Icelandic sagas, or narratives of the lives and adventures of their most distinguished men, are thus felicitously sketched by Mr. BURRITT:

'Each of their little communities maintained the character, and, almost literally, the connection of a single family. The Scandinavian patriarch, who presided at their head, still felt the blood of a long succession of heroes stirring in his veins. The feats of his youth and manhood, and the prowess of his ancestors, were recited and sung beneath a common roof or in the convivial hall, till hearts caught fire at the tale. From another seat at the rustic board or fireside, another, whose head was frosted with fewer winters, spoke of wars beyond the seas; of the bended bow, and the braying trumpet; of fields fought, won or lost; of encounter

'In angry parlance with the sledged Fole,'

with the tartaned Scot, or the steel-clad Southron. . . . Then there were those that told of journeyings in lands close under the sun; where perennial verdure clad both hill and dale; where no snows fell nor sleet, nor any biting breath from icy wastes passed by; but where all was soft and serene; where the air that had tasted of the honey of delicious fruits, and dallied with an Eden full of flowers, breathed on the cheek and fanned the brow. Another took up a tale of hair-breadth 'scapes among dark Norse mountains, which the sun scarcely ever looked at; of leaps 'o'er precipices huge, smoothed up with snow; of great fiery eyeballs of howling wolves, peering out of deep, dark caverns, and deadly clutches with the northern bear. Next came those who could tell of perils hard upon the breaking gulf; of broken-ruddered vessels tossed upon the billows of the northern seas, or dashed among the icebergs, or upon the ice-girdled rocks of some desert island; of 'ventures among the Orkneys, the Faroe islands, and along the coasts of Scotland.'

Among the remaining papers, is one in which the opium question in China is elaborately treated. The 'Eclectic' is published at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, at six dollars per year.

'ARCTURUS.'—The first number of a monthly 'journal of books and opinion,' thus entitled, made its appearance on the first ultimo. It is edited by EVERET A. DUYCKINK and CORNELIUS MATHEWS, Esquires, both of whom have been represented in these pages. The first named gentleman has made himself otherwise favorably known to the public, by various articles in the 'New-York Review,' which indicated a philosophical and reflective mind, a love of the beautiful in old English literature, and a familiar acquaintance with the labors of its choicest spirits. The paper upon 'Old English Books,' in the number before us, will afford the reader an adequate idea of Mr. DUYCKINK's cultivated taste and critical powers, as well as an example of his pleasing style. Mr. MATHEWS is the author of 'The Motley-Book,' a volume of sketches, which has been already noticed in these pages, and of 'Behemoth, or the Mound-builders,' a work which displayed talent in its descriptive portions, but which, both in scope and execution, partook of that *vagueness* which we have heretofore mentioned as characteristic of the writer's humorous conceptions and style. And here we may remark, that our friend and umqwhile correspondent, and the author's editorial coadjutor, in an article upon the 'Writings of CORNELIUS MATHEWS,' in the last number of the 'New-York Review,' has mistaken, as we conceive, this very vague grotesqueness for genuine humor; these dim, unsatisfactory glimmerings, for direct rays; and he may be assured that all the reviews in the world could not enforce the admiration which he manifests for his friend and associate's writings. We will not go so far as to say, with an accomplished critic in one of our daily journals, that 'the pathos of the author of 'The Motley-Book' always makes us laugh, while his humor makes us cry;' for his pathos is not ill-defined, and is often effective; but we should be doing injustice to our honest convictions, not to repeat them here. Yet we do not ask the reader to rely upon these solely: we would safely trust a verdict in this matter with those who may peruse the very extracts cited by the reviewer as the most favorable specimens of his client's powers. The 'Arcturus' is neatly executed, upon a large type. We cordially welcome our clever contemporary into the literary field, nothing doubting that we shall find in it an efficient auxiliary in the cause of letters.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHNSON. — Two late numbers of HARPERS' Family Library contain the 'Life and Writings of SAMUEL JOHNSON,' selected and arranged by Rev. WILLIAM P. PAGE. The 'life' is that by GIFFORD, as affording the best summary account of his career and genius; and in the selection of the 'writings,' the compiler, while he has retained the greatest variety, has nevertheless successfully concentrated the whole in a single object, the moral amendment of the heart. Speaking of JOHNSON, reminds us of his sycophantic and craven biographer, but entertaining gossip, BOSWELL, and of an admirable imitation of his minute transcriptions from the lips of the 'great leviathan,' embodying much of his dogmatism and sesquipedalian mannerism, written by ALEXANDER CHALMERS. It purports to be 'an extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by JAMES BOZZ, who *flourished* with him for nearly fifty years.' We annex a few passages, which, as a most felicitous burlesque, we commend to the reader as an exercise in risibility:

'We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books. I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*. I said it was a great work. Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy: but, now, Sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy.' I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, 'Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, Sir, if they would call me a dog, and yow a canister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted.' Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons. Pozz. 'Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself. I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons. Sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, Sir; and then he would laugh.' . . . 'We supped that evening at his house. I showed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches. Pozz. 'Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?' Bozz. 'Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry.' Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy.' I reflected afterward on the depth of this remark: it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displayed in every branch of literature. I asked him if he approved of green spectacles? Pozz. 'As to green spectacles, Sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, Sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, Sir, I would dissuade him.' A few months after, I consulted him again on this subject, and he honored me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place.' . . . 'Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

"TO JAMES BOZZ, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR: My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *Tour*.

"Write to me soon, and write to me often. I am, dear sir, yours, affectionately,

"SAM. POZZ."

'It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind.' . . . 'We talked of wind. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, when confined, when pent up.' I said I did not know that, but I question if the Romans ever knew it. Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it.' Bozz. 'Livy does not mention it.' Pozz. 'No, Sir, Livy wrote History. Livy was not writing the Life of a Friend.' . . . This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterward checked me. Pozz. 'Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom.' . . . 'We talked of a friend of ours who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company. Pozz. 'No, Sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, Sir; his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow; Sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and peas: Sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, but I would not talk politics.' Bozz. 'But perhaps, Sir, he would talk of nothing else.' Pozz. 'Then, Sir, it is plain what he would do.' On my very earnestly inquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered, 'Sir, he would let it alone.' . . . 'I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach. Pozz. 'He is right, Sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach. Now, Sir, a coach is better than a chaise, Sir; it is better than a chariot.' Bozz. 'Why, Sir?' Pozz. 'Sir, it will hold more.' I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. 'Dr. Pozz,' said I, 'you ought to keep a coach.' Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, I ought.' Bozz. 'But you do not, and that has often surprised me.' Pozz. 'Surprised you! There, Sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you should be surprised at nothing. A man that has lived half your days ought to be above surprise. Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprised. It is mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprised. Now, Sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised.' I said, tenderly, 'I hope, my dear Sir, you will let me know before I leave town.' Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself; Sir, I can't afford it.' . . . I mentioned hanging: I thought it a very awkward situation. Pozz. 'No, Sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, that

a man whose actions tend toward flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last.' I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. Pozz. 'Yes, Sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged; we can recollect that: but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, Sir, in a mixed company. No, Sir, that is one of the few things which we are compelled to think.'

Nothing could be more to the life than the following satire upon Boswell's 'lumping' summary of Dr. Johnson's conversations, to which he sometimes had recourse, after a prolonged report of the old bear's 'sayings and doings':

'We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power, and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posta, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggar's Opera. I endeavored to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterward a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology; but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.'

But something too much of this; our object being principally to commend these two handsome and well-prepared volumes, the first of which bears an excellent engraved portrait of the great author, to the acceptance of our readers.

DR. BETHUNE'S ADDRESS. — REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE deserves the thanks of the universal public, for his excellent 'Address,' delivered recently before the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania. It is replete with good inculcations for the young, and is not without its valuable lessons for their elders. We are reluctantly compelled to omit, although in type, one or two extracts, embracing the writer's remarks upon the necessity and uses of labor, to make room for an admirable passage in support of the position that it is the duty of parents to educate their children at those collegiate institutions which are in their midst, and where they will be under their supervision, instead of sending them to distant colleges, among strangers. The subjoined picture is as faithful as if taken with a daguerreotype:

'Venerable our student's distant teachers may be, and kindly faithful in disposition and deportment, yet do they rarely succeed in making him regard other than as masters whom he has not learned to love, and obeys chiefly because he fears them. They watch him or profess to watch him by night and by day; and public opinion among his fellows pronounces them natural enemies, whom it is clever to deceive, while the conscience chides him not for ingratitude. All the week he is urged by them through difficult studies, and religion is associated in his mind with prayer at morning twilight in a cold chapel, black marks for absences, and Sunday sermons pronounced by the same voice which the day before had cross-examined him in Fluxions, or rated him for errors in Prosody. No chastened pleasures await his leisure hours. They are spent in rough horse-play, in prurient conversation, in concealed dissipation, or idle lounging; in just such a manner as youth, who think themselves men while yet they are boys, might be expected to spend them. How different is the commons-table, often ill-served, except immediately before the presiding officer, from the pleasing family board, with its natural courtesies and confiding interchange of thought! No lady's eye overlooks them as they scramble like boors for the hasty meal. No woman's tidy hand has arranged their wardrobes, and no approving smile rewards and encourages decency of dress and carriage. A college student's wardrobe! What a collection it is of toeless stockings, buttonless wristbands, and uncared-for rents, some mothers can tell who have examined the trunk they saw packed so neatly a few months before. A college student's room, shared perchance with one to whom neatness is an unknown quality; its littered, unscrubbed, uncarpeted floor; its confused and broken furniture; its close atmosphere heated by a greasy stove, and redolent of the fumes of tobacco; its bed a lounging place by day, whose pillows have never been shaken or its sheets smoothed by other than the college porter, who intermitted for such ministry the carrying of wood or the blacking of boots; its dim panes festooned with ancient cobwebs, through which the noonday sun looks yellow as in a London fog—it is indescribable as chaos! Wo to him whom sickness seizes in such an abode! Kind nurses he may have, but how rough! and with what heavy tread and strange notions of the *materia medica*! Vainly does the fevered eye look around for mother, or sister, or time-honored servant! Vainly does the fevered thirst crave the grateful drink their hands once pressed to his lips, when sick at home! There is none to sprinkle the fragrant spirit on his brow, or bathing his feet in the attempered water, to wipe them dry and wrap them warm. Alas! poor youth; he has a mother, he has sisters, he has a home, where kindness might have made a luxury of sickness; but they have sent him away to suffer among strangers.'

Dr. BETHUNE has the important faculty of infusing into his discourses the deep feeling which impels him in writing, and which is also a marked characteristic of his oral performances.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

KEIGHTLEY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. — The BROTHERS HARPER have just published, in five beautiful volumes of their indispensable 'Family Library,' the 'History of England from the Earliest Period, down to 1839,' by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, author of the popular histories of Greece and Rome, 'Outlines of History,' etc. The volumes are from the second London edition, with notes by an American editor. As a work expressly designed to be attractive and useful to the greatest number of readers, popular in style and its character generally, and at the same time satisfactory and full on the subject to which it relates, it may justly claim, notwithstanding the great number of English histories, to supply an important desideratum. The same publishers have issued, in two neat volumes, a 'History of the United States, from their Settlement as Colonies, to the close of the Administration of Mr. MADISON, in 1817. By SALMA HALB.' This work was written expressly for the 'Family Library,' by its competent author, who has had the good sense to narrate only *facts*, leaving inferences to the reader.

THE MAMMOTH SHEETS. — A late double number of the 'NEW WORLD' weekly journal was one of the largest and most beautiful sheets we ever beheld. A bed-blanket for DANIEL LAMBERT and 'wife to match,' would 'tuck up' under its *more* than ample folds. It contained more matter than four of SCOTT's novels, and was illustrated with several excellent engravings. The 'BROTHER JONATHAN' appeared the same week, in its mighty double dimensions, embellished with scores of wood engravings. The publishers of this latter sheet, we observe, make up its weekly matter into a cheap monthly periodical, called 'The Dollar Magazine.' Mr. WILLIS furnishes nearly every week a communication; but we see not with what propriety he is announced, and often alluded to, as one of the *editors*. We might, with better grounds, announce Mr. IRVING as editor of the KNICKERBOCKER; since he is far from confining his assistance to the papers which bear his name.

THE 'ALBION' literary journal is well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, not less for its high literary character, than for the superior quality of its embellishments. A new volume is soon to appear, in the course of which will be given three splendid engravings, of the large imperial quarto size, of Windsor Castle, the Duke of WELLINGTON, and WASHINGTON. In addition to this, the experienced and enterprising proprietor has fixed a branch of his establishment at Liverpool, at which place a paper will be printed, on each day of sailing of the steam packets from that port, and at the latest possible moment, for forwarding by the steam packets from other ports; containing the very latest intelligence on all subjects that can be of interest either to the American or British reader on this side of the Atlantic.

'THE DRAMATIC MERCURY' is the title of a new weekly periodical, under the capable supervision of A. D. PATTERSON, Esq., (who is known to every reader of the 'Albion' as one of the best and most candid theatrical critics in this country,) the first number of which will appear on Saturday, the second of January. Beside dramatic intelligence of every description, foreign and domestic, the 'Mercury' will contain notices of all current works of art, with a great variety of cognate matter. We shall refer more particularly to this new and laudable enterprise hereafter.

'CONSTANCE, OR THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.' — In the spare line or two which remains to us, we take pleasure in commending to our readers this excellent moral domestic story, just issued from the press of Messrs. GOULD, NEWMAN, AND SAXTON. The influences of 'that good part which cannot be taken away,' are here so well and clearly set forth, that the young reader must be hardened indeed in vice, who could lay down this little book without a renewed determination to 'seek peace and pursue it' in the ways of virtue.

OUR NEW VOLUME. — Our readers, in the first number of the SEVENTEENTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER, which we now lay before them, in a new and we hope acceptable dress, may find an earnest of what may be expected at our hands, in the volume upon which we have entered. We content ourselves in the belief, that the efforts to present our readers with the original productions of the first minds in America, with not a few from distinguished sources abroad, will be appreciated and rewarded by the public. In this assurance we rest; saying only in relation to the future, as we have said in the past, that we desire to be judged *only by what we perform*. We cannot, however, forbear indulging in the gratifying reflection, that with such a numerous and noble corps of contributors as we have been for seven years gathering around us, and which derives new lustre from nearly every successive issue of our work, the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER have the strongest guaranty, that both our exertions and our literary means 'know no retiring ebb, but keep due on.' Let every DELINQUENT READER but do us simple justice, and we can safely promise for the future, a monthly Magazine which, for various excellence and interest, shall not find its peer in Christendom.

To Readers and Correspondents. — The article on 'Imprisonment for Debt' will appear, so soon as we can find space for it. The author has our hearty thanks for his admirable comments upon the barbarous law, which converts a poor debtor into a felon, and inflicts upon him a felon's punishment. *Shame on old Massachusetts!* that she, of all States, should continue to sanction imprisonment for debt! Let us hear no more, while this stain remains upon her escutcheon, of the 'cradle of liberty,' of 'Bunker's Hill,' and 'the Monument!' It is not long since a revolutionary veteran was confined for a long period in Charlestown Jail, for the petty sum, if we remember rightly, of twenty dollars; and on the Fourth of July, was seen looking from the grated window of his prison at the celebration without! Nobly has our correspondent Whittier, with satirical knout, scourged those rulers who permitted such a spectacle, on hallowed ground:

What has that gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so; his crime's a fouler one:
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell —
The fittest earthly type of Hell!
For this — the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost —
His blood-gained Liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee;
Piled granite and a prison cell —
The land repays thy service well!

But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall —
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and falling eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God!
Nor longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

The 'Plan for Conducting a Popular Magazine,' laid out by 'Philo-Dennis,' would make a very *heavy* as well as 'solid' periodical; and we must pardon us for saying so. And here let us add, that we are already in the receipt of 'several tens of myriads' of similar suggestions, from disinterested advisers; but finding that what one affects, is another's aversion, and *vice versa*, we are content to occupy a happy middle-ground; satisfied that we might as easily plug up a maelstrom, or seize the Great Bear in the heavens by the hind leg, and drag him down to dip his feet in the sea, as to please *all* our readers with *all* our various papers. But let us have no more of these anonymous counsels. Depend upon this, that we shall always *do our best*. Uniting these circumstances, we issue this lucid warning. A special proclamation, to be stuck up. Oppose not. . . . 'The Gray Forest Eagle,' a noble poem by Alfred B. Street, Esq., written for the present number, and worthy the best poetical company, came just too late for insertion. It will grace our February issue. The lines 'To New-York,' by George D. Strong, Esq., and the stanzas by the author of 'Greenwood Cemetery,' are in the same category. These, with the following articles, are filed for insertion: 'A Page of Life,' by 'Ione'; 'The Merrimack,' by J. G. Whittier; 'Night Study,' by Rev. Dr. Bethune; 'The Cradle and the Coffin,' by I. M'Lellan, Jr., Esq.; 'Harry Cott, a Long-Island Sketch,' by the author of 'Peter Cram at Tinnecum'; 'The Sons of France,' from Beranger; 'Mother Carey's Chickens,' and 'Death at Sea,' by Grace Grafton; 'Les aux Bonnes,' 1839; written in Paris; 'The Lone Widow, a Lament,' by the author of the 'Kushow Property'; 'Notes of a Non-combatant,' by a new Contributor. The subjoined, among others recently received, await immediate examination: 'The Eccentric'; 'On the Decay of Drinking in New-England'; Essay on 'Physiognomy'; 'A Horse-back Journey to Niagara Falls, by a Lady, in 1799'; 'Scene in the Chamber of an Invalid Poet'; 'Wallenstein, the Conqueror of Gustavus Vasa'; 'The Great Self-Regulating Steam-Balloon Bubble,' by the author of 'Eastern Lands,' 'Running the Gauntlet,' etc.; 'Pat Hannegan and the Leprecaung,' 'The Guardian Angel,' etc. . . . 'A Correspondent' inquires if the author of 'The Brothers' Duel,' from which we quoted a few sublime stanzas in our last, is not an 'imaginary correspondent.' Certainly not. The entire 'poem' may be seen at the desk of the publication office. A word on this hint. We have no 'imaginary' correspondents: indeed we find it difficult to refer to more than a moiety of the *real* writers whose kind favors fall monthly upon us. To these airy

contributors, with whom some of our contemporaries seem often, by the uninitiated, to be sadly pestered, we inherit the aversion of 'Ollapod,' who has thus satirized their class, at large :

'Moustache' is in error on two points. First, we have no authentic accounts (though we acknowledge that verbal ones have obtained) that whiskers sprouted monthly on the ancient sphynxes. The question at once arises, who shared them? Had they continued to grow, they would have overrun the whole mighty features they adorned. Secondly, no specimens of the old Egyptian 'darkness, which could be felt,' are to be had any where, for love or money. A small quantity indeed was obtainable in a vial, some years ago, at Peale's Museum, but the proprietor secreted it before his death, and like the grave of Moses, no one knoweth its whereabouts until this day. . . . We are happily enabled to put 'Easel' at once at his ease. He will win his bet. Claude Lorraine was a glazier of Lombardy. Unfortunately, he took little pains in his profession, but dabbled with brushes and paint-pot instead. He was good at small sketches in portraiture, but was too lazy to complete any thing he ever began. His *penchant* was for sign-painting; and at the time of his death he had engagements for three hundred beer-houses and tavern insignia; but he never completed one of them. Hence arose the striking sentence, (now passed into a saying,) which was spoken of him by Homer, in his *Bucolics*; 'He died, and made no sign!' . . . The Cataracts of the Nile, so called, we would inform 'X. Q. X.,' are named from the *opthalmia*, which prevails in certain places along the borders of that classic stream. It unites with the Illias above these infected quarters; hence the error of Milton, when he called the latter a 'whispering stream.' Thousands of persons get together daily, near the junction, and howl with sore eyes; thus both streams are peculiarly noisy. The 'worms of Nile,' respecting which information is required of us, have been almost entirely removed. Several years ago, through the intervention of our consul at Tampico, a bottle of *Squim's Vermifuge* was taken to the very source of the Nile, by an adventurous tourist, and emptied in. The consequence was, that the wriggling inhabitants of that famous river eloped at once for the ocean, and the stream is now healthy and pure. . . . 'An Upholmerer,' is right. The legitimate yellow of the native gosling begins to change at about the sixth month after egression from the maternal shell. The original tint may hang about the pen-feathers underneath, but the goose aspect and costume predominate thereafter. The transition of voice from the adolescent, tender squeak of the offspring, to the big adult quack, is surprising indeed. This point will be fully discussed in future numbers, under our head of original autobiography, for which we shall be indebted to the pen of a friend. . . . A subscriber in the West Indies, is informed that the 'Pandoodles' are a nomadic tribe, residing on the central peak of the Rocky Mountains. They are a fierce and warlike race, of very ferocious appearance, inasmuch as they shave off the ears of their children, and train their noses to grow upward. They subsist chiefly on oysters, which are abundant in that region, and are famous for their skill in dancing. In the Jersey 'break-down' or 'straight four,' their principal chief, *Shakeleggie*, is said to be unrivalled. . . . In our desire to instruct, we do not wish to be played with. The elephant in the Circus does assuredly condescend to shake the boys off his back, but he does not ask them again to ascend his person. We can easily and satisfactorily dismiss inquirers; but when they return with insolent questions, we distrust them. Therefore in replication to the query of 'Sphinx,' 'Whether King Solomon took snuff?' we answer emphatically no! Tobacco was not then discovered. . . . We assure 'Investigator,' that the opinion current among the Brahmins that Voltaire wrote Clarke's Commentaries, is wholly unfounded. That learned and pious work is the joint production of the celebrated Pickwick and Victor Hugo. . . . 'Morus Multicaulis' must remember, that the 'Diet of Worms,' so called, was not a trial of eating between two parties of silk worms in Europe. He is deplorably ignorant in the whole matter. We shall point out his discrepancies hereafter. It was a convention of bipeds, not a convocation of politic worms, to which he would have allusion.

DEFERRED NOTICES.—Notices of the following publications are unavoidably deferred until our next issue: 'The Laws of Trade,' a very useful and well-arranged abstract of the statutes of the several states and territories concerning debtors and creditors, by JACOB B. MOORE, Esq.; Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT's Report upon Indian Affairs in Michigan; COLERIDGE's 'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit;' Rev. Dr. JOHN's Address before the American Whig and Clisophic Societies of Princeton College; Poems by C. J. CANNON; and the Fifth Annual Report of the Directors of the Providence (R. I.) Athenæum.

BUST OF REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.—The admirers of this eloquent divine and accomplished writer, who may desire to possess a bust which preserves the dignity, intellectual stamp, and benignity of his features, will find at the studio of that promising young artist, BRACKETT, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, an ornament for their parlors, and an appropriate remembrancer, as they enter upon the new year. We shall have occasion hereafter, in a sort of 'Editor's Drawer' of art, to refer again to this and other performances of our young sculptor.

'FAIR WYOMING!'—Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM have a very pleasant volume in press, consisting, first, of an original biography of THOMAS CAMPBELL, by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING; secondly, of his 'Gertrude of Wyoming;' and thirdly, of a series of letters, descriptive of the history, past and present, of the Wyoming Valley, from the pen of WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq. Such a volume will lack neither purchasers nor readers. It will soon be published, embellished with engravings.

A CAPITAL gossiping article from Prince GILBERT DAVIS, describing the *Rheingau*, or Hock district of the Rhine; the location of the vineyards; the growth of the vine, and the manufacture of the best species of Hock wine, etc., we are reluctantly compelled, at a late moment, to omit. It will appear in our next.

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NOTES OF A NON-COMBATANT:

ON SERVICE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

'Our vessel speeds her easy flight,
While o'er the waves we waft good night,
Our native land, to thee!'

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22. — After riding out a north-east gale of three days, at anchor in Lyme Haven Bay, we this morning passed the light-house on Cape Henry, and in a few hours afterward, with all sail set to a freshening breeze, saw the land of our fathers fade away in the blue distance.

None but they who have experienced them, can fully know the tenderness of the affections with which one finds himself at last, however long may have been the expectation, thus hurried away from those bound to him by the closest ties of the heart, without a possibility of farther interchange of thought and sympathy, or another last mutual benediction; hurried away for years from all the sweet charities of home, to be exposed to dangers unnumbered, and to meet a destiny unknown. Busy Apprehension whispers her thousands of fears of all that may befall himself, and her tens of thousands of all that may befall those he most loves, before his long absence shall have accomplished its course; till he who ever knew the worth of prayer, must involuntarily seek relief in out-breathings of the heart to Him who knoweth all things, and maketh all work together for good to those who love and serve Him. How high the privilege, how rich the consolation, at such times, of being permitted to look up, though it be only in the secret aspirations of the spirit, to that glorious Being, and of saying unto Him in meekness and serenity, 'Father! be it unto me and unto mine as seemeth good in thy sight: not my will but thine be done!' How joyous the persuasion that such prayer is heard; and that the protecting power and sanctifying grace of the Omniscent and the Omnipotent will be vouchsafed alike to him who goeth and to those who are left behind! Such, in some faint degree at least, were the aspirations, and such the confidence with which we now gazed by the hour upon the shores rapidly receding from our quickening sail.

Soon the top-sails of a solitary coaster alone broke the regularity of the western horizon: the ocean had already become to us an

'illimitable sea,' and the sun sank from our view in a mass of tossing waters only. While scarce half of his crimsoned disk had thus disappeared, the moon, in the first night of her fulness, rose majestically from the purple mists of the eastern sky, exhibiting a beautiful illustration of a lesson of truth in a favorite hymn :

'The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand :
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth.'

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29. — A week at sea ; but with winds so perseveringly ahead as to have made little advance on our passage. The temperature of May, however, with bright skies and balmy breezes, mornings and evenings of surpassing beauty, and nights of glorious splendor, forbid impatience in thus loitering on our way.

Life at sea can scarce have a remaining novelty for one who has passed years upon its bosom ; but there are associations in a first return to it, which come upon the heart with a moving power, and bring with them reflections salutary and sublime. The works of the Deity are every where glorious, and the meanest exhibitions of his creative and upholding power, when rightly contemplated, may well give rise to thoughts too vast for the compass even of an angel's mind ; but there are few objects like the broad ocean, in its varied aspects by night and by day, in the calm and in the storm, for impressions of the majesty of the Creator, and the comparative insignificance of man. Did not daily and hourly observation of the character of the majority of those 'who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters,' too unhappily prove the contrary, it would seem almost impossible that the most careless and unreflecting should not be made, when thrown upon the bosom of the deep, so to feel the sublimity and glory of Him who alone 'commands the winds and the waves and they obey Him,' and the fearfulness of their dependence on his power, as to have their affections unchangingly fixed in his reverence and love.

In the comparative security of an abode on land, the contemplation of the heavens, too, may well lead to the daily and nightly repetition of the sublime language of the Psalmist : 'When I consider thy heavens, and the works of thy fingers, the moon and the sun which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him !'. But it is only here, in the midst of the ocean — with an unfathomable abyss of waters beneath and around, and no other resting place for the vision but the equally wide spread firmament on high — that the soul can enter fully into its power, and in the deep consciousness of its own littleness and weakness, make application in their full force of the moral lessons it conveys.

As thus witnessed, the teachings of the dawning light and splendor of the rising day ; the gorgeous coloring of the setting sun, and sullen broodings of the after darkness on the deep ; the peering of unnumbered stars, and coming of the silvery moon ; are to the lover of na-

ture indescribably fascinating, and ought not to be transitorily profitable to the heart.

At sea, as on shore, the eventide, with its sober shadow, is found to be most favorable for the indulgence of a meditative mood; and in the retirement of my own little apartment, with an open port to command the imagery around, I have mused by the hour, watching with unsated delight the varying shades on sea and sky, from twilight to deep darkness, till the moon, still in her splendor, has made her way from the watery beds of the east, to the unclouded serenity of the zenith; and my thoughts in following her have passed from the dark and fleeting shadows of this life, to the unchanging glory and immortality of that which is to come.

It has been well remarked by an eloquent writer, that the resemblances between natural and spiritual things are such, other evidence aside, as to establish at least a probability that creation and christianity have one and the same author; and that nature wears the appearance of having been actually designed for the illustration of the Bible. 'I look,' he says, 'on the natural firmament, with its glorious inlay of stars, and it is to me, as the breast-plate of the great High Priest, 'ardent with gems oracular,' from which as from the Urim and Thummim on Aaron's ephod, come messages full of divinity. And when I turn to the page of Scripture and perceive the nicest resemblance between the characters in which this page is written and those which glow before me on the crowded concave, I feel that in trusting myself to the declarations of the Bible, I cling to Him who speaks to me from every point, and by every splendor of the visible universe; whose voice is in the marchings of the planets, and the rushing of whose melodies is in the wings of the day-light.'

Such in a measure at least have been my own readings in the book of nature: and O! if there is so much of the shadowings forth of the magnificence and power, the glory and honor of the Deity, in a world of degradation, to a race fallen from its first estate, and if there be still left to man, in his guilt and thralldom, a perception so keen to the beauty and sublimity which throw a halo round the works of God, what flight of the imagination, or what vision of the spirit, can anticipate those revelations of beatitude, which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, but which God hath prepared for them that love Him!'

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14.—'A wreck! a wreck!' cried from aloft this afternoon, broke upon a quietude on board ship, approaching to listlessness and ennui, from a continuance of light winds, verging on an entire calm. I had just been reflecting, in connexion with the total want of incident in our passage thus far, on the length of time one may be at sea, and on the number of voyages, even, that may be made, without the occurrence of any of the varied phenomena which are sometimes crowded upon the observation in a single short passage. Though now more than three weeks on the bosom of the Atlantic, nothing had crossed our way worthy of comment: the little peterel gracefully treading the waters in our wake, a nautilus occasionally floating past under the impetus of its purple sail, and the silvery flight of a flying-fish escaping from the foaming furrow of our prow, have been the only external objects, beside the sea and sky, to arrest

even a momentary attention ; and I was despairing of meeting with any thing new and exciting, when a cry, never before heard, directed our eager attention toward an object previously seen only on the sand-beach, or amidst the breakers of a rocky shore.

The weather was so near a calm, that the whole ocean seemed one vast mirror, except in the gigantic undulations of a long swell from the north-east, the effect of some late but distant gale in that direction. The wreck was four or five miles to the windward of the ship, and the improbability of being able to reach it before dark, against so light an air as was stirring, added to the certainty almost of its having been long abandoned, led at first to a determination of not making the attempt, and of keeping on our course. Even with a glass it was impossible to make out distinctly its condition ; except that it was dismantled and water-logged. At one time, however, it was thought that a small boat could be distinguished near it, and at another, as a sluggish roll afforded a partial view of the deck, that a human form could be discerned ; possibilities which by degrees gained such hold on the imagination and feelings, that the fear of abandoning, by any chance, a perishing fellow being to hopeless despair, predominated over every other consideration, and an order to wear ship and beat up to the wreck was given.

It soon became evident, however, that with so little wind the ship could not before night accomplish the intervening distance, and a boat was directed to be lowered, the more speedily to put an end to all suspense in the case. New impulse was thus given to the excitement of feeling already existing, and there was no want of volunteers to accompany the officer in command of the cutter despatched. As for myself, mounting midway up the fore-rigging, the better to watch the progress of the boat over the heavy swells of the sea, and the alternate rising, toppling, and sinking again of the helpless object of our search, I gave myself up so fully to the associations induced by the spectacle, that while, in fancy, all the frightful images of privation, suffering and death, in this form, of which I had ever read, crowded before me ; despite the dictates of sober reason, and the greater probability of its proving only some long-abandoned craft, without any evidence of a perished crew ; I became nervous almost to trembling, in the expectation of some report of misery, if not picture of horror, on the return of the boat. The darkness which soon came brooding over the sea, the light hoisted at the mizzen-peak as a guide to the absent ; the irregular gleamings from the lantern with which it was evident they were now examining the wreck, all had a tendency still farther to excite the imagination, and deepen a feeling of gloom ; till, at the end of an hour, the plashing of approaching oars, and the prompt response, ' All 's well ! ' to the hail of the ship, at once put an end to our suspense, and a flight to all figments of fancy in the case.

It was the hull of a large brig, for the most part under water, with the appearance of having been weeks, if not months, in the same state. That which had at one time seemed a boat, was a part of the wreck projecting above the water, at some distance from the principal mass ; and that which at a distance through a glass presented the outline of a human body, was found to be only the stump of a broken spar. The whole was too far submerged, and too much saturated

with water, to be set on fire, and too firmly united to be broken up by any means at hand. It was unavoidably left, therefore, as found, to be still tossed by the sea, and to become, perchance, to after voyagers, as it had been to ourselves, the subject of curiosity, surmise, and gloomy association.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.—With the full promise of a speedy arrival at Madeira, we had for days been indulging ourselves with bright visions of that ‘pride of the Atlantic,’ when, greatly to our disappointment and chagrin, a settled head-wind compelled us to lay a reluctant course for Gibraltar, causing her landscapes of loveliness to fade as suddenly from our view as the ‘shadowy promontories and gilded peaks’ of the famed Saint Brandan, in an adjoining section of the ocean, were wont to vanish from the eager gaze of curious dreamers of yore.

To-day we have evidence of an approach to another land of promise, in a visit of winged messengers of a most unexpected kind; some dozens of the migratory and devastating locusts of southern Europe, Asia, and Africa, which have boarded our ship, though a hundred and seventy miles from the nearest coast, that of Portugal. Much speculation among the crew has been excited by these strangers: many are incredulous of their being from the continent, and are disposed to think they originated on board, or were hatched upon the sea. A bale of hay, the remains of provender for our live stock, has been looked on with searching suspicion by some as the source of the phenomenon; while one of the apprentice boys was heard to solve the difficulty, in answer to the question of a compeer, ‘What are they, and where did they come from?’ much in the way in which Alexander the Great unloosed the Gordian knot, by the reply: ‘What are they? and where did they come from?—why arn’t they sea-grasshoppers, to be sure; and where should they come from, but out of the sea?’

Were it not for well authenticated facts, proving beyond question the great distance to which these insects have been borne, the more intelligent of our company could scarce have believed, that creatures so diminutive and apparently so frail, could sustain themselves in a flight of more than a hundred and fifty miles, though moving on the very wings of the wind. This land of Teneriffe has more than once been visited by myriads of them from the Barbary coast; and marvellous but well attested statements exist of the manner of their arrival, their numbers and ravages: Col. Needham, in a letter to Sir Hans Sloane, describing an invasion, as it may justly be called, of this island by them in 1649, says, that ‘Numbers falling into the sea, others lighted upon them, and others again upon these, till a mass was formed above the sea, exceeding the height of the largest ship. Those not submerged, after being revived and reinvigorated by the sun, again taking wing, covered the whole island, laying ‘waste the vine’ and ‘barking the fig-tree,’ with a devastation of four months’ continuance.’

Those taken on board, and preserved by us, are from two to three inches in length, with brown spotted wings and reddish bodies and legs. They were examined with great interest, not merely from a knowledge of the habits and history of their species, the immense

numbers in which they congregate; in clouds, according to Thevenot, of the almost incredible magnitude of sixteen and eighteen miles in length, and from nine to twelve in breadth, covering a whole region of country, when they alight, to the depth of inches, etc., etc.; but, more especially, as instruments which a wise and just Providence has chosen, in many instances, to convert into messengers of His displeasure and wrath, by devastations terminating in famine and the pestilence which walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day; visitations so terrible as to have been heralded by the voice of prophecy in figures and language of fearful sublimity: 'Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the earth tremble, for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand! A day of darkness and of gloominess; a day of clouds and thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountain.' 'The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wildness: yea, nothing shall escape them.' 'The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble; the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining: for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible; and who can abide it!

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21. — Yesterday, at day-break, we made the mountains of Portugal, overlooking Cape St. Vincent — a landmark by which it had been previously determined to test the fidelity of our chronometers. Satisfied of the correctness of the position they had given us, we soon afterward laid a course for the Straits of Gibraltar, in the confidence of reaching them to-day, should the favoring wind with which we were hurried onward continue in its freshness. The night was as brilliant and beautiful as sailor or landsman ever gazed on, and the morning all that enthusiasm itself could desire for giving full effect to the scenery of the Straits: and never could a ship have passed through them under auspices more propitious for an unfading impression of their beauty and a magnificence; a beauty and magnificence worthy the portals of the old world, and the approach to regions of unrivalled interest, alike to the scholar and the christian.

Land having been early reported, I hastened, shortly after daylight, to an open port, for a full view of it; and could scarce repress an exclamation of delight at the grandeur and glorious coloring of the picture by which I was at once rivetted in admiration. It was a section of Africa, intervening between Cape Spartel and Apes' Hill — the Abyla of antiquity: not Africa, such as it becomes associated to us in the books of our childhood, with characteristic imagery of sandy deserts and arid wastes, and here and there a tufted palm tree to relieve the regularity of the horizon, but Africa in her mountain wildness, with range towering beyond range in picturesque and beautiful outline, from the sea-side to cloud-capt peaks far in the interior, all rugged and seemingly drear, it is true, but bathed now in colors at once so soft yet brilliant, so varied and so gay, that I thought I had never before seen them equalled.

As I dwelt with enthusiasm on the magnificent spectacle, it seemed as if little effort of the imagination would be requisite to create, from such glowing and speaking beauty in the opening day, the imagery by which mythologists have personified it; and I could almost fancy that

I should soon see, amidst the saffron light upon the mountain tops, the bright and rosy Hours hastening in joyous group to usher forth the Goddess of the Morning, as depicted by Guido, in an inspiration of his genius on the ceilings of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, in Rome. But in their stead came the 'glorious king of day,' and with his first rays a blue mist, shrouding the whole scene in obscurity, and transforming it in appearance to a massive wall against the eastern sky, terminating at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles ahead of us, in the grotesque profile of Apes' Hill.

The rising sun, in marring the distinctness and beauty of the landscape on the African coast, however, brought that of the European shore in full illumination, and by changing my position to the opposite side of the ship, I found new objects of interest and association in the perpendicular cliffs of Trafalgar, overtopped far inland by the white dwellings and crowning church towers of Medina Sidonia, a city on a hill, such as cannot be hid; while Tarifa, famed in chronicles of the olden time, for deeds of daring alike in the Spaniard and the Moor, with castellated walls and towering beacon light, lay stretched upon the water, in the direction we were proceeding.

An English writer, in describing the scenery in the midst of which we were at this time, confirms the correctness of our own impressions, in the following language: 'We speak,' he remarks, 'from personal knowledge, when we say, that the rival mountains of Africa and Europe, vying with each other in grandeur and sublimity, the narrow passage at the entrance, giving the idea of the waters of the Atlantic having forced their way, in spite of every obstacle which nature opposed to them, all enlivened by a brilliant sun and a tint of coloring peculiar to southern latitudes, constitute a panorama of unequalled scenery, of which it is difficult to form any just idea, but from actual observation.'

The wind freshened as the day advanced, and with studding-sails below and aloft, and the additional impetus of the rapid current setting from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, we rushed forward with the fleetness of a courser arriving at the goal. The scenery on either side seemed that of a rapidly changing panorama; and it being known that with so favoring a wind we should not stop at Gibraltar, the whole ship's company were left at liberty to indulge in the enjoyment of it. The customary observances of naval etiquette in a near approach to port were dispensed with; a kind of saturnalia granted, in which eager curiosity and beaming delight marked every countenance. All points of the ship, from the bowsprit to the taffrail, affording the best views, were allowed to be occupied by officers of every grade, while the ports, the tops, and even the lower rigging, were equally crowded with enthusiastic gazers of the crew.

Tarifa seemed scarcely passed, before Ceuta, within the Straits on the African side, was seen in the distance, but time only afforded for a moment's examination of it, with a glass, as it stretched in whiteness along the water's edge, overhung by fortress-covered hills, when the universal announcement of 'the Rock! the Rock!' — as Gibraltar became rapidly disclosed from behind the projecting promontory

which had till then concealed it — directed every eye to this unique and stupendous mass of limestone, rising from its isolated base in the colossal outline of a lion in repose.

Among the varied and exciting associations crowding on the mind, in connexion with this celebrated strong-hold, the feeling predominating in my own bosom was one of lively remembrance and kindness toward those, now sojourning there, whose friendship had long since been won in a different section of the world. Aware of our expected arrival, and assured of a visit from us, I could easily imagine them giving utterance to their surprise, in perceiving us thus to rush by, in the exclamation :

‘Where art thou going, gallant ship,
With sails before the wind,
While the ocean with a roaring sweep
Is racing on behind?’

It is now scarce ten o’clock at night, but we are already more than a hundred miles from our position in the morning. The wind has increased almost to a gale, a high sea is running, and the entire scene on deck one of sublimity approaching to fearfulness. Gigantic waves, glowing with phosphoric light, seemingly so much fire, come behind and around us, as if in readiness every moment to break on board with overwhelming power. Still with reduced sail we fly onward, even with accelerated speed, and hope by the morning to be off Cape d’East, and before called to make another date, to be safely at moorings in Port Mahon.

A S O N G O F T H E S E A .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

I.

A bold brave crew, and an ocean blue,
And a ship that loves the blast,
With a good wind piping merrily
In the tall and gallant mast :
Ha ! ha ! my boys,
These are the joys
Of the noble and the brave,
Who love a life
In the tempest’s strife,
And a home on the mountain-wave !

II.

When the driving rain of the hurricane
Puts the light of the light-house out,
And the growling thunder sounds its gong
On the whirlwind’s battle-rout,
Ha ! ha ! do you think,
That the valiant shrink ?
No ! no ! — we are bold and brave !
And we love to fight
In the wild midnight,
With the storm on the mountain-wave !

III.

Breezes that die where the green-woods sigh,
To the landsman sweet may be,
But give to the brave the broad-back’d wave,
And the tempest’s midnight glee !
Ha ! ha ! the blast,
And the rocking mast,
And the sea-wind brisk and cold,
And the thunder’s jar
On the seas afar,
Are the things that suit the bold !

IV.

The timbers creak, the sea-birds shriek,
There’s lightning in yon blast !
Hard to the leeward ! mariners,
For the storm is gathering fast !
Ha ! ha ! to-night
Boys, we must fight ;
But the winds which o’er us yell
Shall never scare
The mariner
In his wingéd citadel !

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

BY ALFRED E. STREET.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
 The GRAY FOREST EAGLE is king of the sky :
 Oh ! little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,
 For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
 Only rippling of waters, and waving of trees ;
 There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
 The timid quail whistles, the shy partridge drums ;
 And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
 There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song :
 The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
 And there's nought but his shadow black gliding across ;
 But the dark gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
 Of the fierce rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his home ;
 There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
 And the many-voiced sounds of the blast smitten wood ;
 From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs it wreath,
 He views the mad waters white writhing beneath ;
 On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
 With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown,
 The kingfisher watches, while o'er him his foe,
 The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low :
 Now pois'd are those pinions and pointed that beak,
 His dread swoop is ready, when hark ! with a shriek,
 His eye-balls red blazing, high bristling his crest,
 His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,
 With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
 The Gray Forest Eagle shoots downward his flight :
 One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
 The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dropping wreck ;
 And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high
 With his prey soars the Eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low rumbling jar,
 Proclaim the storm-demon yet raging afar ;
 The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
 And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread ;
 A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
 And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair :
 The lightning darts zig-zag and fork'd through the gloom,
 And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom :
 The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped !
 Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread ?
 Does the glare blind his eye ? Has the terrible blast,
 On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast ?
 No, no, the brave Eagle ! he thinks not of fright,
 The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight ;
 To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
 To the shriek of the wild blast, he echoes his scream,
 And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
 And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away :
 Away, oh ! away soars the fearless and free !
 What reck's he the sky's strife, its monarch is he ;
 The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight,
 The blast sweeps against him, unwaver'd his flight ;
 High upward, still upward he wheels, till his form
 Is lost in the black scowling gloom of the storm.
 The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
 And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again,
 Again smiles the soft tender blue of the sky,
 Wak'd bird-voices warble, fann'd leaf-voices sigh ;

On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,
 The breeze bears the odor its flower-kiss has won,
 And full on the form of the demon in flight
 The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !
 The Gray Forest Eagle, oh ! where is he now,
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow ?
 There's a dark floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
 With the speed of the arrow 't is shooting beneath ;
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there ;
 'Tis the Eagle, the Gray Forest Eagle, once more
 He sweeps to his eyrie, his journey is o'er.

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
 But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his sway ;
 The child spurns its buds for Youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
 Seeks Manhood's bright phantoms, finds Age and a tomb ;
 But the Eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !
 The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
 The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across ;
 The beach-nut down dropping, would crush it beneath,
 But 't is warm'd with heav'n's sunshine and fann'd by its breath ;
 The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
 Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky ;
 On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,
 And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates :
 Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
 A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagged and bare,
 Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,
 Its brown fragments strewing the place of its birth.
 The Eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,
 He has seen it defying the storm in its might,
 Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,
 But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore.
 His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !
 He has seen from his eyrie the forest below
 In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow,
 The thickets, deep wolf lairs, the high crag his throne ;
 And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own.
 He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
 And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the glades ;
 He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,
 And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day ;
 He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
 And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air ;
 And his shriek is now answer'd, while sweeping along,
 By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song ;
 He has seen the wild red man off-swept by his foes,
 And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose ;
 But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty and high,
 Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that King of the sky !
 It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—
 By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth ;
 There rock'd by the wild wind, baptis'd in the foam,
 It is guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home !
 When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,
 Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror, it brings ;
 When wicked Oppression is armed for the weak,
 Then rustles its pinion, then echoes its shriek ;
 Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
 And its talons are bath'd in the blood of its prey.

Oh that Eagle of Freedom ! when cloud upon cloud
Swath'd the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleam'd fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung !
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the air
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there ;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of Peace crown'd the victory won.

Oh that Eagle of Freedom ! — age dims not his eye,
He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die ;
He has seen the strong nation rise, flourish, and fall,
He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all :
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head ;
And his presence will bless this, his own chosen clime,
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon Time.

THE OLD INN AT NAMPTWICH.

A BRIGHT Spring morning, in Old England — when the mighty Sun has dispersed the Earth's exhalations, and the last drops have fallen from the young leaves, and the birds sing with confidence that the rain is over, and the bee hums loudly, as if every thing now belonged to himself, and the tree bourgeons, and the hawthorn-blössom receives for the first time into her expanding bosom the warm ray of life, and sheds her incense in return, and all the gardens and all the hedges are redolent with perfume : — a bright spring morning, in Old England, when God sends it, hath a charm that warms the heart.

It is like a blush of joy upon the cheek of a brunette, russet mantling into pink. It hath neither the clear red and white, the distinctive coloring, of our own glorious pencilling ; where Nature, like Rubens, lays her tints side by side, leaving them to incorporate as they may ; nor the soft and melting shades, the mingling outlines, the visible sunlight, the golden atmosphere, and the ineffable blue of Italy ; but it is a gracious and unwonted boon, that makes a man look up and interchange a smile with Heaven, and go upon his way rejoicing ; or if he be a stranger, that causes him to bless himself and exclaim, ' Can this be England ? Yes, yes, this is our fathers' ' Merrie England,' and not half the truth was told us !'

It was upon a morning of this description, after four days of exhausting showerings since our arrival at Liverpool, that we found ourselves walking through the by-ways and green lanes of the old town of Namptwich, some thirty miles distant from our place of landing, and where we had arrived the night before. It was our first visit to Europe, and to our eyes every structure was old, and every thing old was reverend. We entered the little decrepid old church upon tip-toe ; admired the old coats of arms and mortuary notices ; looked with veneration upon the dusty old pews with their dusty old cushions, and on the stone floors irregular through age and use ; spoke to each other in whispers and to the old sexton in an under tone ; paid him as much respect as if he had been a Verger, and four times the ordinary fee when we took leave of him, with thanks for all that he had shown us ; and blessed God, as we returned with new delight into the open air, for the delicious verdure and the balmy breath of heaven.

We threaded the lanes once more, and found that every object had unfolded into beauty, into a richer beauty, while we had been occupied in the church; and as often as the tumultuous sensation of haste arose within us, we silenced it by recollecting that we were no longer in America, where the whole world of travellers must fly at the same moment to the same public conveyance; but in England, where the post-chaise waited the signal of our satisfied and luxurious leisure. It was not our plan to proceed farther than Warwick during the day, and we sauntered home leisurely to our own inn.

Gentle reader, I will imagine thee for the first time seated near the small fire that has been kindled to remove the dampness, and air the parlor, in that charm of the traveller's life, an English Inn. No object about thee seems new, or of late acquisition. The furniture is any thing rather than of modern date; it has been thoroughly used, and admirably kept; every thing is in its place, and speaks its welcome; nice, tidy, prepared, quiet, cheery, comfortable.

The fragrant tea is of thine own mixture, two spoonful of black to one of green; the sugar is a study of refinement; and the table is furnished with fresh cream: one more glance at the Times newspaper, and every thing has been noiselessly arranged. A cover is now lifted off, and in the deep well of a blue-edged plate, that contrasts beautifully with what it contains, is disclosed that dream of farinaceous enjoyment, the English muffin. How it fills and gratifies the eye as its snowy margin rests teeming upon the border of the dish, and yields to the gradual suffusion of pink that crowns its upmost surface! And in the same degree how does its consistency change, from a rich, pulpy, fruit-like elasticity, into the most delicate and inviting crispness of resistance!

It is cut into quarters, as the world was said to be divided when we were school-boys; but the whole of this is thine own! ready buttered for thee moreover with grass-fed butter through the plane of the horizon! Thou hast finished it? Thou hast drank thy nice tea, poured out for thee by the hands that are dearest to thee in the world? Thou hast 'lived and hast loved!'

The waiter to whose noiseless footstep we were indebted for the constant anticipation of every want during our repast, was a hale and erect person, turned of sixty, much inclined to be corpulent if it had suited his vocation, with white hair nicely combed about a sleek and roseate face, white cravat, a scarlet plush waistcoat, well but carefully worn, drab coat and breeches, buckles at the knees, worsted stockings, and well-polished shoes tied with strings of black riband. 'Hope that you found the saxton's house without difficulty, Sir?' Without the least, John; your direction was so exact that we could not miss it. 'Hope that the eggs are boiled to the lady's taste, Sir?' They could not be more so. John gave another glance at the table, placed a small bell upon it, and vanished.

To an American, accustomed from his earliest youth to a bustling and unrelaxed exertion both of body and mind, with hardly a thought of repose unconnected with a state of existence beyond the grave; or even of leisure, without a sensation bordering upon contempt; a quiet breakfast in a still country town, and in a foreign land, is a novelty. We prolonged it for some time, but at last rang for John, and

ordered post-horses and the bill. 'There arn't no post-horses, Sir,' said John. No post-horses! 'No, Sir, all the post-horses and post-chaises have been engaged for some days to start to-day for the Chester races. The Gentleman and Lady came up in a return chaise that went down again this morning quite early.' How are we to get on then to Warwick and Oxford? 'The mail-coach will be up here by one o'clock, and the Gentleman and Lady can go on in that, Sir.' But suppose it should be full? 'There arn't no danger of that, Sir; the Chester races has given the travel a cant the other way, and there will be seats enough inside or out, Sir.' This is very extraordinary, John; desire the Landlord to step in; I will speak to him upon the subject. 'There arn't no Landlord, Sir.' Then the Landlady. 'There arn't no Landlady, Sir.' No Landlady! 'No, Sir.' Who keeps the house? 'I and Betsy, Sir.' Who is Betsy? 'She is as was the Barmaid, Sir.' What is your name? 'John, Sir.' Well, John, how does all this happen? 'Measter, Sir, that is Measter White as was, died ten years ago, and left every thing to Missus, and Missus when she died, six years ago, called me and Betsy to the bed-side and told us we must keep up the Red Lion as well as we could till the youngest child came of age, take the same wages as we had in her life-time, and pay for the schooling and bringing up of the children, and put them all out and take care of the rest of the money till the youngest child came of age, and then let all be sold and divided. And I and Betsy has done so for six years, and has got eight years more to go afore the youngest child comes of age, and Measter John is of age next week, and he's a coming down here; but I and Betsy shall make him up his bill as if he had nothing to say about the property, as no more he has till the youngest child comes of age.'

You seem to be advancing in life as well as myself, John, said I; how long have you been in the family? 'Twenty years with Measter as was, and ten years afore with a brother of his'n, and ten years since Measter's death. I've sarved the Whites forty year last Michaelmas tide.'

Well, John, go now and make out my bill; and as we are strangers and hardly know what is proper to be done in the way of fees, put down for the servants at the foot of the bill whatever is proper for post-chaise people to pay who have been well taken care of during two days. It is the way they do in Liverpool. John returned soon after with the note of our expenses. You have put nothing down for fees, John; how is this?

'I spoke to Betsy, Sir, and Betsy says its a new way them'ere Liverpool people has got, and that we had better not get into a new way; that the Gentleman can give what he likes, or he can let it alone, but it's better not to have any thing to do with a new way.'

The mail-coach drove past at the time appointed, and proved the truth of John's prediction by being almost vacant. We parted good friends with the Red Lion, chose seats according to our wish, and have often since then adverted, with a pleasure not unmingled with respect, to the simple-minded but '*good and faithful servants*' who administer even yet as I trust to the credit and prosperity of the old Inn at Namptwich.

JOHN WATERS.

T H E M E R R I M A C K .

BY J. WHITTIER.

‘THE Indians speak of a beautiful river far to the South, which they call Merrimac.’

SIEUR DE MONTS: 1604.

I.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
 The sunset rays thy valley fill;
 Poured slantwise down the long defile,
 Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
 I see the winding Powow fold
 The green hill in its belt of gold,
 And following down its wavy line,
 Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
 There's not a tree upon thy side,
 Nor rock, which thy returning tide
 As yet hath left abrupt and stark
 Above thy evening water-mark;
 No calm cove with its rocky hem,
 No isle whose emerald swells begem
 Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
 Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
 No small boat with its busy oars,
 Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
 Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
 Or rigid poplar colonnade,
 But lies distinct and full in sight,
 Beneath this gush of sunset light.

II.

Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
 Stretching its length of foam afar,
 And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
 And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
 Saw the adventurer's tiny sail
 Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;*
 And o'er these woods and waters broke
 The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
 As brightly on the voyager's eye,
 Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
 Breaking the dull continuous wood,
 The Merrimack rolled down his flood;
 Mingling that clear pellucid brook
 Which channels vast Agiochook —
 When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
 The frozen fountains of the rock,
 And more abundant waters given
 From that pure lake, 'The Smile of Heaven,'
 Tributes from vale and mountain side —
 With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

III.

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
 The stormy challenge of the waves,

* THE celebrated Captain SMITH, after resigning the government of the colony in Virginia, in his capacity of 'Admiral of New-England,' made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

† LAKE Winnipiscogee — 'The Smile of the Great Spirit' — the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
 The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
 Planting upon the topmost crag
 The staff of England's battle-flag;
 And, while from out its heavy fold
 St. George's crimson cross unrolled,
 Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
 And weapons brandishing in air,
 He gave to that lone promontory
 The sweetest name in all his story;*
 Of her — the flower of Islam's daughters,
 Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters —
 Who, when the chance of war had bound
 The Moslem chain his limbs around,
 Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
 Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
 And fondly to her youthful slave
 A dearer gift than freedom gave.

IV.

But look! — the yellow light no more
 Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
 And clearly on the calm air swells
 The distant voice of twilight bells.
 From Ocean's bosom, white and thin
 The mists come slowly rolling in;
 Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
 Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
 While yonder lonely coast-light set
 Within its wave-washed minaret,
 Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
 Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

V.

Vale of my fathers! — I have stood
 Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood;
 Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
 Along his frowning Palisade;
 Looked down the Appalachian peak
 On Juniata's silver streak;
 Have seen along his valley gleam
 The Mohawk's softly-winding stream;
 The setting sun, his axle red
 Quench darkly in Potomac's bed;
 And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
 Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
 Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,
 Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
 Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
 Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
 The unforgotten swell and roar
 Of waves on thy familiar shore;
 And seen amidst the curtained gloom
 And quiet of my lonely room,
 Thy sunset scenes before me pass;
 As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
 The loved and lost arose to view,
 Remembered groves in greenness grew;
 And while the gazer leaned to trace,
 More near, some old familiar face,
 He wept to find the vision flown —
 A phantom and a dream alone!

* CAPTAIN SMITH gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who while a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, 'loved him for the dangers he had passed.'

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PETER CRAM AT TINNECUM,' ETC.

Rev. Fred. S. Saultz (?)
CHAPTER I.

Ιατρός γὰρ φιλόσοφος ἰσθθεις. — HIPPOCRATES.

AN! dear Doctor, you who have led the luxurious life of the city practitioner, accustomed to be driven in your easy curricule, and to be delicately treated, can scarcely imagine the hard knocks, the remorseless thumpings, the grievous barbarities, which have almost excruciated your poor friend. For fifteen years of my life I suffered daily more than Horace did in his journey from Rome to Brundisium, and in a way of which you can have no idea. Heaven grant that you may never form any conception of what it is to be chased around a 'three-acre lot,' as I was in the beginning of my practice, by an exasperated bull-calf, with no escape from his half-grown horns but the scaling of a six-railed fence, which I accomplished with incredible swiftness. But had not a kind Providence at last put me beyond the reach of these things, I should ere now have been as dead as some of my own patients who perished of incurable diseases. I began my studies, as you well know, with an enthusiastic love and admiration of the profession, regarding it as a noble science, and useful and honorable as a practical art. For I justly thought, that next to him who bears the words of eternal life, and whose office, like his Master's, is to heal the broken-hearted, the skilful physician goes forth with the most ample means of doing good. His duty brings him into contact with almost every mode and variety of life and death. And although it may afflict the sensitive heart to be a daily witness of the ills of life, how delightful must be the thought that there is scarce a pang which he may not alleviate! On him all classes place a friendly reliance, nor are any too rich to be independent of his aid. For anguish writhes upon downy pillows, as well as on the hardest bed, and 'dull remains' are borne from imperial palaces to a common grave. But it belongs peculiarly to him to enter the abodes where disease and poverty have combined in their most terrific forms, and to do good to those from whom he can expect no other reward than prayers and gratitude; to contend with sharp diseases; to moderate the intensity of mortal anguish; to inspire hope on the bed of languishing, and to restore to the vigor of health. And when the medical art fails to accomplish its object, and all human means have been tried only to prove their inefficiency, it generally falls to his lot to impart with becoming gentleness that which is so terrible to all breathing things — the fiat of speedy death.

What a pity was it that one who possessed an ardor like mine, and so just a sense of the dignity of the profession, should have been discouraged at the very outset by the terrible negations of poverty and neglect! That the learned professions are overstocked, and that

young doctors especially are much to be pitied, is a truth which few will be inclined to dispute, and which every day renders more apparent. I commenced my career in the metropolis where you have had the good fortune to obtain both wealth and honor; and for one whole year the name of Dr. ASPEN might have been seen, in a respectable part of the town, inscribed on a bit of tin, in letters so conspicuous that they who ran might read. During that time I was punctual at my office, starting at every shadow which flitted on my wall, and drawing myself up into a professional attitude, expecting the substance to draw nigh. But it was *only* shadow. It was soon evident that the city was too healthy a place for me to live in. For with the exception of one coal-heaver, who luckily fell down in a fit before my very door, and whom I rushed out to appropriate before they could have the unparalleled impudence to carry him elsewhere, my eye was not once refreshed by the sight of a sick person. On the contrary, every one whom I saw appeared in remarkable health and spirits; and as I gazed wistfully at their unfailing robustness, they smiled cheerily as if to injure my feelings, and seemed to say, in sarcastic tones, 'What is the health of the town, doctor?' The consequence was, that I closed the doors of my office, and packing up my books and instruments of art, turned my back upon the city, not without sighing, for I found there much genial company, although that availed little to raise my spirits, while I remained in idleness, and with a deficient purse.

I remember the time of my departure well. It was a pleasant day at midsummer, the same on which Johnson was hanged for murder, and I passed thousands of persons who were going to behold the rare spectacle. Hawkins met me by the hospital, and regretted that the medical faculty were about to lose so valuable a member as myself, at the same time inviting me to remain and witness the effects of the batteries. But in view of the great wickedness of the town, it seemed to me that the sooner I was out of it the better; I therefore declined the proposal of Dr. Hawkins. 'This is a healthy city,' said I to myself, as I proceeded on my journey, 'where they hang the population to get rid of them! It fares ill here with doctors, and worse with stone-cutters.'

The spot which I had selected as the scene of my future labors was about twenty-five miles distant. It was a small village, or rather neighborhood, in the midst of an agricultural district, rendered rich and diversified by long-continued cultivation. It was altogether an agreeable place of retirement, though too remote; and the people were simple in their habits, kind-hearted, and hospitable. It would be impossible for me to starve in the midst of so much plenty, and the limits of my practice embraced such an extent of country, that I could never remain idle, even at the most healthy seasons of the year. This situation had become vacated by the retirement of my illustrious predecessor, Dr. BOLUS, who of late years had given himself up to unmitigated drunkenness, until he had lost the confidence of the people, and at last, for an act of flagrant mal-practice, was compelled to sound a precipitate retreat. I therefore had the ground clear. Not exactly clear, either; for although there was no other physician in the place, my future history will show that I had more troublesome

rivals to battle with than the most distinguished graduates of the schools.

Being an unmarried man, (which some persons, it appeared, considered a great objection to me, although that was a fault which I was very willing to remedy,) I took up my abode with the Widow Quaintley, a respectable old lady, whom her husband had left in moderate circumstances, and who occupied an old farm-house, of ample dimensions. Here I was likely to be well provided for, and to receive those kind attentions which I knew how to prize. She had no children. Her only son, who had gone on a whaling voyage many years before, had not been heard of since. Her family was composed of the district-schoolmaster, now absent, and Mr. Waller, a young gentleman in ill health, who seldom left his room. Beside these, the house was occasionally enlivened by the arrival of friends and visitors. The Widow Quaintley was so kind as to allow me the wing of the mansion for an office, and to provide me with an elegant rag-carpet, manufactured in the family, wherewith to cover it. What with a round table, covered with green baize, placed in the centre, and the proper arrangement of books and bottles, I thought the room had a sanctified look. At any rate, some articles in it appeared to excite the curiosity of those who came to examine the operations of the 'new doctor;' and the black servant-maid, Diana, had a superstitious dread of my pestle and mortar, which I struggled in vain to make her overcome.

Thus snugly ensconced one pleasant summer morning, I sat in an antique arm-chair, with a book in my hand, waiting patiently for whatever might turn up. The doors and windows were thrown wide open, the west breeze blew balmily, and myriads of honey-bees were humming among the boughs and blossoms of the aged willow, whose branches swept the turf before my door. Thus lulled into a tranquil frame, I entirely forgot myself, and fell into a pleasant sleep, not without dreams. And I assure you that I dreamed at that time many things which have since come to pass. But I was awakened presently from this sweet illusion, by hearing my own name pronounced; and starting as if from a pistol-shot, I beheld the matronly form of Mrs. Quaintley, who pointed to a strapping fellow, whose bandaged head and wo-begone countenance told that he was the victim of an excruciating tooth-ache. 'Doctor,' said he, speaking for himself through half a dozen cotton handkerchiefs, 'I want to get a tooth drawn;' and at the same time forcing open his jaws with two fingers, to indicate the place, he displayed a horrid abyss, almost sufficient to have taken in my whole head. Now this was a business for which I had certainly not much predilection; but remembering that the drawing of teeth was an undoubted prerogative of the country doctor, I begged him to be seated, and began a terrible preparation, in hopes of being able to frighten him off. But he was made of sterner stuff. He sat down resolutely, threw back his head, and I was on the point of applying the instrument, when he seized me suddenly by the wrist with a firm grip, and keeping me at arm's length, 'Hold on, doctor!' said he; 'first let me inquire of you, what do you ax?'

'What do I ax?' replied I, starting back with wounded sensibility, and insensibly repeating the words, 'What do I ax? One dollar.'

‘Guy!’ said he, leaping out of his seat as if he had been shot with electricity; ‘then I won’t have it done!’

‘And why not?’ said I.

‘Because you ax too much.’

Indeed, I found that I had committed a grand mistake; for Sparks, the blacksmith, was in the habit of pulling out teeth for one quarter of that sum, and had a pretty good knack at the business beside. I was therefore compelled to come down; and my man resuming his seat, I was again about to proceed.

‘Will it hurt?’ said he.

‘A little,’ replied I, looking down at an immense molar, tolerably sound, which had been rooted and grounded for a quarter of a century. ‘I am afraid I shall want some assistance; Diana, come and hold his head.’

‘No, I guess I won’t!’ screamed that dark goddess, turning her back suddenly, and never ceasing to run and to scream, until she had arrived at her own domains. I therefore commenced operations alone, turned up my wristbands, stretched out my right arm, and began to select from the instruments of torture. The polished steel flashed before the man’s eyes, but he never flinched. He threw back his head, stretched his mouth wide open, and drew in his breath; but as soon as the steel fangs had hold of him, he began in earnest to display the full orchestral powers of his lungs, waxing louder and louder while the twisting process went on, and dying away into a lamentable *miserère*. When it was all over, he searched in his pocket for a tobacco-box, and taking out of it four sixpenny-bits, he counted them one by one into my palm, saying with a pleasant smile, ‘You make your money easy, young man.’ I nodded assent, and was in the act of depositing the money in my pocket, when the door of my office flew violently open, and the Widow Quaintley rushed in, out of breath, her hands lifted up, her cap-strings fluttering in the breeze:

‘Lord-a-marcy! doctor,’ exclaimed she, ‘make haste! There’s something the dreadfullest has happened, I’m sure! They’re after you at—at—at——’

Frightened at this sudden appeal, I bundled up my instruments, and followed the steps of Mrs. Quaintley; but no sooner had I set my foot out of the door, than I received a blow in the breast which almost knocked me down. On recovering a little, and looking around, I saw a bare-footed, bare-headed, dirty-faced boy, who having run against me, had staggered back five or six paces, and who stood aghast, with his mouth wide open, and the fore-finger of his right hand pointed downward, and who, betwixt the importance of his message and fright at what he had done, could say nothing. At last, being full of conflicting sensations, he stammered out, as nearly as I could understand him, the following words:

‘Want you to come—right off—t’our house! Poppy’s—cutz-tozoff!—*cutztozoff*!—CUTZTOZOFF!’

Before I could make any reply, or indeed recover from the jar which my whole frame had received, he rushed out, sprang on a bare-backed horse, which stood at the door, kicked his heels into the animal’s sides, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

'Where is it?' said I, to Mrs. Quaintley; '*what* is it? I did not understand him.'

'O! it's to Kushow's,' replied she; make haste; it's first house; painted red — right hand side o' the road — next to the mill.'

Impressing these directions fully on my mind, I set off in hot haste to walk to the place specified, which was half a mile distant; but I had not gone far, before I saw a negro running toward me, who presently came up, and throwing out his arms, pointed wildly toward the house, without saying a word. He was without hat, and what with the white of his eyes, and the white of his teeth flashing amidst the excessive blackness of his countenance, I could not distinctly say whether his were a dumb horror, or some other passion of the soul. He answered none of my inquiries, but threw his heels in the air, and ran back. I presumed that some dreadful accident had happened, but hoped there was nothing which would require amputation; for my ambition to excel in surgery had very much decreased of late, as a friend of mine had confessed to me at the University, that he had killed an irresponsible man by taking off his leg above the knee. But I had conceived a greater aversion to it from the following circumstance.

One day being at the Dead House, I saw there a gluttonous Irishman, who lay choked to death with a piece of roast-beef. As he had remained the limited time, and was about to be removed, I begged permission to possess myself of his head, which was a remarkably fine one, in a phrenological point of view; and I had already separated it from the shoulders, and was reflecting how I would map it out according to the system of Gall and Spurzheim, when I was awakened from this pleasant reverie by the howlings and ululations of the friends who were coming to recognize the body. There was not much time for reflection. I whipped out my white handkerchief, tied it carefully around the neck, and made haste to depart, well satisfied to carry off my own head unmolested. But I afterward learned that the friends went away without making any discovery; and as they did not return as soon as they ought to have done, the body was removed. I was well frightened by this adventure, and pretty nearly made up my mind at that time that I would never meddle with surgery any more. This however is a digression.

When I arrived at the house, I noticed symptoms that something remarkable had taken place. There was a great running to and fro, and I was met by a single file of persons at the gate, who accosted me with one consent: 'Make haste, doctor! — he's a-bleedin' to death! Cutztozoff! — cutztozoff! — cutztozoff!'

'What can it mean?' thought I. 'Do these people speak Russian? If they were to cry out Poniatowski! Poniatowski! Poniatowski! it could not be more unintelligible.' But in a few minutes I discovered the whole matter. It was a large farm-house to which I had come; and when I entered the kitchen, which appeared to be the scene of the disorder, a *tableau vivant* of remarkable character presented itself. There stood about a dozen people, men and women, in all attitudes of surprise and horror, grouped in a circle. In the centre sat a man of stolid countenance, only a little pale, with his left foot stretched on the hearth-stone, and bleeding profusely. The opposite door, which was wide open, was filled with horror-stricken negro-heads, piled one

above another, in the form of a pyramid, the whole surmounted by the black devil who had acted pantomime before me in the road. The windows were likewise darkened with human faces, and the neighbors were pouring in, and bruising their shins against the pots and kettles, to get a sight of the unfortunate man. I almost despaired of approaching him through such a crowd, but a way was suddenly cleared; for a woman with a wild eye, whom I took to be the mistress of the house, starting angrily up, thrust aside one and another, and throwing around a look which took in the whole party, 'Away wid you!' screamed she, 'all on you! Clear de kitchen, and make room for those that can do some good!'

It having been announced that the doctor had arrived, I proceeded to examine the patient. It appeared that he had gone out into the field to hoe up some potatoes, and the large toe of his left foot appearing above the earth, covered with dust, he mistook it for a small potato, and bringing down the sharp instrument with great force, nearly severed it in twain. It was certainly a great mistake, and a matter of marvel to all the by-standers, that a man so well acquainted with agriculture as he was, should not know a potato from a toe. As I found that the excised member would be of no farther use to him, and all my art would not suffice to put it on again, I completed the business by cutting it entirely off. When this was done, I was about to bind up the wound, and for this purpose laid my hand on a small piece of muslin which I saw in a basket near by; but in this I was arrested by the same woman who had spoken before. 'Stop!' said she; 'I'll go a'ter some rags.' Whether through my own rashness, or by the advice of those present, I disregarded her injunction, and in an evil hour tore the muslin. When she came back with her hands full of old rags, and saw what was done, she broke out into a frenzy of passion. She shrieked, stamped, tore her hair, menaced me with threatening gestures, and poured forth such a volley of vituperation and abuse, that I was both frightened and at a loss what to make of it. She was a tall, tragic woman, with an eye piercing black, and her comb hanging down in her dishevelled hair gave her the appearance of an inhabitant of Bedlam. 'Oh! you!' said she, shaking her fist in my very teeth. 'Be still, mother!' exclaimed a young woman, snatching her arm violently; 'how *can* you talk so to the new doctor?' 'New doctor!' replied she, in a most contemptuous tone; 'tear my muslin, do you? I'll teach you to tear my muslin!'

'Polly,' said the wounded man, calmly looking up, 'take Nautchy out of the room. Bilbo, help Polly.'

These two, the daughter and the negro whom I have already mentioned, immediately seized her and carried her away, and for a long time I could hear her shrill voice employed in pouring imprecations on the 'new doctor.' 'She's a little out of her head,' said one of the party; 'you mus' n't mind what she says, doctor. She's been to the Asylum once, and Honnes, it's high time that you sent her again.' I thought this was judicious advice, but said nothing; and having given a few necessary directions, took my departure, promising to call again the next day.

As I was returning home by the same road that I came, before going a great way, I was attracted by the singular manœuvres of a man

in the road. He had his hands behind his back, with the palms open, and in that way he was walking backward, apparently with great care and precaution, in the direction of a stone fence. When he reached it, without altering his position, he dislodged a large round stone, and still holding it behind his back, moved slowly on, with a steady gait. I puzzled myself to know the design of this movement; and as I passed him, gazed at him with such a curious and imploring look, that I was in hopes he would take the hint, and inform me why he did it; but I got not the least satisfaction. When I reached home, (it was about four o'clock in the afternoon,) Mrs. Quaintley was awaiting my arrival with great impatience.

'Lor' bless you, doctor! what's kept you so long? I been a-lookin' for you this hour. But what was the matter with Kushow?'

'Madam,' said I, with sprightly promptitude, 'he's cut his toe off.'

'Cut his toe off?' the widow Quaintley screamed outright; 'dear Lord! I *thought* there was something awful. But do tell — what cut it off!' 'He mistook it,' said I, 'for a Rohan potato.'

'Luddi, doctor, you're surely jokin,' aint you? Well, well, I'm glad it aint no worse. I knowed there was *somethin'* cut off. I'll jus' put on my bonnet, and step over there, bime by, and see if I can be any use. Doctor, tea's ready. Diana, bring up the muffins. Don't be *afeered*, you foolish thing! — he aint a-goin' to pull your teeth out.'

While I was engaged in the discussion of a dish of tea, exceedingly well compounded — and what is more consoling to a poor weary country doctor? — I asked Mrs. Quaintley a few questions about the man whose manœuvres I had, just witnessed. 'Who is that strange man,' said I, 'whom I met by the road-side?'

'Oh!' replied she, 'that's Burks. Every body knows Burks.'

'Who is he?'

'The brother-in-law of Kushow.'

'What makes him walk with a stone in his fist?'

'Well, he can't walk without he carries it. He always does it.'

'For what?'

'For ballast.'

'Bless my soul!' replied I, surprised in my turn; 'what does he want of ballast?'

'To steady himself. Burks drinks hard. He *must* have a stone to walk with, or he falls right down.'

'How long has he sailed under ballast, Madam?'

'May be these ten years or more. He's like his sister. I kind o' think he's a little crazy. But, doctor, how about Kushow? How come he to mistake his toe for a 'tato; it is the most wonnerful thing that I ever heerd tell of.'

'I cannot tell you, Madam. But is this Burks equally strange in all his conduct?'

'Yes, yes; he aint the only queer body about here, I assure you. Oh! Doctor I come pretty nigh forgettin' to tell you that M'Tab has sent for you to come to his house this evening, at half past eight o'clock precisely. I warn you before hand, he's a wonnerful pompous man, doctor.'

'Ah! indeed?' replied I.

'Yes, and a proud man. He never has nothing to do except with the most principalest men of the town. He's a 'piscopalian, and prides himself onto it. He'll talk to you about his *kinsman*, you see if he dont, and about the *college*. M'Tab loves han'some language. . He'll go out of his way for a han'some word, the same as he does when he's been to York, he never goes straight home through the village, but a half a mile round.'

'What does he do that for?'

'Because there's a man in the village that he owes a grudge to. Well, you'll have to humor him some, I 'xpect; M'Tab's a-gettin' old. Doctor, how that man screamed that you drawed a tooth for! Gracious me! — he hollered like a loon.'

'I think it high time,' said I, feeling a degree of inward satisfaction as I spoke, 'that I had looked out for a horse. Do you know of any one that wishes to sell a good horse?'

Mrs. Quaintley started almost out of her seat, put down untasted her 'second cup,' which she was just raising to her lips, and looked a little frightened. 'Dear me!' said she, 'talkin' of horses, that puts me in mind o' somethin'. Diana, go right up stairs into the spare bedroom ——'

'Yes, Ma'am.'

'And look on the mantel behind the chany flower-wase, and bring down what you see there ——'

'Yes, Ma'am.'

'And here, take these muffins back to Mr. Waller, and tell him he *must* eat them. Oh, doctor, you *must* go up and see Mr. Waller. He's so moloncholy! He's put nothin' into his mouth this whole week.'

Diana disappeared, and in a few minutes coming down to the landing of the stair-case, screamed out, 'Missus, I can't find it!'

'She can't find it! It's just like her, the stupid thing!' said Mrs. Quaintley, going out with displeasure, and shaking the tea-table as she rose. 'I shall have to go after it myself.' So saying she disappeared, and in a few moments came down with a bit of paper in her hand, and approaching Diana, the head of the black girl immediately crouched upon her shoulder. 'Look here, you hussy!' said she, extending the paper, 'what's this? Where was your eyes? I'll box your ears for you, I will!' — and Diana, in spite of her precaution, received a violent rap on the side of the head. 'Take that, you slut!' and the other side of her head received a like compliment. 'I'll teach you not to see nothing!' proceeded Mrs. Quaintley, boxing Diana's ears all the while as rapidly as a weaver plies his shuttle. 'There, Doctor,' said she, laying down the paper, 'that's for you.'

I found it to be a letter from my predecessor, Doctor Bolus, and on breaking the seal, read as follows:

'DR. ASPEN:

SIR: In resigning my old friends and patients into your hands, (and I assure you that we part with mutual respect,) I should be glad to dispose of my horse and sulkey. I received them both from the late Doctor Minime. You will find the sulkey eminently easy, and the horse perfectly gentle, and suited to the profession. He knows all the places in the country where he has been accustomed to go, and stops of his own accord. I will part with both for twenty-five dollars, and that is dog cheap for the horse, to say nothing of the vehicle. Mrs. Quaintley will send me the money. Wishing you success and prosperity in your new field of practice, I remain, dear Doctor,

Your obt. serv't.,

D. J. A. BOLUS, M. D.'

'This comes very *apropos*,' said I; 'I will ride to Mr. M^cTab's this evening, and see if there is any objection to this bargain. I hope the horse has not the inflexible temper of Dumbiedike's Highland pony, Rory Bean, who would only travel between his master's house and Douce Davie Dean's. But we shall see. 'Mrs. Quaintley, have you a man who takes care of your barns?'

'Sartin,' replied she; 'Diana, call Flum.'

'Here, Flum! Flum! Flum!' screamed Diana; 'the doctor wants you!'

This call was responded to in a few moments by the arrival of a little old negro, whom I looked at as a perfect curiosity. I had already noticed him upon the place. He was apparently about seventy years of age, much below the middle size, very black, and of a solemn countenance. His voice was gruff, and keyed upon the lowest base. In his dress he was peculiar. He wore velvet short-breeches, with buckles at the knees. When he walked, he took the most diminutive steps; indeed, he rather waddled than walked; but he moved with such rapidity, that very few could keep up with him.

'What is your name?' said I, scarcely crediting the appellation which Mrs. Quaintley had given him.

'Flummery, master,' replied he, scraping his right foot respectfully.

'Flummery!' exclaimed I, in amazement.

'Yes, master; my father and grandfather before me was named Flummery.'

'Oh! very well; since that is the case, I want you to rig up the horse and sulkey, and trot them out, Flummery.'

'Yes, master;' and the little old negro disappeared, and on looking out, I saw his stiff upright form moving with great celerity in the direction of the barn. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed, before he returned; and I was standing in the door of my office, when he led forth the equipage which I was to call my own. No sooner had I looked at it, than I obeyed the first impulse which seized me, and that was, to throw myself into an antique arm-chair, and to burst into a fit of the most hearty laughter. Never did such an equipage appertain to a professional man, I undertake to say, unless it was to a poor country doctor. Oh, my dear Saultz! I wish I had reserved a picture of it to put in the museum! The horse was a raw-boned, one-eyed, wall-eyed creature, of a dirty-white color, covered with spots, with a deficient mane, and nothing but the black stump of a tail, which he kept wagging about unceasingly. His head drooped upon the ground, and ever and anon he fetched a deep sigh, while his under lip hung habitually down, giving him an expression of listlessness and inanity which it is rare to see in a horse. The model of the sulkey cannot be described, nor will I attempt it, except to say that it had a white greasy top, full of holes, and was hung on leather springs.

As it was late in the afternoon, I deemed it the part of prudence to set out immediately, in order to arrive at M^cTab's at half-past eight o'clock precisely. As I rode leisurely along the grass-skirted lanes and green hedges, the sun was sinking gloriously in the western sky; and leaning back in my hereditary sulkey, I contemplated the landscape with pleasure, and indulged in all manner of pleasant fancies. I had thought proper to obtain from Mrs. Quaintley a few par-

ticulars concerning the patient whom I was now to visit, in order that I might be prepared to fall in with his humors if he had any. He was naturally a weak-minded man, with a limited stock of ideas, hypochondriacal, and rendered peevish by certain ailments to which he had been subjected for a course of years. The prevailing foible of his mind was vanity. He happened to be a blood relative of a very distinguished man, long since dead, but who had once been a governor of the state, and Mr. M^cTab basked in the reflected glories of this relationship. He never conversed without introducing in a respectful manner the authority of his 'kinsman.' And this formed one of his topics. Another on which he dwelt sorrowfully, was his pecuniary losses. He was now poor, almost too poor to keep up any thing but the shadow of that pomp in which his soul delighted. But his remote ancestors had once owned a little property in the city of New-York, and if it had remained in the family, by the natural rise of real estate it would now be of great value. This thought wofully tormented M^cTab. But an event had occurred many years before, which more than any thing else produced an impression on his mind, and he never spoke of it without boiling over with indignation. The presidency of the college in the city of New-York became vacated, and a distinguished clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church was selected to fill it. But by the charter of the institution, only a Churchman was eligible; and in order to get over this difficulty, they created a new officer called a Provost. This step enraged M^cTab very much, who was a sound Churchman, although he had no interest in the college, and had himself a very deficient education. And notwithstanding things returned to their accustomed channel, and the same irregularity was not likely to occur again, he never got over it, and he never ceased to cry 'Shame! shame!' in his retirement.

Having arrived at the mansion of this personage, I left my Rosinante standing at the door, and was immediately conducted into his presence. I found him to be a '*pompious*' man indeed; but he received me with a grave suavity, which well became his precarious health. 'Tak' a seat, Sir,' said he, 'tak' a seat.' He was a man apparently about sixty, of a florid complexion, with a small head mounted upon a body somewhat corpulent. He wore a flowered morning gown and red slippers, and was walking up and down the room, pouring out well-rounded sentences, which he appeared to have put together with care. At last I ventured to intimate that I had come at his command, and hoped I did not find him very unwell. He folded his arms, almost closed up his twinkling eyes, which were no larger than peas, and continuing to walk the floor: 'Your hopes are futile, Sir,' replied he; 'I am a man of infirmities; my candle of life is flickering, and there is no soundness in my bones.' He spoke this with solemn earnestness; then pausing, he added, 'That sentence would read well in print.' Presently he became religious, and with great mouthing, inflection of the voice, and emphasis, he pronounced the following sentences: 'Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of sorrows: Oh that I may die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!' 'There,' exclaimed he, 'that would sound well in the pulpit.'

At last, getting down from his high horse, he condescended to ask me a few questions concerning myself, as where I had obtained my education, etc. I replied, in the city of New-York, at the college.

'Ah! the college! Don't speak to me of the college!' said he, drawing himself up with dignity. 'I know enough of the college, of King's College, that was. I remember well, and I have cause to remember, Sir, the day when the Provost first entered its walls. Upon my honor,' said he, speaking with great vehemence, 'I had rather seen the college in flames, and Mason in it, and all going up to heaven together! It was an outrageous measure, Sir. I disapproved of it; the church disapproved of it; the Governor objected to it; I have heard my kinsman say he did.'

'It was a compromise,' replied I, 'to say the least, of doubtful tendency.'

'Not at all doubtful, Sir,' said he, snapping me short, 'not at all doubtful. I tell you it was positively disgraceful; it was a dereliction of principle. No son of mine should ever enter the doors.'

'The mistake,' said I, 'is not likely to be repeated, but when it occurred it was thought that the college and the city could not dispense with the services of so distinguished a man.'

'Ah! I beg you will not speak of the city; I beg you will not speak of losses. I have had losses, Sir. I ought at this moment to be rolling in wealth. Oh Gemini! the world's a pilgrimage! So Kushow's cut his toe off, eh? Serves him right for going bare-footed. They live like hogs, the Kushowses.'

After various desultory conversation, I found that Mr. M'Tab wanted to consult me about taking a cold bath, or rather he had made up his mind to take one; and after inquiring his symptoms, I certainly did not think that a cold bath would do him any harm.

'Look here, Sir,' said he, throwing open a door, and stalking into an adjoining room, 'I've got an establishment fixed up at great expense. There's the apparatus, Sir.'

On looking around, I saw no fixtures, but a round tub, of large dimensions, such as washerwomen make use of, stood in the middle of the room, half filled with water; and M'Tab insisted that I should remain and see him take the bath. There was a grand difficulty in his case, for he asserted roundly that it was impossible for him to sink in water, in consequence of there being 'no life in him.' I did not attempt to argue this point with him, but rather indulged the hope that although this might be the case at present, he might eventually be enabled to sink. He thought not. I begged him to make trial, and he seemed resolved to do so at first, but when it came to the point of sitting down in the cold water, he rather adhered to his opinion that he could not sink, and kept away from the tub.

'Sit down,' said I, gently pressing him by the shoulders, 'you *will* sink.'

'I tell you I can't sink, I won't sink!' replied he, with vehemence, and springing up with elasticity.'

'Sir,' said I, looking soberly at him, 'try what good *floating* will do.'

He appeared to relish the good sense of this suggestion very much, and bent gradually down, mumbling to himself all the while; but no

sooner did the water penetrate the folds of his morning-gown, than he began to catch in his breath. 'There's no life in me,' cried he, clinging tightly to the sides of the tub with both hands. 'There's no life in me! I float like a gull.'

'Let go of the tub,' said I, 'and you will sink.'

'I tell you I can't sink! I float like a gull! — I float like a gull!'

Being anxious to know what his specific gravity really was, I suddenly unclined both his hands with great exertion, and he sank to the bottom like a stone, while the tide immediately rose in the tub to the very brim. Having done this, I was frightened at my own boldness, lest I had committed a worse mistake than when I tore the muslin. But so incompatible is cold water with any of the passions, that a flash of displeasure which appeared on M^cTab's countenance passed immediately away, and while the cooling element closed him in on every side, his eyes were turned with a 'refreshed lustre' toward the ceiling, and I saw that he was composing a splendid sentence, 'fit to appear in print.' Here I immediately withdrew, on a point of delicacy, lest by my presence I should seem to twit him with having sunk. I left him with his legs dangling out of the tub, apparently in a tranquil frame, and wrapped up in sublime meditations.

I had not seen a human being about the premises of Mr. M^cTab, with the exception of a female form, which flitted suddenly across my path as I left the house. It was difficult to distinguish her features by the dimness of the evening. But who she was, if the reader has any desire, he may be informed hereafter. As I went to bed that night, by the light of the moon, I could not help congratulating myself upon the excellent field of practice upon which I had entered. But at that time I was without experience, and little foresaw the ills which would beset the path of the country doctor. In reflecting on the events of the day, I soon fell asleep; but as if I had not already met with enough adventures, I was awakened in the middle of the night by peals of laughter proceeding from my very bed. I rubbed my eyes, and looked around, but saw no one. The moon was nearly down, and still cast a dim light into my chamber. In a few minutes I understood the whole matter. I had been evidently dreaming, and was aroused by the sounds of my own merriment. I pressed my hand on my forehead, and tried to recall the train of ideas. Perhaps the reader would be glad to know the occasion of my midnight revelry. Well, then, it was neither my adventures at the farm-house, nor the fears of Diana, nor the officious kindness of Mrs. Quaintley, nor the bombastic behaviour of M^cTab. It was the vision of Flummery, leading forth the equipage which had been bequeathed to me by my predecessor, the horse and the chariot of the late Dr. Minime.

E P I G R A M

ON THE AUTHOR OF 'PRETTY PIECES' OF POOR AND PIOUS POETRY.

You 're very pious, so you are!
And learned and literary;
But 'pon my word, and as a friend,
You 're very stupid — very!

THE GOOD MAN'S PORTRAIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'APPROACH OF AGE.'

WHEN I was young, I knew an aged man,
 Learned in the tongues that tell the richest thoughts
 Of gray antiquity, and deeply skilled
 In science various of the modern school.
 Me, with persuasive eloquence he taught,
 And, in the garden of my memory, sowed
 Some precious seeds, which since have sprung to fruit.
 But be that as it may; I surely feel
 The better for his teachings. Through my life,
 (He has been many years among the past,)
 I've looked to his example, and have striven
 To emulate his virtues. When perplexed,
 Thus asked myself, 'Were that good man alive,
 What would he counsel?' Then, with serious thought,
 I chose my course, and often wisely chose.

To fancy's eye, before me now he stands,
 In form erect and tall; clear white and thin,
 His hair falls smoothly o'er an ample brow;
 His lustrous eye illumines a placid face,
 Where dignity and grace serenely smile,
 With unaffected ease.

His wants were few,
 That crowned his days with health and sweet content,
 And blessed his nights with undisturbed repose.
 Envy and hate were strangers to his mind,
 For mild Benevolence shut them out of doors.
 Each thought unselfish, every action pure;
 With human failings he could sympathize,
 And scan the motive closer than the deed.
 No narrow prejudice his judgment swayed;
 The honest man, where'er by fortune placed,
 Won his sincere regard; but gilded fraud,
 And affectation of luxurious taste,
 That starve the creditor, met his rebuke.
 While with discriminating hand, he spared
 To pallid Want a portion of his store,
 He feared the eye might see the liberal alms.
 When wranglers met, or fierce contention rose,
 The foolish heart, when he admonished, wept,
 And peace prevailed where his wise counsels fell.

He looked abroad upon the fruitful vales,
 The distant hills that cloud like paint the sky,
 The peopled lands, the wilderness of waves;
 And, with an humble but observing view
 Surveyed the harmony of nature's laws.
 In all around, a Providence he saw,
 And daily lifted up his heart to heaven
 In earnest thankfulness for daily joys.
 No bigot zeal aroused unchristian hate,
 Nor stirred him on to ineffectual rage.
 He never said to man, 'Stand thou apart!'
 And never damned him to eternal flames
 For points of faith. And, when the scoffer railed,
 He truly pitied, still he ne'er condemned,
 For judgment is the attribute of God!
 But, in his closet prayed, the infidel soul
 Might be imbued with grace and hope divine.

He loved to mingle with the youthful throng,
 And, with a zest unusual to his years,

Enjoyed their healthful games. Unlike the vain,
Self-righteous one, upon whose rigid brow
Demureness sits austere, he saw no sin
In mirthful pleasures, or athletic sports,
Or scenic art that aids the loftiest muse.

'My son,' I well remember once he said,
'My length of years has fortified my faith,
And proved the worth of virtue's fadeless bloom.
Although the world is dazed by splendid guilt,
If rulers be not merciful and just,
They are not great. The good alone are great!
I've aimed to do, to all within my sphere,
As I should be content they did to me;
But calm reflection, born of after hours,
Hath often chid me for ungenerous deeds,
And kindness unperformed. I am but man,
And trust the mercy of my heavenly Judge.'

Since then, O Time! sad changes hast thou wrought!
That good man sleeps with the forgotten dead,
And I am spared, who knew and felt his worth,
To bless his memory! O never more
Shall I be greeted with the approving smile
So natural to his face! O never more
Shall hear the voice, so musical, that first
Inspired to nobler aim and brighter hope
The heart that might, but for his care, have been
Cold as his own!

PEDRILLO, THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

— 'Sed vos servas imponite leges;
Ut præceptori verborum regula constet,
Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes.' — JUVENAL.

WHAT an admirable thing is a good caricature! — not those political lithographs, with long mottos appended to render them intelligible, but a sketch that speaks for itself; a type of an odd human species; an essay on a class of men condensed into a dozen strokes of the pencil. In that excellent work '*Les Français, peints par Eux-mêmes*,' there is a sketch of a *précepteur*, so comprehensive, so complete, so faultless, that a man who had never heard of the creature, would know him as thoroughly at a glance as any paterfamilias in the country.

Those eyes, fixed learnedly on vacancy through a pair of spectacles; those furrows which wisdom has ploughed upon his brow; that lengthened nose, which, tapped by pedantic forefinger, shows, like the gnomon on the dial, how high the sun of vanity rides in the heavens; that pursed-up mouth, which seems bursting with *quis, quæ, quod*, and other words that burn; that Atlantean stock supporting the universe of brain; *all* bespeak the Latin and Greek man, the *totus in se*, the all-important, all-sufficient to himself: but the next glance discloses the close-buttoned, seedy coat, which hides his weekly *chemise d'homme* or his semi-hebdomadal dummy; his knock-kneed supporters, clad in shining tights, so crooked as to be excellent in impressing the letter X, on the infant mind; the next glance reveals the complete

tutor, and makes us certain that a specimen of this unlucky, God-forgotten class of beings stands before us.

What a life they lead! Happy are charity students, and 'pious indigent young men,' in comparison! They enjoy little, but they labor little. The tutor has no enjoyment, and ceaseless toil. The children of course hate him instinctively, and show it whenever they dare, by a sulky compliance with the letter of the law, and a provoking disregard of its spirit. The parents want to get their money's worth, as the saying is, and feel disappointed and even wronged if they have not hired the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, and the indefatigability of the Wandering Jew, for two or three hundred dollars a year. And not only is the well-salaried man to supply the little nuisances with all the '*ics*, '*isms*, and '*ologies*'; not only is it his province to take them to walk, to see that their hair is brushed, and their faces clean; to make them sit straight, and to attend to their manners generally; but he is highly culpable if any one of them falls sick by over-eating, or soils his clothes by gratifying a natural propensity in the fabrication of dirt-pies.

'Johnny and Sally must not study much,' mamma says; 'it is bad for their complexions;' and papa remarks, at the end of the quarter: 'It seems to me, Mr. Pedrillo, that you bring these children on very slowly.' Luckless Pedrillo!

There is an inexpressible cheerlessness in living in a family of which you are not a member; in being a constant witness of affectionate intercourse from which you are excluded; in hearing about you frolicsome whisperings, which are hushed when you draw near. Oh! then a sense of loneliness will come over your heart, chilling your very life blood! Surrounded, like another Tantalus, by home sympathies which your heart yearns for, but which vanish like phantasmagoria when you stretch forth your hand to grasp them, you will feel like a solitary stranger in the vast capital of a nation whose language he knows not. All this a tutor suffers. Is this all? By no means. Constant mortifications can never be wanting, to a man who possesses any soul, even though it be as small as the soul of a pawnbroker. He may dine at the table; he may perhaps sit in the parlor of an evening, provided he does not talk too much to visitors; but the looks of his employers, and the tones of the domestics, must proclaim to him at all hours that they consider him only a hireling, a mere upper servant. Yet tutorship is not the unit of misery. There is one degree more abject, and this is allotted to governesses. The lady of the house will always look with some little complacency on the preceptor, if he can mend a pen tolerably, or can hold a skein of sewing-silk; he is a man, although a tutor; but to one of her own sex, her heart is as callous as her thimble — her tongue as sharp as her cambric needle. Listen to the miseries of Pedrillo.

He was a plain, unsophisticated individual; one skilled in books, not in men; of a warm, generous heart, and the most self-denying person I ever knew; every way fitted, indeed, to enjoy life, if he could have escaped the searching eyes of Nemesis; but the cruel goddess seized him in her relentless claws, and let him fall into a private tutorship. If Pedrillo had been a pedant, a hack, or a toady, he might have had great success; but as nature and education had

denied him these accomplishments, he was plunged into an abyss of misery deeper than that of ordinary preceptors. His learning was an annoyance to him rather than an assistance. How could the desultory student, delighting to browse in every field, bind down his mind to Latin grammars, and the rudiments of geography? But his sensitive pride ruined him. It is indeed very difficult for a man who thinks himself a gentleman, to submit without writhing to the treatment he will receive in the most cultivated family; unless, in entering upon his duty, he has abnegated the worldly man, and is ready to mortify the flesh and the spirit, like an early Jesuit or a Carthusian. Pedrillo was as sensitive as Jean Jacques, and moreover destitute of that tact so necessary to guide us over the shallows and the breakers in the minds of men; as indispensable to a tutor, as that sixth sense by which the blind man and the bat avoid encountering objects in their path, as naturalists tell us. The possession of this sixth sense would have saved him many a rub which galled to the bone. Beside, he was short and ugly, with crooked legs, and a nose resembling a turkey's bishop. What sympathy could he expect from Madame?

The strife began. On one side stood arrayed Pedantry and Dignity, flanked by Simplicity and Credulity; on the other, the frolicsome unruliness of two children, with papa and mamma in the back-ground, as a fortification under shelter of which they could retreat when hard pressed.

The issue was not doubtful for a day. The preceptor's rules were forced at the first attack, and when he pursued the enemy with a strong body of punishments, they took refuge under the guns of the fort, which warned him, in loud roarings, to withdraw his forces. Then came complaints, frequent and long. One day on rebellion, the next on idleness, the next on disrespect. With him they assumed the form of querulous epistles, consisting of three closely-written pages, seldom read, and always laughed at. It would (he thought) be highly undignified for an A. M. to beg for redress by word of mouth, like a school-boy. I must give you one of these plaintive effusions. It speaks for itself, and may serve as a type for gentlemen of that class whose dignity has been elbowed:

'SIR: I have been obliged to make Miss Sally several remarks on manners that concern me personally. I am determined to these remarks by the following circumstances. When Miss Sally calls John and me to tea, she does it in a manner that I dislike positively.

'I. Either she calls from the top of the stair-case; this may not be uncivil in itself, but I wish her to enter the room:

'II. Or, she opens the door and interrupts me in the midst of an explanation, by calling, 'Johnny, tea is ready!' I play a very ridiculous part indeed, when my pupils have a conversation, while I must lay claim to their attention. In all that concerns both John and me, I must either be the first or retire; I have no other choice; therefore, when Miss Sally has to speak in such an occurrence, I wish her to address me.

'III. Or she calls into the room: 'Tea is ready.' When Miss Sally calls me to tea, I wish her to call me by my name; either by my name or not at all; I leave her no other choice.

'These three facts occurred in the course of this week. I hope that these remarks will be sufficient. Should that not be the case, I shall be compelled to request Mr. and Mrs. Familias' kind assistance to make use, on my own account, of all that justice and a sense of my own dignity give me a right to, in order to shield me for the future.

'P. Q. PEDRILLO.'

'*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus!*' Dignity labored, and gave birth to a very ridiculous *mass*: (the word is Doric, I believe.) Miss Sally, 'having no other choice,' in future heralded her festive annunciations by 'Mr. Pedrillo.'

What mad pranks this profession plays with a man! The insanity

takes different forms. With him, its first stages were 'dignity,' but it afterward developed itself in letter writing. So he went on, day after day, for a year; when one winter's morning he was missing! A closely-written explanatory sheet lay neatly folded on his bureau, the chant of the dying swan. I transcribe it, as it not only reveals the cause of his departure, but gives a slight idea of the sad effect of *tutorism* on the mental sanity of the patient. I am inclined to doubt whether the undertaking a tutorship is not strong presumptive proof of insanity:

'MY DEAR SIR: It will be necessary that I explain my conduct. Last evening I went to bed about nine o'clock, because I was tired. When I was almost asleep, the chambermaid, not knowing that I was in my bed, stepped into my room in order to arrange it, and by so doing awoke me. It is my custom to wash my feet before going to bed. As I was exceedingly fatigued, I had neglected it that evening, and resolved to do it now. I bade the maid leave me a lamp, and after having performed my ablutions, I was so much reposed, that I pulled on my drawers, and took to reading Franklin's Life. At the same time I opened the door, in order to have more air. I read until twelve, when I heard a very singular sobbing, talking, etc., in Sally's room. As it continued, I thought there must be something extraordinary. I opened the door of her room, and asked: 'Miss Sally, what is the matter?' This question awoke Miss Peabody, (spinster, 65 *et.*) who asked, 'Who is there?' I saw then that I was in error, and endeavored to go back without being seen. I could not avoid making some noise; Miss Peabody saw me when I stepped into my room. Although I was conscious of good intention, yet I was so much embarrassed that I could not speak, and left the whole matter to itself. I think that I have acted very imprudently. I have therefore left your family, for every body would laugh at my explanation: beside, the case might occur once more, and destroy my character, and disgust me with life.

'Your obt. serv't.,

'J. Q. PEDRILLO.'

What became of him, we cannot say with certainty. It was reported that a missionary named Pedrillo had been eaten by the New-Zealanders. Perhaps it was our friend. It will console him, to think that there can be no more dignified abode for a man's mortal remains, than the stomach of a fellow being. So thought the tender spouse of Mausoleus; so think we. How can a disciple give a greater proof of conviction and affection, than by incorporating his dead master's body with his own, instead of committing it to grubs and worms? It is really to be regretted that the practice is so generally considered barbarous.

Ye who aspire to a tutorship, consider well your present state of misery. Consider that a decent livelihood may be earned by chopping wood, by street-sweeping, by running of errands, even by begging. Consider that the fumes of charcoal cause a very pleasant exit from life, or if you have not even a room in which you can enjoy this satisfaction, remember that watchmen are scarce at night about the docks, and the water very deep. Let a sufferer warn you.

And if any one of my readers has a heavy load of black sins upon his soul; perjury, or treachery, or assassination, or parricide; such as vigils and fasts, the hair-shirt and the discipline, cannot expiate, let him devote himself to a private tutorship.

ANACREONTIC.

FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA: A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

THEIR vigils how the night-birds keep!
That song is from the spectrous strand:
How the moon silvers o'er the deep!
That gleam is from the spirit's land:
The song, the gleam, prophetic speak
A world this raptured soul would see;
There love's delights untroubled seek,
With thee, my Ingeborg, with thee!

NEW-YORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LIMNINGS IN THE THOROUGHFARES.'

I.

New-York, New-York! proud ocean queen!
 Where'er my footsteps flee,
 Like Moslem gaze to Mecca's shrine,
 My spirit bounds to thee!
 On other shores the murm'ring winds
 May chant Æolian strains,
 And the clear sun-light pierce the aisles
 Of Learning's mouldering fanes.

II.

My graceful yacht or light caique
 May skim the Ægean wave,
 And Fancy, shrined in fable, call
 Dead heroes from the grave:
 But still, New-York! my boyhood's pride,
 My chart on manhood's sea,
 On prosperous tides, mid adverse gales,
 My spirit bounds to thee!

III.

When Morning, like a blushing bride,
 To chase thy slumbers steals,
 The jewels from her dripping robe
 Adorn a thousand keels;
 And through the braided tracery
 Their graceful forms that veils,
 The curious sun-light, wreath'd in smiles,
 The dreaming ship-boy hails.

IV.

And when the early twilight's glow
 Lights up the isle-gemmed bay,
 Pennon and streamer in the breeze,
 Like painted serpents play;
 From shelt'ring roof to air-tossed vane,
 The flashing radiance springs,
 The gold-tipped mist, the crimson clouds,
 Seem borne on myriad wings.

V.

New-York! New-York! the vassal winds
 Pay tribute to thy sails,
 From the fierce Arctic's howling blasts,
 To India's spicy gales;
 No mart can rise, no billow roll,
 No science wander free,
 But ocean, city, lore, and mind,
 Their treasures waft to thee!

VI.

Old Ulster! mid thy forests green,
 My earliest vision met
 The glowing forms of earth and sky —
 Their charm is round me yet!
 The trooping clouds in flames that burst
 The peaceful vallies o'er,
 I traced the Godhead in their forms,
 Heard anthems in their roar!

VII.

From out the North-west's breezy home
 Shawangunk's ramparts rose,
 Its giant peaks by whirlwinds nursed,
 And swathed in countless snows;
 The south wind with its od'rous breath
 O'er cloud-wreathed Fishkill passed,
 And northward Catskill's forehead bare
 Frowned sternly to the blast.

VIII.

Beneath their shade the circling hours
 On flowery pinions flew;
 How beauteous on an Orange field
 Were sketched their cliffs of blue!
 My lisping tongue there first essayed
 The mystic words to call;
 There tutor, playmates, kindred dwelt —
 God bless the loved ones, all!

IX.

At length my boyhood's footsteps sped
 Where Hudson's current rolled;
 Like Sheba's beauteous queen, I deemed
 The half had not been told:
 Its flashing waves, like steeds that chased
 Their flowery banks between;
 The shifting sail, the rushing keel,
 The skipper's regal mien:

X.

The truant loiterer on the shore,
 The oarsman's ruddy glow,
 The surging boughs that kissed the wave,
 Their mimic forms below;
 The pleasure-craft, with canvass free,
 The barge with cleaving prow,
 The lingering tones by echo borne —
 All pass before me now!

XI.

Soon, wafted by a favoring tide,
 I trod the crowded quays;
 What sounds mysterious filled the air!
 What wonders met my gaze!
 The show-bills, robed in capitals,
 Seemed glorious to the view,
 Their marvels gospel were to me,
 Their promised splendors true!

XII.

Now o'er me swept Love's rushing wing,
 How could I spurn his sway?
 Love knelt in chapel, smiled in hall,
 Love flirted in Broadway!
 And tho' thenceforth my vent'rous bark
 Triumphant swept life's main,
 I'd barter all its cherished freight,
 To be that boy again!

XIII.

New-York! New-York! when midnight
 Thy slumbering thousands fan, [wings
 I love the shadowy courts to tread,
 Their shrouded deeds to scan.
 Here houseless wanderers shelter find
 'Neath porch and archway chill;
 There revellers rude, 'mid jest and song,
 The oft-drained goblet fill.

XIV.

On gala days, thy bannered hosts
 Own hearts and helms of steel;
 With guns and courage furbished bright,
 They *eichelon* and wheel;
 The mounted braves, on chargers proud,
 To caracole delight;
 Each belted warrior skilled to know
 His left foot from his right!

XV.

And yet the glorious olden time!
 Its sports have passed away,
 Fled with the flush of morning hopes,
 The dews of yesterday:

Matter and mind, the earth and sea,
 Are cast in novel mould;
 Steam conquers space, the magnet both —
 It was not so of old!

XVI.

New-York! New-York! thy Sabbath
 I love their measured notes; [chimes,
 Each swelling peal through arch and aisle
 Like heavenly incense floats:
 How leaps my heart, when heard afar
 Their mellowed cadence falls,
 Like some dear voice by Fancy borne
 Through Memory's twilight halls!

XVII.

Home of my heart! thy lofty spires
 May totter to their base,
 And raging flood or 'earthquake's shock,'
 Thy rock-rimmed site erase;
 Yet from the chambers of my brain
 All other forms shall flee,
 Ere, Queen of Cities! I forget
 My early love for thee!

CALEFFI:

AN AUTHENTIC TALE OF A FERRARESE CARBONARO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGER who should have found himself in Ferrara on the 22d of December, 1818, would doubtless have smiled at those who praise so much the mild and beautiful climate of Italy. In truth, that large and somewhat depopulated city presented on that day an unusually melancholy aspect, calculated to oppress the mind with misanthropic sadness. The air was darkened by torrents of rain and driving sleet, increased in their effect by a strong north wind. The streets, squares, and market-places were deserted. Silence reigned throughout, broken only occasionally by the hammer of the industrious mechanic, or by the suppliant tones of the wretched beggars, who were knocking at the doors of the wealthy, imploring food and fuel. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the inhabitants of the place were aroused by an unexpected occurrence, the cause of both fear and wonder. From the gates of the castle were suddenly seen issuing forth several companies of patrol, led by commissioners of the police, which immediately spread themselves in different directions. In Italy, the operations of the police are always regarded by the people with a certain degree of distrust, because they usually minister only to the suspicions or vengeance of the throne. Such was the object of the proceeding of which we are now speaking.

Cardinal D'Arezza, Governor of Ferrara, had been informed that there existed in that city a central body of the society famous through-

out Europe under the name of 'the Carbonari;' a society which had been for years incessantly endeavoring to produce a moral and physical action, capable of overthrowing the odious political yoke under which Italy had long groaned. But a treacherous member of the society (whose name has never been discovered) had not been able to furnish the Cardinal with any definite information in relation to the *number* and persons of the Ferrarese Carbonari; and could only designate a certain Caleffi, as possessing the list of the members, which he always kept in his house. The Cardinal therefore ordered, that while one company of guards should take possession of Caleffi's person and house, others should hold themselves in readiness to arrest immediately all whose names should be found in the list above mentioned.

It was at the moment that the peaceable inhabitants who had been attracted to their windows were watching with painful anxiety the movements of the patrols, that Caleffi, wrapped up in his cloak, was proceeding with hasty strides toward his own house.

Caleffi, though only twenty-five years of age, had a wife and two little ones. He was short in stature, but robust. His quick flashing eye betokened his high-toned feelings, and the extraordinary energy of his character. Of humble origin, he had received but a limited elementary education. Rank and cultivation are not always the parents of merit; more frequently the reverse. The bosom of Caleffi throbbed in unison with the feelings of those noble-minded Italians who longed for the redemption of their country. This gallant spirit did not long escape the notice of the clear-sighted Carbonari, who usually frequented in numbers the Caffé Ferrari where he was a waiter. Hence he was admitted into the fraternity, and employed as a servant. The repeated proofs of his zeal for the welfare of the society, which from time to time he displayed, gained for him its entire confidence, and he was soon employed in collecting the monthly contributions of its members. Thus it was that he became possessed of the list of their names.

Caleffi had just reached his house, when the commissioner of police, who with his guards had been waiting in the neighborhood his arrival, arrested him, and in the name of the law, commanded him to place himself between the soldiers, and to follow him.

CHAPTER II.

THE wife of Caleffi, like many others, had been attracted to the window by curiosity. She saw her husband in the hands of the police, and with the quickness characteristic of her sex, at once divined the cause of his arrest. She had frequently observed her husband look furtively behind a picture which was suspended in their bed-room, and while she refrained from prying searches, she supposed that behind the painting there doubtless was concealed some object of importance. It was in fact behind a loose stone, covered by the picture, that Caleffi kept the fatal list.

While the commissioner was loudly knocking at the door, this noble woman raised the picture. To remove the stone, seize the paper, and commit it to the flames, was the work of an instant. Then

slowly descending, she opened the door, and with much politeness admitted the officer and the patrol.

‘Ah! this is a good sign!’ muttered the commissioner.

‘This woman does not greet me with the sneer usually extended to my class. She suspects nothing. All the better! I shall doubtless succeed in finding the important paper in its secret depository.’

‘Come, Madam, show me your rooms, and your furniture. I wish to gratify a little curiosity,’ said the crafty wretch, with an ironic smile upon his countenance. Caleffi’s wife, self-possessed and dignified, glanced significantly to her silent but erect husband, as if saying, ‘Fear not, all is safe!’

The prying guards then ransacked every article which could possibly conceal any thing, the lynx-eyed commissioner meanwhile carefully watching the progress of the proceeding. Nothing, however, was found. They then proceeded up stairs, and there repeated the search. Still no result. The last place which they visited was the bed-room. No papers! The officer could scarcely restrain his impatience, and was on the point of giving vent to it, when his eye resting upon the picture, he immediately directed that it should be taken down.

‘Ah what have we here? An oven, the mouth of which is concealed by loose brick. What is there within it?’ said the officer.

‘I know nothing about it,’ said Caleffi.

‘I know nothing about it,’ repeated his wife.

‘But you must account for this unusual circumstance; an oven, and loose bricks concealing it! You doubtless kept something concealed here.’

‘I know nothing about it,’ was again the answer of both the Caleffi.

‘No! then I will tell you,’ added the enraged commissioner. ‘It was there you had some papers secreted.’

‘We know nothing about it,’ still repeated they, calmly and cheerfully.

‘Separate them at once!’ cried the officer. ‘We shall see!’

The wife was led to a room on the ground floor, and the husband remained in the bed-room. The baffled commissioner passed and re-passed alternately from Caleffi to his wife, but without success. Neither politeness, nor threats, nor promises, nor insinuations, were of any avail. The two Caleffi remained unshaken. They but echoed each other’s answer. ‘I know nothing about it! I know nothing about it!’

Evening, however, drawing near, it became necessary to make an end of the matter, and the father was dragged to prison, while out of consideration for the children, the mother was allowed to remain in the house, under the eye of several soldiers.

CHAPTER III.

In the centre of Ferrara there is an extensive castle, with four towers. The edifice was built during the Middle Ages by one of the princes of the house of Este, for his own safety. In the upper part of the castle, all is comfort, luxury, and pomp. In its magnificent saloons are still to be seen the productions of the most celebrated

masters, of Titian, of Dosso Dossi, and of Benvenuto of Garofalo. In the various rooms are found the most costly articles of furniture. The walls are decorated with gorgeous curtains, gilded cornices, and bas-relievs by master hands. Not a step is taken, but something brings to mind an historical reminiscence, and recalls the splendor of by-gone days. On one side the imagination, aided by the productions of the pencil, would almost persuade you that you could hear the muse of Ariosto and of Guarino ministering in song to gay circles of princes and courtiers. On the other, you may repose your limbs on the same couch upon which the beautiful Eleonora reclined, while listening to the sighs and receiving the homage of the immortal Tasso. Beyond, is the secret oratory where the amiable and accomplished Renata, of France, attended by her ladies, listened to the preaching of that morose and austere reformer, Calvin. In a more remote apartment, you may drop a tear over the doom of the unhappy Parasina, and there appreciate the poetic spirit of Byron, whose genius a few years since, in this very spot, conceived the beautiful poem in which are related the amours of that ill-fated princess and of her indiscreet step-son. Should inclination lead you, however, to descend to the subterranean part of the castle, the aspect of things suddenly changes. What a chill of horror is there experienced ! All is darkness ; every thing tells of suffering. On either hand are dungeons, cells, pit-falls, and chains, which without doubt once ministered to the cruel spirit of Feudalism. Among these various dungeons, one however is especially calculated to attract attention, on account of the barbarity displayed in its construction. In truth, it appears the work of a fiend rather than of a human being. Had Dante seen it he doubtless would have alluded to it in his immortal poem, as the abode of the most wretched among all the victims of the anger of God.

Around and beneath the building there flows a stream brought by artificial means from an adjoining river. The dungeon to which we allude is at the foot of one of the towers : it is approached by means of a long, crooked, and obscure corridor. Its only entrance is a small iron door, and its roof is of marble, upon which the dampness collects. The flooring consists of an iron grating, through which, reflected from the water, streams in pale and subdued rays the only light which enlivens this dreary place. It is so low, that it is impossible to stand upright within it, and one is obliged to lie down upon the grating, and in that painful position remain subject to the currents of air which are thrown upward by the flowing of the waters beneath. But a few days suffice to render its inmate sick, and on this account its use was strictly prohibited by the government of Napoleon. No such human disposition however animated Ondedei, the head of the police at the time of which we are speaking. To the disgrace of human nature, Caleffi, with the consent of the Cardinal, was thrown into this den, fit receptacle for reptiles only.

CHAPTER IV.

It is impossible, of course, to say what passed in the mind of Caleffi, but doubtless in the very inhumanity of his treatment he found

a fresh source of courage and of firmness. It is characteristic of great minds to become more elevated under suffering, and I have already said that Caleffi possessed one of extraordinary vigor. In this dungeon he remained two entire nights and days, without straw to lie on, and with only a limited allowance of bread and water. The rough manners of his gaoler, and the solitude which reigned around him, were calculated even more than these circumstances, to weigh upon his spirits. Whoever could have read his inmost soul would most likely have there found reflected the dear images of his wife and children; perchance have heard their names murmured amidst his sighs; have detected some half-smothered complaint, suppressed by an indignant effort, ere fully uttered; perchance have heard breathed forth fresh aspirations for his country's welfare; aspirations telling of his love for that country, of honor, and of duty. And such indeed was the fact.

Toward the middle of the third night, the gratings of his door were noisily opened, and he was called forth. Before him stood several soldiers, and behind them was Colonel Ondedei.

This individual was originally from the province of Romagna, and noble by birth. He had once openly espoused the interest of Bonaparte, and subsequently joined the liberal party. Finally, however, he humbled himself at the foot of the Papal throne, in order to obtain the hateful post he filled at the time of which we are writing. Need greater proof be given of this wretch's utter abasement as a man, and of his fitness as a tool of the police?

'Caleffi, Caleffi!' he exclaimed, 'look at me, and listen to what I am about to say. You see the wretched condition to which you are reduced; wretched it is true, but slight in comparison with that to which you will shortly be brought. In a few days you are to appear before a specially constituted tribunal, which without question will convict you of high treason.'

Caleffi neither heeded him nor looked toward him.

'Answer me, wretched enemy of your sovereign! Are you prepared to suffer ignominiously upon the scaffold?'

Caleffi returned no answer.

'Have you no wife nor children? Are they not dear to you? Knowest thou, that the first is in prison, and has confessed all she knows? She has revealed the names of many of the Carbonari which were upon your list. This confession is sufficient to condemn you to death.'

'You lie!' cried the Caleffi: 'I believe you not!'

'How, wretch! I lie!' Dare you accuse the chief of the police with falsehood? You shall see, however! But what do I say? No! no! You shall not suffer upon the gibbet. You shall live, as also your wife. She of her own accord has sought the Cardinal, and obtained his consent that I should come here. I now assure you, that if you will only accede to my request, and state the name of the Ferrarese Carbonari, your punishment shall be mitigated.'

Caleffi remained silent.

'Moreover, I will procure a full pardon for you. I can do any thing with the Cardinal.'

Caleffi answered not.

‘Yes, Caleffi, I would save you in spite of yourself. I pity your family and your inexperience. I know that you are a victim of seduction. For this night I leave you to your own thoughts. Reflect well upon your situation. I will see you again, and trust I shall be able to bring you some good news; for doubtless you will see the propriety of complying with my request, and of seconding the efforts which your wife is making, in your behalf, with the Cardinal. Will you make me no answer?’

‘No!’

‘Then good night, Caleffi.’

‘Keep your spirits,’ said Ondedei as he left him, though more annoyed than he saw fit to appear. Caleffi returned into his cell with fresh apprehensions and misgivings, perhaps, but certainly with renewed determination.

CHAPTER V.

‘WHAT!’ exclaimed the Cardinal, as seated in his well gilded and tapestried chamber, he listened to Ondedei, as he related the result of his interview. ‘What! a mere youth! a father! a husband! an uncultivated plebeian, and in such a dungeon! After all the threats, all the promises, still to persist in his audacious obstinacy! What shall we do, my dear director? How shall we overcome him?’

Ondedei listened and pondered. From his occupation, he was accustomed to strive successfully against the defencelessness of unarmed virtue; to deceive the inexperience of youth; to awe the timidity of poverty; and even to overcome the astuteness of the vigorous intellect.

‘Your Highness need not despair: the breast of man is a labyrinth of passions, of interested feelings, of hopes and of fears. When the clue to this labyrinth is once discovered, it is easy to thread it. Trust to me. There are some characters that are strong in certain points and weak in others. They must be approached on their weakest side. It appears to me that Caleffi is a person who must be gently led rather than driven.’

‘Well! do whatever you think most likely to obtain from this youth the confession which we require. It is all important that I should discover this conspiracy of the Carbonari. Religion and the State are in danger. Every thing must be done to save them. I give you full power to act.’

When night had set in, Ondedei again visited Caleffi, who was either asleep, or feigned to be so. The gaoler, stooping down, entered the dungeon with a light. Leaning over the prisoner, and taking his hand, he gently shook him, calling him by name.

Caleffi rubbed his eyes, and stretching out his limbs, looked at his visiter, but did not speak.

‘Caleffi, get up; come into the passage; I wish to speak with you.’

Caleffi arose and stepped into the corridor where he found Ondedei.

The guards who accompanied the commissioner immediately fell back.

‘Caleffi,’ said the commissioner; ‘I have succeeded, though with much difficulty, in pacifying the Cardinal. Immediately upon hearing my report, he was about to direct that you should appear to-morrow

before the tribunal. But I induced him to suspend this order, by pledging myself that you would listen to my solicitations. Be therefore obedient, and show yourself repentant. It will cost you but a slight effort; only two words! Give me but the names of the Carbonari, and you will be free.'

'Caleffi uttered not a syllable.

'Perhaps your sufferings or your fears may be the cause of your silence?'

'No! no! I feel no pain, and chains have no terror for me.'

'So much the better. Now listen. Give me either the list or the names that it contained; you know them, for they were the names of those who paid into your hands their monthly contributions. The government is daily acquiring fresh information in relation to the Carbonari. Take heed lest shortly we be able to dispense with any disclosures you may have to make; for should you delay you will gain nothing by them. Now is the time for you to speak. What do you say?'

Caleffi was silent.

'Think, my dear Califfi, of your own interests, not of those of the Carbonari. They, when arrested, as will be the case shortly, will be submitted to the ordeal of a legal inquiry, will confess all; and your silence, however praiseworthy, will only be laughed at by them. They will of course only look to their own safety. You should do likewise.'

Caleffi returned no answer.

'Answer me, at least; I repeat, you shall have a full pardon, and beside, a pecuniary reward. What you say shall remain a secret. I pledge my honor to this. What more do you want?'

'I wish nothing, for I have nothing to reveal.'

'But you know well that the Counts Tommasi, Raspi, the Marquis of Conorrici, the Counsellor Ferrarini, were ——'

'I have never seen those persons, and I know not who they are. I am a poor plebeian, and have nothing to do with the nobility or the lawyers.'

The persons mentioned by Ondedei were in reality some of the chief officers of the Carbonari; but they were suspected by the government only from their well known liberal sentiments. Tommasi afterward became an informer, and Ferrarini was pardoned by Pius VII. Of the remaining two, one was tried and condemned by the Austrian government, and the other is at present an exile in France.

'So you will disclose nothing?'

'I have nothing to disclose.'

'I go, miserable youth! What shall I say to your wife?'

'Say to her that I love her, that I recommend my children to her care, and that I have no reason to fear.'

'Nay, so far from it, you have reason to rejoice, if you will only follow the Cardinal's wishes and mine. I will in the mean time see that you have a straw-bed, a coverlid, good food, and that your chains be removed. To-morrow you shall walk in the corridor, and breathe the fresh air.'

'I have need of nothing, and ask for nothing; nevertheless, I thank you for your good intentions.'

‘ Good night, Caleffi.’

The door closed, and the next day he was treated as had been promised by the director of the police, who was again foiled and misled.

CHAPTER VI.

‘ IRON-hearted man ! Yet remember that even iron may be rendered pliable. However, I must have recourse to other measures. Can it be possible that my efforts will not be crowned with success ? It cannot be ! I certainly shall not fail. How important will not my services appear in the eyes of my sovereign ? The discovery of a conspiracy ! Honors, wealth, nothing will be beyond my reach ! What brilliant prospects ! But I see I must work with increasing diligence and perseverance : all the better. The more glorious will be my triumph. And then again, why talk of virtue and firmness ? Mere words ! Ah, Caleffi ! I have had to deal with men infinitely your superiors in rank, in character, and in education. Men who from lions I have seen become lambs. Yes, yes ! You also will become so docile that I shall be able to handle you with impunity. I have yet in reserve some powerful weapons with which to overcome you. To work, then !’

Thus reasoned the depraved Ondedei, while at the same time he concealed his anger and malignity under the appearance of perfect good nature.

This same night he re-visited Caleffi ; the soldiers remaining in the corridor, while with a light in his hand he crept into his prisoner’s cell.

‘ Ah ! how do you find yourself, my dear Caleffi ?’ he exclaimed. ‘ I trust your last night was passed more agreeably than the preceding ones, for I see that the gaoler has provided you with those comforts and indulgencies which I promised : give me your hand.’

Caleffi extended it not.

‘ What ! still gloomy and silent ? But why do you act thus ? I have some pleasing intelligence for you. Your wife is at liberty, and is now at home with her children. She sends her love to you, and advises you to confide in me.

‘ She is free, say you ? And is so, perhaps, as an especial favor ! In case you do not deceive me even in this, let me tell you that you have done an act merely of justice. What has she ever done, pray, to justify her imprisonment ?’

‘ Pshaw ! pshaw ! — these are useless reflections, my dear Caleffi : you know that in the eyes of our rulers the public safety is the one all-important object. Reason and justice, you must be aware, enter into the support of this vital interest.’

‘ I know nothing about such things.’

‘ True ! — you are right. It is wrong even to meddle with politics ; particularly for a poor man like you. But now that you have committed yourself, (as I confess I have since an early period,) it becomes requisite that we should mutually assist each other, and at least save ourselves and our *cousins*, the Carbonari. A time will come when we shall again be able to further the grand object of our society.’

‘ I do not understand you.’

‘Give me your hand, Caleffi, and you will at once comprehend my meaning.’ So saying, he took hold of Caleffi’s hand, and with the middle finger touched him three times upon the palm.

‘What does this mean?’ said Caleffi.

‘Cousin,’ said Ondedei, ‘embrace me. ‘Fern!’ ‘Nettle!’ whispered the commissioner.

‘What means this mummary?’ exclaimed the prisoner. ‘Faith, Hope, Charity!’ cried the treacherous magistrate, with much earnestness.

Ondedei, who in 1815 had become an apostate from the society of the Carbonari, wished to make Caleffi believe that he was still zealous in support of, and faithful to, its principles. Hence he prostituted to his purpose the word ‘*Cousin*,’ which was the term of fraternity among the Carbonari, as he did also the two first above-mentioned expressions. These being called ‘*pass-words*,’ and the latter ‘*sacred*,’ and all of which were conventional terms, used by the members to recognize and greet each other.

‘What do you mean?’ said Caleffi. ‘You are amusing yourself, Sir, at my expense.’

‘By no means, my dear cousin; I wish you to understand that I have been a Carbonaro for many years, and that at heart I am still one. I have accepted the office of director of the police with the sole object of furthering the views of the society in any way that may offer; and to do which I would even lay down my life.’

Caleffi was silent.

‘It is true,’ resumed Ondedei, ‘that I have not been admitted into the society as reorganized last year, nor is it by any means requisite that I should be. The chiefs of our central body at Naples well know that I am entirely devoted to their interests. They advised me not to avow myself a member of the reformed society, in order to be the better able to discover and thwart the plans of the government against it. Have I not acted wisely, Caleffi?’

Caleffi returned no answer.

‘Now,’ continued Ondedei, ‘in this sudden and unlooked-for commotion, I find myself ignorant of the names of the reformed Carbonari, and of course know not what step to take for their advantage. Give me therefore only their names, and you will see whether or not I shall be able to manage matters quietly, as well as to save them.’

Caleffi was silent.

‘And at least, if you do not know the names of all, give me those of the leaders. It is against them that the displeasure of the government is principally directed, and we must render it futile.’

‘Come! be quick! Time passes. From one instant to another we are in danger of the Cardinal’s discovering them, and then it will no longer be in my power to save them. The Cardinal, who after all is a good natured man,’ continued the commissioner, ‘may perhaps, in consideration of your disclosures, be induced to proclaim a general pardon, and that without in the slightest degree compromising you. You would be instantly set free, and be held in high estimation by the Cardinal and our *cousins*. I am certain this would be the case; but most assuredly not, if the legal inquiries which have already com-

menced be continued. A stop, however, would be put to these, immediately upon your making the disclosures.'

'But I tell you that I know nothing about the matter.'

'See! I will at once arrange matters so that you shall receive a lucrative appointment. You know that the police always has places at its disposal.'

'Yes! Honorable employments truly!'

'Understand me. I mean some private situation.'

'I want none. I have one already, and that suffices me.'

'All very well; but I will better your condition. There take these;' and pulling from beneath his cloak two rouleaus of coin, he was about to place them in Caleffi's hand, when the latter, raising himself up, exclaimed:

'What are these?'

'They are two rouleaus of gold, each containing double Napoleons. Give me the names, and you may instantly return to your own house, and use them for the benefit of yourself and family. Every thing will remain secret. To-morrow all will be forgotten. Our *cousins* will be safe, and with the money you will be able to enjoy yourself for more than a year.'

Caleffi made a gesture expressive of anger, and of extreme contempt.

'And,' continued Ondedei, 'as to the fate of the Carbonari, if you will not trust me, accompany me to the Cardinal, and you shall receive from his own lips a promise that every thing shall be buried in oblivion.'

'I do not wish to go any where, except to my wife and children.'

'And so you shall: I myself will accompany you to them, and be a witness of the embraces and congratulations with which a husband is greeted when reunited to his family. Speak, Caleffi! and quickly, a few of the names.'

'What names? I know none.'

'The names of the leaders of the Carbonari.'

'I know not who the Carbonari are.'

'Then you will not speak?'

'I have nothing to say.'

'So you are determined to ruin your cousins?'

'I have no cousins.'

'You refuse, then, both freedom, money, and employment.'

'I do not refuse my freedom.'

'And should you be tried and condemned!'

'I have nothing to fear on that score, for I have committed no crime.'

'Reflect well upon what you are doing, for now I leave you, and shall not return. The tribunal must henceforth act in the matter.'

'I care not.'

'Farewell, Caleffi! I go.'

'Do as you think proper.'

'Will you disclose nothing?'

'Caleffi stretched himself out, and covered his head with the clothes.'

'Caleffi, for your own sake, for the sake of your wife and children,

for the welfare of our companions, the Carbonari, speak, I beseech you !'

Caleffi remained covered, and answered not.

Ondedei regarded his imperturbable prisoner with mingled admiration and rage. He paused, and added :

'I hope, at least, Caleffi, that you will not betray me to the government as a Carbonari, for what I have disclosed to you in the fulness of my confidence.'

'I am no spy !' exclaimed Caleffi.

Ondedei trembled, and muttering between his teeth, abruptly left the dungeon.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Ondedei had been striving to obtain a confession from the husband, an inferior officer of the police, with the like ill success, was using every possible artifice which craft and malignity could devise, to wring one from the resolute and unshaken wife. She was confined, as we have said, in her house, and guarded by several soldiers. Frequently during the day and night she was harassed by threats, promises, and falsehoods, with the view of forcing her to reveal what had been secreted in the mysterious oven, covered by the picture. The only answer, however, which could be obtained from her was, 'I know nothing about it.'

'She knows nothing about it,' said the Cardinal.

'Well, then, we must put a stop to the proceedings. It is possible, after all, that this woman may be entirely ignorant of her husband's secret. And if she were not, why should we, Mr. Commissioner, oblige a wife to disclose any thing that might injure the partner of her bosom ? It would be inhuman to do so. I will not stain my hands with so dark and foul a blot. Withdraw your soldiers from her house, and leave her in quiet with her children.' The sixth day had then elapsed, and his orders were obeyed.

During the proceedings which we have described, the Cardinal D'Arezzo experienced those feelings of impatience and remorse, which the commission of injustice calls forth in those who are yet alive to the workings of conscience.

It is an immutable law of our nature, that the intensity of good and evil passions diminishes in proportion to their duration. Moreover, the Cardinal was not a depraved man. Whoever should have read his character in the lineaments of his countenance, would have clearly traced indications of benevolence, though little of intellect.

His features were massive, yet his whole bearing was impressed with that certain degree of dignity which results from an artificial and effeminate education. His deportment conveyed the idea of good fellowship, while it in no way derogated from his pretensions to nobility, which were founded on his descent from an ancient Sicilian family.

Having also been regularly ordained a priest, which is not the case with every Cardinal, he was imbued with those mild and benevolent feelings which the religion of Christ does not fail to produce, when it is professed in sincerity, and with zeal. Moreover, his long and eventful life had been marked by a serious misfortune, which had left it

its traces upon the heart. He had been among the number of those Cardinals who had openly opposed the divorce of Napoleon from the unhappy and interesting Josephine; and who in consequence had stigmatized as illicit intercourse, the connection which that ambitious man, in the zenith of his glory, had formed with Maria Louisa. His conduct, however, on behalf of these Cardinals, cost him dearly. Arezzo lost all his ecclesiastical honors and emoluments, and was confined in a castle in Corsica, whence, but a few years before the time of this narrative, he was enabled to escape, owing to the continued and dexterous expedients of a faithful servant. Whoever has but tasted of the cup of misfortune, quickly sympathizes with the sufferings of others, and soon feels it an imperative duty to aid them in their wretchedness. Thus it was with the Cardinal, who having known from experience how human nature revolts at tyranny, felt disposed to act leniently toward his prisoner.

It was in this mood that the Cardinal was found by Ondedei, who came breathless, and foaming with rage to communicate to him the result of the third ineffectual attempt against the firmness of Caleffi,

‘And what else would you have us do, Colonel, in order to overcome this youth, and to obtain from him the names of our secret enemies?’

‘What! why I would, without any pity, have recourse to chains, to imprisonment, to stripes, to starvation. I would confine him with some wretch, who, in the hope of obtaining his own pardon, would shrewdly worm the secret from him.’

‘But have we not, for the space of seven days already, and without success, used the greater part of these means?’

‘Ah, your Highness, the obstinacy which will not yield in the course of one week, may perchance be overcome in two or three—in a month—in a year; and beside, mild measures having failed, we must resort to harsh ones.’

‘But you told me that in your opinion Caleffi would yield only to kindness.’

‘True; I am ashamed to avow it: I was mistaken; but who is there that is not liable to be deceived, your Highness?’

‘I have learned that full well from your own operations, Colonel Ondedei; but the measures you propose are too repugnant to humanity, to law, and to the dictates of religion. No! I cannot consent to torment a man upon suspicion only, and for the sole object of discovering a crime; and all this without the direction of a legally constituted tribunal!’

‘Ah, Cardinal, if the Carbonari could only have the upper hand, what would they not do to us? Heaven preserve us from such an event! You would see them infinitely more cruel and inexorable than I propose to be with Caleffi.’

‘Do not let us run into suppositions, Colonel Ondedei; let us keep to the facts. We do not know that Caleffi is guilty; we only suspect him of being so. The most regular way of proceeding would be to subject him to a legal examination.’

‘But, your Highness, what foundation have we upon which to commence legal proceedings? We have only the secret denunciation against him by a Carbonaro, whose names we have pledged our

words should not be disclosed. The tribunal, therefore, would not know at what point to begin its interrogatories, and the result would be, an acquittal of the prisoner. In such an event, you would incur the odium of having imprisoned an innocent man.'

'If such be the case, I should be infinitely more obnoxious thereto, were I to persecute him farther, as you propose, without the sanction of judicial forms.'

'But it would be simply an attempt.'

'True; but a brutal one. Mankind are our brethren in the Lord. Our religion enjoins charity. Oh! Ondedei, how beautiful and comforting is that precept of Christ, in which we are commanded to do unto others as we would be done by!'

'Your excellency is too good; too pious.'

'No one can be either too good or too pious,' said the Cardinal.

'Listen! I have in these critical and complicated cases a discretionary power, to proceed in such a manner as shall appear the most conducive to the ends of justice, and of true policy. I have listened to, and carried out with extreme severity, the dictates of expediency for the last week; and much pain has it cost me. I would now subserve with benignity the ends of justice. Before day-break, let Caleffi be set free. I say before day-break, in order to avoid the effects of popular inquiry; of harsh comments, and of reports. You know very well that in these unpropitious days, the great body of the people are inimical to our government.'

'But too much so. Your excellency has ordered, and I have but to obey. Allow me, however, in the sincerity of my zeal, to make only one observation. God grant that your Highness may not hereafter see cause to regret this precipitate act of mercy.'

'No! no! I shall never have occasion to regret having performed an act of justice, which you, however, improperly term an act of mercy. Go, Sir, and obey my orders;' and thus saying, he haughtily pointed to the door.

'Curse the hypocritical priest! To give this wretch Caleffi the means of defeating me so shamefully! Why are these priests meddling with government, instead of attending to their prayers and their masses! A fine figure I make, truly! After all my vigilance, labor, movements, writings, to remain here like a simpleton, worsted by this ignorant dog of a plebeian! What will Ferrara say of me to-morrow? I shall be the scorn and derision of all, and my unpopularity will be greater than ever. Cursed be the occupation of an officer of the police! Ah! if things take this course, the papal government will not stand long. Directed by my lord this and my lord that, who know not an iota of law or administration, of the principles of policy, or the intricacies of the human heart. Alas! all my hopes are come to nought! Ah, Caleffi, Caleffi! if you had to deal with me alone, you would soon find out that I knew how to place the curb in your mouth, unbroken colt as you are! But the order must be obeyed; the order, too, of a priest!'

Thus did Ondedei give vent to his bitter and disappointed feelings; and descending slowly the flight of steps, he arrived at the dungeon of Caleffi when, with much affected warmth, he said:

'I congratulate you, my dear Caleffi. I have succeeded. Be

grateful! The Cardinal has yielded to my entreaties, and you are free! Go home at once, while it is dark. It is better that you should speak to no one in relation to what has passed in secret within the last few days. Farewell!

Caleffi quietly and calmly took his cloak; 'Farewell, Sir,' said he to Ondedei, and then instantly went home, to pour forth in the bosom of his own family the hitherto pent-up feelings of his wrongs, and then to exult in his triumph. A triumph worthy of history, and one which was fully appreciated by his fellow citizens of Ferrara.

Whoever is capable of feeling, can easily picture to himself the scene which ensued upon the reunion of Caleffi with his wife and children. Their embraces, their tears, their broken utterance, told plainly of their inward joy and powerful emotions. 'Oh, my children! you whom I hold dearer than my own being, weep not! Your father has not been injured. His love for his country and for his honor have made him rise superior to suffering. And thou, my beloved wife! fit companion in prosperity as in misfortune! — you have emulated me in the proofs you have given of your courage and firmness. Blessed be the Creator, who has imparted these virtues to you! We are poor, and we shall still be so, but we shall at least eat the bread of honest industry, and not live upon the fruits of baseness and perfidy. And you, my fellow citizens! You who are bound together by the bonds of a high and worthy political object — you, noble-minded Carbonari! do not praise me; you have no cause to thank me, for I have but done my duty.'

Yes, Caleffi! nobly did you your duty; and we will praise and remember you, until the last hour of our existence. Your performance of your trust saved many of us from persecution, from exile, from chains, from death! Had it not been for your almost superhuman firmness, and generous disinterestedness, how many families would have suffered! How many hopes would have been blasted! How great would have been the exultation of our enemies! Yes, Caleffi! Long live your name! Long live the recollection of your heroism! Let the proud and wealthy aristocrat, who scarcely deigns to look upon a plebeian, learn from your example that moral greatness is independent of birth, and of the smiles of fortune! — that in the midst of poverty are to be found those rare virtues, the possession of which enables the lowest to exclaim, with pride, in the presence of royalty itself, 'I, a plebeian, I too am a citizen; for within my bosom glows a spirit which has been fired from on High!'

It is in this country of civil and religious freedom, that I, an exiled sufferer in the holy cause of our common country, record your name and the circumstances of the memorable trial you underwent, and from which you derived as it were a new existence. If in Italy despotism confines within the bosom of your friends and of other noble-minded Italians those feelings of praise and of homage, of which it does not allow the utterance, here at least you will receive high eulogiums from a people who have known both how to obtain and how to preserve that liberty and independence which we sigh for, and now sigh in vain; but which a glorious hereafter will secure to us, when our young Italians shall be able to say, 'We also have the spirit of Caleffi within us!'

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

I.

MOTHER CAREY, Mother Carey!
 Thou old, mysterious dame,
 From what region high and airy
 Come the chickens of thy name?
 Like sprites that own nor house nor home,
 They flit above the wave,
 And in the 'white caps' milky foam
 Their little wings they lave.

II.

Far, far from land, where wild waves spread
 A watery wilderness,
 By day, by night, on ocean's bed
 Their leathery forms they press;
 Nor peasant finds their dwelling place,
 Nor seaman knows their home;
 Their pinions leave no mark nor trace
 On earth, or ocean's foam.

III.

Not where old Ocean rears on high
 His mountain-billow's crest,
 Are wildest sea-birds wont to fly,
 To build the downy nest:
 And not where calmness reigns profound,
 On far Pacific seas,
 Are biding-places ever found
 For wanderers such as these.

IV.

Their home, their home! — oh! tell me where
 Their home-bred treasures be;
 They cannot always skim the air,
 Nor float upon the sea;
 And here a voice, as from the clouds,
 Came whistling as in scorn;
 It swept along through sails and shrouds,
 And o'er the deep was borne.

V.

'And who art thou, of mournful mood,
 And soul with doubt all weary,
 Who takes such heed about the brood
 Of poor old Mother Carey?
 Thy home, thy home! — oh! tell me where
 Poor mortals such as thee
 May rest from all their toil and care,
 On Life's perturbed sea?

VI.

With panting hearts, from shore to shore
 All wearily ye roam,
 And search the world's wide desert o'er,
 Nor find the spirit's home;
 Thy spirit's home — thy spirit's home!
 The sound went o'er the sea;
 'Poor wanderer! low within the tomb
 Thy resting-place shall be!'

O R A T O R Y .

'True eloquence,' says BLAIR, 'is the art of placing truth in the most advantageous light for conviction and persuasion.' 'Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.' — WEBSTER.

To SPEAK well, and to write well, have ever been considered intellectual accomplishments of the first order. Among the ancients, the study of rhetoric and of elocution received an extraordinary share of attention, and was cultivated with corresponding success. This is evident, alike from the high character of their treatises on these subjects, and from the still existing monuments of their perfection in eloquence.

Of the rhetorical productions that have come down to us from antiquity, the '*Institutiones Oratoriae*' of Quintilian is decidedly the best. It embraces a comprehensive treatise on the theory of the art, and an extensive and judicious course of study for the orator. The author gives the results of his own experience, and evinces deep reflection, sound sense, and a refined taste. His style is evidently formed upon that of Cicero, and he writes with an elegance not unworthy of his master. These qualities, added to the judicious and practical character of his precepts, render his Institutes a work of inestimable value to the student of eloquence.

Cicero, in his excellent colloquial treatise, '*De Oratore*,' has discussed his subject at considerable length, and with great ability. After some general observations on the utility and importance of the art, and the great difficulty of its attainment, he proceeds to show, that in addition to natural endowments, a vast amount of knowledge, a comprehensive variety of learning and information, and especially an acquaintance with philosophy, history, and the Grecian masters of eloquence, are qualifications indispensable to the accomplished speaker. No orator of ancient or modern times has manifested a more thorough conviction, or just conception of the sublimity of this art, and the high qualities essential to it, than did Cicero; and his brilliant public career, whether in the senate, in the assemblies of the people, or in the courts of justice, was an instructive commentary upon his admirable precepts.

If some of the stripling orators of the present age, who imagine that to acquire tolerable fluency of speech, and to master the superficial knowledge so much in vogue, which skims over the surface of every thing, and penetrates deeply into nothing, are alone sufficient to create the spirit of eloquence, would take the trouble to read and digest this treatise of Cicero, they would probably form an humbler opinion of their own acquirements, and a more correct apprehension of the true nature of oratory.

Mr. WEBSTER, in one of the finest passages of his voluminous and splendid elocution, has delineated the character of eloquence in language of truth, force, and beauty, that could only proceed from one whose mind is deeply imbued with the spirit of the art. The passage is too long, and too familiar to American readers, to be quoted here ;

but we take occasion to pronounce it one of the most forcible and eloquent delineations in the whole range of the English language.

Were we to give briefly an analysis of this divine art, or rather, of so much of it as depends on natural capacity, we should sum it up in these attributes: Force of intellect, vigor of imagination, and sensibility of mind.

To the first of these belong quickness and clearness of intellectual perception, and boldness of inference; to the second, power of invention, or the power of developing truth, and investing it with the form of beauty; and to the last, susceptibility of being moved by the subject; of being enrapt in it; of having the energies of the soul thoroughly roused by the depth and strength of its own convictions. Where these qualities exist, there is true oratory. Where they are wanting, the efforts and arts of the mere declaimer are employed to no purpose.

There is an invisible and mysterious bond of union that links the hearer, in thought and feeling, with the individual who addresses him. It informs the speaker, with unerring certainty, when he is eloquent, and when he is not. If his conceptions be clear and bold, his propositions simple, intelligible, and true, his sentiments lofty and just; if his manner have the earnestness of sincerity, and his language the ardent glow of conviction, he will strike the chord of sympathy till it shall vibrate from his own bosom to that of each of his hearers, and back again to himself, with the power of renewed inspiration. Then will he 'pour along a flood of argument and passion' that shall accomplish all that eloquence can effect, and which nothing less than eloquence is able to achieve.

Such was the oratory of Demosthenes, when he roused his assembled countrymen from their fatal lethargy to an overpowering sense of their danger, and thundered terror into the bosom of the Macedonian Philip. Such was the eloquence of Cicero, when he poured out the vials of his withering indignation upon the devoted head of Verres and of Cataline; of the Earl of Chatham, when, in the British Parliament, he remonstrated fervently and powerfully against the colonial policy of the ministry; of the daring and patriotic spirit of the American Henry, when he first sounded the note of resistance to British aggression. Such, too, was the oratory of the New-England Senator, when, in the memorable tariff controversy, his unsparing logic and overpowering sarcasm fell upon his southern antagonist; and of the orator of the West, when, on numerous occasions in the high councils of his country, his suasive tones and resistless manner have alternately charmed to stillness and agitated to commotion the assemblage of gifted spirits around him.

In these, and innumerable other instances, the character of true oratory has been happily and powerfully illustrated. He who has been present at the arena of high debate, when giant minds have met in frequent and fierce collision, or at the tribunal of justice when innocence has triumphed over guilt, even against fearful odds in the testimony, by the power of the advocate, or who has sat in the temple of God, when the still small voice of the herald of the cross has spoken alarm to the quiet conscience, or soothed to peace the agitated mind; he who has witnessed any of these, must have experienced a true and vivid conception of the nature and power of eloquence.

N I G H T S T U D Y .

I.

I AM alone : and yet
 In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
 A crowd of viewless wings ; I hear a gush
 Of uttered harmonies, heaven meeting earth,
 Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

II.

Ye winged mysteries,
 Sweeping before my spirit's conscious sight,
 Each beck'ning, as he flies,
 Me to go forth in an advent'rous flight
 With you, far in th' unknown, unseen Immense
 Of worlds beyond our sphere, what are ye ? — whence ?

III.

Ye eloquent voices,
 Soft now as breathings of a distant flute,
 Now strong, as when rejoices
 The trumpet in the victory and pursuit —
 Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
 My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

IV.

I know ye now ! — I see
 With more than natural light ; ye and the good,
 The wise departed, ye
 Are come from heaven, to claim your brotherhood
 With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
 And chains which once were yours, in this sad life.

V.

Ye hover o'er the page
 Ye traced in ancient day with glorious thought
 For many a distant age ;
 Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
 From your sublime examples, and to cheer
 The fainting student to your high career.

VI.

Ye come to nerve the soul
 (Like him who near th' Atoner* stood, when He,
 Trembling, saw round him roll
 The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,)
 With courage strong — the promise ye have known
 And proved, rapt from the eternal throne.

VII.

Still keep, oh ! keep me near you !
 Compass me round with your immortal wings !
 Still let my glad soul hear ye,
 Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
 Until I mount with you, and join the song,
 An angel like you 'mid the white-robed throng !

Philadelphia, Dec. 18.

Geo. W. BETHUNE.

* LUKE xxii., 43: 'And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.'

P H Y S I O G N O M Y .

OR A TRUE KEY TO THE 'PARAGON OF ANIMALS.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE are perhaps few subjects in the whole circle of the sciences more universally and readily admitted, and yet at the same time apparently less reducible to principles of scientific demonstration, than that of **PHYSIOGNOMY**. The phrenologists indeed, seem here to have the advantage ; for whatever may be said of the correctness of their delineations, and their adaptation to positive principles, they certainly present to us more palpable and more tangible evidence in the multiplicity and variety of their protuberent and characteristic bumps. I cannot but believe that there is much truth in each of these *sciences*, notwithstanding it has been contended that such a designation is by far too dignified an appellation for them. Undoubtedly both, being in such juxta-position, may be supposed to possess a common affinity, although the validity of the one in no degree involves that of the other. The advocates of phrenology have been by far the more numerous ; it has consequently received a larger share of the popular consideration. For this reason, I have ventured to select that of physiognomy as the subject of a few remarks. I shall endeavor to present some of the leading principles of the science, with an occasional illustration, simply 'premissing,' by a few common-places touching the more prominent features of the countenance, by way of *prima facie* evidence.

And first, I shall begin with noses. Every one knows he has a nose, and he knows that it is the leading feature, since all follow it. Noses, then, are of divers kinds. There is the Roman, the Grecian, the Aquiline, the Snub, the Bottle, the Turn-up, the Mulberry, the Snout, the Crooked, the Pimple, and the No-nose ! In attempting an analytical description of these varieties of the organ, I confess myself not a little embarrassed for terms, by which to accurately delineate their respective characteristics. With the first-named, the *Roman*, we are all familiarly acquainted. The excess of its conformation, however, strikingly resembles the bill of the parrot ; hence this nose is sometimes facetiously termed, the 'beak.' For an illustrious specimen of this variety, we may refer to that world-renowned son of Mars, the Duke of Wellington, vulgarly known by the cognomen of 'Nosey' — 'Old Nosey !' There are doubtless many similar instances to be met with, but let this suffice. The classic honor bestowed on this species of the nasal organ, is from the well-known circumstance of its having been so generally in vogue with the people of that name. The same, as its title imports, is also the case with the second class, called *Grecian*. This may be said to possess by far the greatest pretensions of any to beauty of figure. It is more perpendicular from the forehead, and without any of the projection of the bridge, comes straight down, with rather an acute angular termination. The *Aquiline* somewhat approaches the latter, with the exception of a slight indentation from the frontal bone, with rather an inclination upward at the

extremity. We come next to the '*Snub*.' This has been sometimes vulgarly but expressively termed '*the Pug*.' It has great expansiveness of the nostrils, is rather short and wide, and uncommonly fleshy withal. The *Bottle-nose* belongs almost exclusively to the victim of intemperance, of which it may be considered the sure concomitant. It is a kind of bulbous plant, or absorbent, concentrating in itself the fiery essences of the '*potations deep*' of the devotee of Bacchus. Its appearance is the physical embodiment of the rosy juice. The '*Turn-up*' is a caricature of the '*Snub*,' possessing all its peculiarities in more startling relief, and is commonly supposed, although perhaps unjustly, to characterise the more vulgar of the species. We have an illustration of this variety in the case of the great '*schoolmaster*,' Lord Brougham, who sports a nose of this description, which, in an eloquent harangue, possesses the most extraordinary nervous action. This however should be regarded rather as an anomaly than as an illustration of the class. There is also the '*Mulberry*.' This is a most abominable specimen of the bottle-nose, in all its worst features. Nothing indeed can outvie its hideous characteristics. I have yet another to describe in my catalogue of the genus — the *Snout*. This is a nose concerning which there can be no mistake. It seems to project almost horizontally from the face, a little inclined to turn up, and appears to be made solely to accommodate a pair of elongated nostrils, of outrageous proportion; while from its very peculiarly projecting conformation, it seems to induce in the beholder an irresistible desire to have a pull at it, for which office indeed it is singularly adapted. Little need be said about the '*Pimple*.' It is the smallest apology for a nose extant, being '*small by degrees, and beautifully less*;' hence it will be only proportionably just to the others, to say as little about this variety as possible. I may remark, however, that it is sometimes observable in the young boarding-school Miss. But I must not omit to notice *Crooked-noses*, as well as the '*No-noses*.' It is a curious fact, although common to the observation of all, that there is scarcely a straight nose to be met with. None may be said to be entirely without irregularity. Almost all noses incline either to the right or left of the direct line, in a slight degree, caused most probably by the frequent and indispensable application of manual service to that worthy member. It is also equally curious, that no two faces are to be found precisely alike in expression.

The next feature I shall glance at will be the eyes, '*those windows of the soul*.' I am not acquainted with a very extensive variety in this delicate and insinuating member. There appears, however, to be certain broad characteristic differences between the following varieties; viz: the *dark* eye, the *gray*, the *blue*, and the *gimblet*. The dark eye, although proper to no particular class of character, may yet be said to possess some peculiarities. It is not only a token of beauty, and capable of imparting to features of even defective outline a highly pleasing effect, but it is of itself always powerfully expressive. Of the gray, there are some minor varieties, such as the dark gray, which is also expressive, and seems to be a medium between the black and blue. Then there is the light-gray, which seems to belong peculiarly to elderly maiden ladies, nurses, and regular devils.

Why this peculiarity is so apparent, I confess myself unable to explain. Perhaps those more efficient in physiological science, may be able to offer some elucidation of a subject so confessedly shrouded in mystery.

The *cat's-eye* is another variety of the gray, caused apparently by a slight infusion of yellow. It is extremely disagreeable to look upon, and its possessor is supposed to share some affinity in character and disposition with the feline race. The *blue eye* is always beautiful; it is one of Nature's own sweet tints, and consequently ever delightful to contemplate. It betokens mildness and amiability of disposition, and is most generally monopolized, as indeed it should be, by the fair sex. The *gimblet*, otherwise called the *swivel-eye*, is a kind of anomaly in the world of eyes. It being an exception to all rule, no direct application can be made of it to any distinct individual class. The swivel, however, is of a very penetrating nature, since it at once insinuates itself into your affections. Sometimes it is seen to ornament the unmarried, of both sexes oftentimes; also the more courageous disciples of St. Benedict. Some prominent individuals have possessed this peculiarity. I remember several instances; among them, the late Rev. Edward Irving.

There are three or four varieties of the *Mouth*. It will not however be required that these should be very minutely particularized. A small mouth being justly considered the test of beauty, it would be ungallant to mar its fair proportions by attempting to *enlarge* upon it; while the large one, being already an outrage upon the true standard, any *extended* remarks upon it would be uncharitable.

The science of physiognomy, as already stated, although frequently condemned as being fallacious, and liable to mislead us in our estimate of character, is yet every where practically admitted among us. And although it may seem to be difficult to reduce it to positive principles, yet to reject it altogether, on this account, is indeed a very unphilosophical method of solving the problem. Nothing is more common than exclamations like the following, on first seeing an individual: 'What an honest-looking face he has!' 'How forbidding an expression this one has!' 'How the rogue is depicted in the other!' etc. Have we not our likings and our aversions? Do we not involuntarily shrink from one person whose face does not comport with our ideas of honesty, and rush with open arms to another, whose countenance more nearly approaches our imaginary standard? This proves that we are all physiognomists. Then there are the equally broad national characteristics, distinctions which have even become a proverb amongst us. We say, for instance, of the Englishman, from his habitually grave deportment, that he is never happy but when he is miserable: of the Irishman, also, from his strongly-marked and well known belligerent qualities, that he is never quiet but when he is kicking up a row: of the Scotchman, from his enterprising activity, that he is never at home but when he is abroad. These are not antithetical jokes, but palpable and admitted facts. There are also similar traits observable among other nations. The French, for example, from their vivaciousness, are said to be never at rest but when they are dancing; while we say of the phlegmatic sons of Yarmany, from their seeming obtuseness and indolence, that they can never see any

thing clearly but when they are enveloped in clouds of smoke. And there can be no doubt that other inhabitants of the civilized and uncivilized world exhibit in their *frontispieces* equally distinctive characteristic attributes. And were we to look at home, who could not detect at a glance, by his 'cute' features, the purveyor of wooden nutmegs?

Does not all this speak volumes for the truth of our science? Again, the professions and trades have also a decided influence in determining the character of the countenance, so that even where nature has originally impressed the features with a marked dissimilarity, they nevertheless acquire, from this cause, a peculiar resemblance in expression. This is owing, of course, to the particular pursuit calling into exercise a corresponding condition of the mind, and which, being habitual, exerts a direct and powerful influence over the features. The well known and admirably drawn portrait by Boz, of 'Squeers,' the Yorkshire school-master, is a case in point. What a mysterious compound does he represent! — exhibiting the broad grin of jesuitical politeness, coupled with the ill-disguised, because too legible, lines which none can mistake as indicative of tyrannical severity. These opposite emotions, so constantly alternating in his face, cause his features finally to assume the permanent expression already described. We find likewise in the physician the two-fold expression of profound and inscrutable sagacity, united with that blandness and affability of deportment so essential to the disciple of Esculapius. Who can fail to discover in the lawyer the characteristics of a stern cold-heartedness and cunning, which may be supposed to stop at nothing, where the interest of his client, and consequently his own, is concerned, provided only he is certain of *legal* indemnity? In him too we find the manifest expression of supercilious courtesy, and specious affability, even when he is deeply engaged in threading out the mazy sinuosities of his occult and never-to-be-by-common-people-understood profession. Again, in the clergyman: how can we fail to observe — in some instances I admit more than others — the curious compound of an ill-disguised love of worldly enjoyments, united with an appearance of great sanctimoniousness, and a portion of the asceticism of the cloister, as well as contempt of all sublunary good? Should it be objected here that these sketches are not *average* portraits, it must be remembered that those selected have been preferred for their points of illustration simply, without the design of disparaging any class, by an attempt at caricature.

But I should not omit, in enumerating the evidences of the validity of our theory, that we possess, in addition to this mass of incontestable demonstration, the records in its favor which are of divine origin: 'The countenance of the wise,' saith Solomon, 'showeth wisdom; but the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth.' And Ecclesiastes the Preacher: 'A man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding, by his countenance, when thou meetest him.' Indeed, is it not a common maxim with us, that 'the face is the index of the mind?' Where we find so much apparent truth, it is scarcely just to insinuate all to be founded in error.

But let us now glance at the probable advantages to be derived

from the study and cultivation of this science. To acquaint himself with the principles which have been educed by the profound investigation applied to this interesting and important subject, is assuredly the duty, as it is the interest, of every diligent inquirer after truth. Man, composed as he is of a complex nature, is physically and morally a very mysterious being; and if we regard either his actions or his words, we shall find ourselves equally at a loss fully to ascertain the reality of his motives and intentions. But to enter into a detailed enumeration of the several advantages which result from the right application of this science, would require more space than can be allotted to it in the present essay: a single remark must suffice. Nothing is more important to man and to society than mutual intercourse. Any rational method, therefore, by which we may readily, as well as accurately, judge between the virtuous and the vicious, in forming our associations, must be of paramount value. Physiognomy then comes to our aid; it directs us when to choose, when to reject; when to speak, as well as when to be silent; when to console and when to reprove. Thus a more accurate acquaintance is ascertainable of the prevailing internal emotions and sentiments which determine the character, from the conformation of the external features of the countenance, than it is possible to attain by any other means. Lavater, the great father of this science, says: 'We know that nothing passes in the soul, which does not produce some change in the body; and particularly, that no desire, no act of willing, is exerted by the mind, without some corresponding motion at the same time taking place in the body. All changes of the mind originate in the soul's essence, and all changes in the body, in the body's essence. The body's essence consists in the conformation of its members; therefore the conformation of the body, according to its form, and the form of its constituent members, must correspond with the essence of the soul. In like manner must the varieties of the mind be displayed in the varieties of the body. Hence the body must contain something in itself, and in its form, as well as in the form of its parts, by which an opinion may be deduced concerning the native qualities of the mind. The question here does not indeed concern those qualities derived from education or observation; therefore, thus considered, physiognomy, or the art of judging a man by the form of his features, is well-founded.' The lines of the countenance constitute its expression, which expression is always true, when the mind is in a state of repose, and free from constraint; therefore, it is by them we are to discover, when in their native position, what are the natural bent and inclination of certain properties of the mind.

Thus it is the province of this science to usurp the place of those crude and uncertain opinions, so commonly adopted, by which we imbibe at first sight either the feeling of preference or aversion toward an individual, and to aid us, by the ascertained principles of true philosophy, to arrive at correctness in our conclusions. This principle, however, has been applied by many of the advocates of Physiognomy to the entire human form. The most recent writer on the subject, Dr. A. Walker, whose anthropological works have met with so wide and deserved a popularity both in England and in this country, argues for this hypothesis, from the three great systems of

which the animal economy is composed, viz. the locomotive, by means of the bones, ligaments, and muscles ; the vital, or vascular, being the nutritive and secretive organs and absorbents, including also the blood-vessels ; and the nervous, or mental, comprising the organs of sense, which possess the mysterious faculty of transmitting impressions from external objects. It is also ingeniously remarked of the location of these several systems, that there is a striking and curious analogy between them and the inferior orders of nature. We find the mechanical or locomotive organs, abstractly considered, are placed in the lowest situation, the extremities ; while the bones, being essentially mineral, correspond with the lowest order of creation, the mineral kingdom. Those, again, which consist chiefly of the vital system, also appear to correspond with the second order, in the vessels which constitute vegetable life, being placed in a higher situation in the human body ; while the nervous or mental system (proper to all animal existences, for all organized bodies are believed to possess both brain and certain nervous fibres) is placed in the head, corresponding with the highest order of creation. The science of anthropology, or anatomical development, has however but a collateral bearing upon our subject ; yet it may not be amiss to take a passing notice of it, for the sake of illustration. This theory, as I have already intimated, is that of adapting the rules of physiognomical science to the developments of the entire human system, which is seen by the relative proportions of the bones, muscles, etc. Thus, for an instance of præeminent physical strength, the author refers to the muscular developments, as depicted in the statues of Hercules and the Gladiator, as constituting the beauty, and expressive of the power, of the locomotive system. Again, as in the ancient Saxons, where the body is found to be disproportionably large, and the limbs slender and small, an excess of the vascular system is portrayed. While again, as in the busts of Homer, and most specimens of Grecian sculpture, where the head is large, and the countenance expressive and indicative of thought, the beauty and power of the mental system is consequently denoted.

But to return to 'the head and front' of our subject. Phrenologists divide the cranium into two great divisions ; the *cerebellum*, or hinder portion, comprising the organs of sense, common to all animals, and the *cerebrum*, consisting of the organs of the mind : as these organs therefore respectively exhibit greater or less development, we discover the indications of the preponderance of the mental or animal qualities ; as in all superior animals, the organs of sense are found precisely opposite where the face terminates, that is, opposite the articulation of the lower jaw, extending to the spine, and projecting from the occiput, or back of the head. Again, when the cerebrum is longest anteriorly, observation and intellect excels, and the reverse is seen where the animal qualities predominate. Thus physiognomy is in part allied both to phrenology and physiology, as seen in the comparative view of the three great organs of sensation, mental operation, and volition. This last faculty is situated at the back of the head, or cerebellum, while those of sense, being placed in the face, present every facility for physiognomical examination. These faculties, or organs, are, it is well known, five in number ; viz : touch,

taste, smell, hearing, and sight. The intellectual parts of the countenance are at once self-evident; the forehead, the eye, and the ear. Where these are found amply developed, the head will be generally found of a pyriform shape, indicative of a predominance of intellectuality. We find this peculiarity displayed, in a striking manner, in the head of Daniel Webster. The expansion of the other parts of the head being adapted to animal and vital purposes are less distinctly marked: wherever these, however, are found in excess, there will also be observable a general roundness of the countenance, indicating a preponderating influence of the animal system. But it must be borne in mind, that the face not only presents organs of sense, but also those of impression, its muscular parts being under the control of the will. Had this been otherwise, we should not have been able to ascertain so accurately the extent of mental action. This then appears to be the first and most important rule of physiognomy, that of examining the preponderance of these organs respectively. How commonly do we hear it observed, that a face is beautiful, though utterly destitute of intellectual expression; and the reverse is equally true. This partial deficiency in expression is more generally observable in the countenances of the softer sex, although there are some lamentable instances, in a stronger degree, of this peculiarity in the other. Indeed I might take occasion to enlarge upon the subject of the diversity of expression in faces to as great a length and much greater than the reader's patience would permit; beginning perhaps with that which most nearly accords with the correct standard of beauty, through an almost infinite variety, down to that curious nondescript familiarly called a 'wry face,' and which is, remarkably enough for our argument, often indicative of a corresponding disposition. I should like to ask, by the way, while it occurs to me, what portrait painter would disavow his belief in physiognomy; for it seems to me, it is the life and soul of his profession; since *character*, otherwise called *expression*, is every thing to the success of a picture.

But to resume. The *observing* faculties then appear to depend on the anterior part of the brain, corresponding to the forehead, the comparing on the middle, and the determining faculties on the posterior part of the brain. From the peculiar organ of *touch*, we chiefly derive ideas; from sight, emotions; and from hearing and tasting, desire or aversion. No illustration is required in confirmation of these apparent truths. The two intellectual organs, the eye and ear, resemble each other in being both duplex, and also in being situated separately on each hemisphere of the cranium; while the nose and mouth, being adapted for more animal purposes, are situated near to each other, and in the centre of the face. So necessary, indeed, is this approximation of smell and taste to animal purposes, that wherever we find the greatest preponderance of these, we invariably discover the increase and nearer approach of these organs: on the other hand, so far as the eye and ear are organs of impression and not of expression, and as such connected with the brain by peculiar nerves, it is obvious that they are not animal, but purely intellectual. Thus much for general principles. I shall particularize very briefly these organs respectively.

And first, touching *touch*. This sense, as is well known, is diffused

over all the human system, but is more intense both at the lips and fingers' ends. The lips therefore may be said to represent this organ, and the degree of their linear or full development to indicate accordingly the possession of the faculty. The nose and mouth in a subordinate sense possess intellectual sympathies and associations. It is a curious fact, that all the parts connected with the lower jaw are acting parts. The under teeth act on the upper, the tongue on the palate, and most generally also the under lip on the upper. Accordingly, where we find the under lip obtruded, there is sure to be the active exercise of passion, either of desire or aversion : in the former case, it is said to be everted, and in the other inverted ; while we invariably find the upper lip expands on receiving pleasurable impressions. Thus we may generally decide, that an equally yet moderately prominent development of both is characteristic of a well-balanced mind. Of the nose, that called Roman, possessing large capacity, and more directly constructed to admit odors, to impress the olfactory nerve, is considered usually as a favorable development ; and that which is flat, defective in this. Again : the short up-turned nose is evidently calculated to receive more rapid impressions, while that of a long overhanging shape receives them more slowly. Width of the nose is said to denote the greater permanency of its functions, and its height, their intensity. In the total absence of elevation and delicate outline of the nose, as usually observable in the commoner Irish, will be found absence of sentiment ; while the contrary is equally true. Bulwer, the novelist, I remember, is an instance in point. Of the eye, that which is large, being capable of more powerful impression, especially of projecting from its orbit, betokens large capability, while that of lesser magnitude and more receding, denotes on the contrary a deficiency of power. An iris of a dark color is said to possess more accuracy, and to be of a firmer character, while one that is blue, is the reverse. In the former, the rays of light are more concentrated and absorbed, while in the latter, these are rendered more indefinite and soft.

The eyelids, like the mouth and nose, are active or passive : those beneath rise or fall, with sensations of pleasure or pain, while the upper lids receive or exclude impressions at will. Those therefore which are widely expanded, exemplify intensity and keenness of inspection, but little sensibility, while the contrary indicate greater sensibility, but less keen perception. This is observable when a person is reflecting ; the brow becomes depressed and contracted ; so it is in cases of anger, because the object that excites it is the subject of severe and scrutinizing inspection. On the contrary, an eyebrow greatly elevated denotes absence of thought. Again : the degree of susceptibility of the auditory nerve is in proportion to its thinness and delicacy of form. Those that project and incline forward, are less calculated to collect sound. An ear that is long between its upper margin and lobe, will be best adapted to receive the niceties of elevation and depression of sound, as well as its intensity. One of great breadth will, on the contrary, be best suited to its diffusion and permanence. It is said also that there is a striking analogy between the conformation of the ear and the organ of the voice. The great length and narrowness of the space between the nose and chin always indi-

cates acuteness and shrillness of voice. This is caused by the palate being elevated and the ellipsis of the jaws being consequently more narrow ; while in proportion to the expansiveness of the forehead over and between the eyes, containing the maxillary cavities, and the cheek prominencies, containing the frontal sinuses, is the resonance, or echo, imparted to the voice. The elevation of these is supposed also to denote force and activity of character.

Lastly, of the chin and teeth : these, however, forming an important instrument in the voice, may evidently be taken as representatives of those parts with which they are associated. It is remarkable that the projection of the occiput, on which depends the exercise of passion, corresponds with the teeth, and particularly the lips, so that the promineney of the posterior parts of the brain may generally be safely predicted by that part of the face. A similar coincidence subsists between the cerebellum and the jaws ; the breadth of the former is said to correspond with the breadth of the face over the cheek-bones, while its length answers to that of the lower jaw, measured from the tip of the chin to the angle.

Such is a brief outline of the leading principles of this interesting science. I shall conclude by a resumé of the principal points, which may serve as hints in the practical application of the subject. It will be remembered, then, that a large head with a small triangular forehead denotes absence of intellect. A gently-arched and prominent forehead indicates, on the contrary, great genius. Shakspeare's is a striking evidence of this. A forehead full of irregular protuberances is characteristic of an uneven and choleric temper. Deep perpendicular lines between the eyebrows generally bespeak strength of mind, but when counterbalanced by others in an opposite direction, the reverse. Small eye-brows generally betoken a phlegmatic temperament, and if strongly-marked and horizontal, vigor of character ; but if very elevated, absence of intellect. Black eyes portend energy, while gray often mark a choleric disposition, and blue, mildness and vivacity. The Roman nose is especially characteristic of valor and strength, like the beak of the eagle : the possessors of this kind of nose seem in many instances to have exhibited in their characters the peculiar properties of this king of birds. Such was Cyrus, it is said ; Artaxerxes, Mahomet, the Prince of Condé, Duke of Wellington, and General Jackson, all possessed the eagle or Roman nose.

Thus we see that the diversified and often conflicting passions and emotions of the human mind are in a præeminent manner susceptible of spontaneous expression, or that indicated by the features of the countenance ; and so intimate is their correspondence and affinity, that speech, however honest, can hardly be said to be more faithful in its testimony. The practical uses of this science are two-fold ; first, in aiding us in forming a just estimate of character ; and secondly, in the matter of education ; for since it is its peculiar province to demonstrate the possession of constitutional power, as well as its defects, it is manifest that it may be rendered available, by directing us to suitable care in the cultivation of faculties not adequately developed. Let no one therefore suffer himself to become exasperated with his ugly looks, but seek to acquire, by mental cultivation, beauties more ornate, conspicuous, and imperishable. Who would not award

the meed of praise to such an one, rather than to him who, how lavish soever may be the blandishments of his outer man, yet discovers all the vapidness of an empty pate, being destitute of those great moral attributes which confer the true dignity of man? There is indeed a double merit due to virtue, when it is thus seen, by almost superhuman power, to gain the mastery over the tyranny of vice.

To conclude: I cannot but think that this science might prove beneficial to those who may be meditating a launch upon the untried sea of matrimony! These devotees may herein, I doubt not, obtain the clue to many disguised and subtle mysteries, which the infant god revengefully hides from his captives, lest he himself should be betrayed; for on these occasions, it must be admitted, we seem to possess a strange obliquity of vision; very acute, it may be, but very oblique notwithstanding.

P. 2.

THE CRADLE AND THE COFFIN.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

I.

LAY this sweet young flower to rest,
Sprinkle blossoms on its breast:
Close its bright, scarce-opened eye,
Blue as is the azure sky;
Smooth those locks of flowing gold,
Soon to tarnish in the mould!
Smooth the snowy funeral dress,
Print the latest fond caress;
Close the lid, and spread the pall,
Hither all the mourners call:
Father! kneel beside the bier,
Mother! drop the sparkling tear;
Brothers, sisters of the dead!
Let your partings now be said.
Let the solemn preacher pray
For the young soul flown away!
Bear the little coffin, then,
From the noisy walks of men.
Leave the clay beneath the sod,
While the spirit seeks its God.

II.

In its little cradle place
Tenderly this new-born face;
All the spotless drapery spread,
Smooth the pillow for its head;
Rock it till the dews of sleep,
On its gentle senses creep;
Let no falling step molest
The pure visions of its rest.
Lovely dreamer! blessings wait
All around thee at life's gate.
Scarce thy tender feet have passed
Through its portals, open cast;
Forward! and may angels greet
In the path thy entering feet;
And when Manhood's fiery streak
Fires that soft and downy cheek,
May thy bold and lofty brow
Be as free from sin as now.
Purest bliss and truest joy
Crown thy future life, sweet boy!

III.

Bear the sable coffin forth
To the dull insensate earth!
Yet a moment, ere we pass,
Gaze into its little glass,
And peruse that face once more,
Ere it vanish from the door.
See, the forehead of the sage
Is all wrinkled o'er with age;
See, the locks are white as snow,
Blossoms in the grave that blow;
In the eyes so sunk and dim,
Not a ray of light doth swim,
And the blanched and hollow cheek
Sleepeth like some landscape bleak.
Many months and many years,
Many griefs and many tears,
Have assailed that pallid brow,
From the dawn of life till now.
Let us bear this earthly shell
To its dark and narrow cell!

IV.

Look upon this flowery gem,
Trembling on life's brittle stem!
Gaze upon its heavenly face,
Where no stain of earth hath place.
'Tis a little bark, just cast
Upon life's tempestuous waste;
Gentle seraph! may the bloom,
And the freshness, and perfume
Of life's loveliest haunt be spread
All around thy onward tread!
When the dews and beams of time
Warm thee to thy virgin prime,
At the holy altar's side,
Smiling, blushing, a sweet bride,
May'st thou pledge to one, young wife!
Who will prize thee more than life.
May no sorrow, may no gloom
Cast a shadow on thy bloom,
Until life's short journey o'er,
Thou dost seek the better shore!

W I N T E R .

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE STEDMAN.

I.

MID-WINTER'S here! The Storm-king robed in white,
His glittering crown with icicles fast bound,
Comes in his chariot of cloud with might,
And far and wide his monarch-tones resound!
He spreads his fleecy mantle o'er the ground,
And strews it with innumerable gems,
Which in the sunlight of the morn are found;
Covers the mountain-tops with diadema,
And sends his arrows bright among the leafless stems.

II.

But now the sun again resumes his way,
And Fashion, with her nodding-plumes, is seen,
Where o'er the polished surface glides the sleigh
To merry bells; or Beauty's smiling mien,
Mingles its radiance with the ball-room scene,
When evening hangs its brilliant lamps on high,
And silver crescent decks the blue serene:
Each star, like some pure guardian-angel's eye,
Watching o'er earth, which seems in snowy shroud to lie.

III.

Winter doth gladness and new pleasures bring
For the gay world; but never yet his tone
Hath made the widow's heart for joy to sing;
Hushed the poor friendless, homeless orphan's moan,
Nor healing brought to ease the sufferer's groan:
Hunger and cold stern Winter only hath
For such as Poverty marks out her own;
Their shattered dwellings tremble with his wrath,
And chill misfortune lies for *them* in all his path.

IV.

And shall the rich, whose blazing hearths bright burn,
Whose social comforts with luxuriance blend,
From 'crying poor' with cold indifference turn,
And of their own abundance nothing lend,
Which joy to homes all comfortless might send?
Forbid it, Heaven! Where'er thy gifts are poured,
There too let thy benevolence descend;
And in the heaven-born spirit of its Lord,
To poor and needy ones the 'oil and wine' afford.

V.

Then let chill Winter bind the crystal streams,
Hang still his glittering spears on roof and tree;
Withdraw from earth the sun's enlivening beams,
And scatter snow-flakes o'er the spreading lea;
He cannot freeze *thy* streams, meek Charity!
Compassion's tear may yet unfettered roll,
And springs of pure benevolence flow free:
O'er *these* the season boasts not of control;
Thanks be to Heaven! there is no winter to the soul!

HARRY COTT.

A SKETCH OF LONG-ISLAND: BY BOB KUSHOW.

It was the saying of an amiable old man who loved angling dearly, and whose benevolence extended to all mankind, if we except the ruthless spoilers of his church, 'Give me mine own host of mine own Inn.' And by this he meant to avow no craving for tap-room pleasures; only when the setting sun had brought his favorite recreation to an end, or sudden showers drove him from the mead, he liked a clean inn, where he might take refuge and be refreshed. And who that knows any thing of the world and its disappointments, would not occasionally flee from the pursuit of riches, or from the cares of state, or from the din of politics, to breathe forth a like prayer, and to abandon himself to a like fellowship? 'Give me mine own host of mine own Inn.' And this naturally suggests the idea of rural sports and recreations; of a weariness which makes repose more pleasant, and of an appetite which renders food more sweet. Ye ministers of finance, who never relax your severe brows, nor fail to be punctual at the hour of 'Change, and all ye denizens of the town, be persuaded to relinquish your engrossing studies and dull routine, for a season, to court health and complexion in the country, under the dome of a pure sky:

'Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.'

I do assure you, gentlemen, if you will intrust yourselves to safe guidance, that I will conduct you to a host whom WALTON himself would approve of, were he yet living. In the beginning of the 'charming moneth of May,' which the poets of all ages love to praise, (and what man is not a poet in the moneth of May?) take your guns and your fishing-rods, your tablets also, if you are contemplative, and go on board of a barge at the South Ferry. As soon as you arrive at the opposite shores, take advantage of the steam-engine which is already puffing and anxious to be gone, and seat yourselves in the cars by the side of those broad-brimmed Quakers who are on their way to Babylon. In a few minutes you will be hurrying through the green fields. Having arrived at the village of JEMAIKO, which is esteemed the prettiest on Long-Island, you alight and hasten to release from chains and confinement your two pointer dogs, who are locked up in the luggage-car, and who have been barking for some time past with intense expectation. Frantic with joy as soon as they smell the air and green fields, they bound forward with collared necks outstretched in eager chase; to the right hand, to the left; then suddenly recalled, they outbreak again, and run lawless; and now make haste, whistle them in, or they will spring over the embankment and be crushed by the wheels of the Juggernaut engine which is under full way.

Having subjected these joyful dogs, you now ascend a flight of stone steps, and enter a neat garden, whose white-washed fences contrast cheerfully with the green shrubs and raspberry-bushes which

surround its borders. The air is impregnated with the fragrance of the lilac and honeysuckle, of the blossoming May-dukes, and the first flowers of spring. Follow the course of that long harbor on which the tendrils of the young grape are just shooting forth, and you find yourselves in the rear of a mansion where you are to obtain your supper and night's lodging, and whence you are to sally forth in quest of game. This is a place of entertainment kept by that celebrated individual, HARRY COTT. You shall be acquainted with him presently. In the mean time, as the sun is nearly down, and the bell rings for supper, let us go in, and see what fare the hostess has provided. The air of the country has already sharpened the edge of desire, and behold here is ample occasion for complaisance and a good appetite. How red and crisp are those radishes! In a few weeks more, strawberries will form a superb addition to the richness of that cream. Gentlemen, what old author is it who says that doubtless God *might have* made a better berry, but he *never did*? There is truth and quaintness in the remark. But, Madam, where is Harry Cott?

'Ah, Sirs, Harry has gone a-trouting with some gentlemen to Spring Creek or Hungry-Harbor, and I have n't laid eyes on him since breakfast. He took some tackling with him, and some champagne wines, some Tippecanoe champagne, I think it was, and Harry said he should return at sundown. But the night is short, and the moon shines bright, and the gentlemen was charmed with the country, and it's a chance if they get back before ten o'clock. But my sakes alive! — here they are!'

'Ay, true enough, here come the ponies dashing up to the door. How the springs of the carriage fly up when relieved from the pressure of Harry Cott! What luck, what luck have you, landlord? Your baskets seem well laden; have you taken any trout?'

'Trout, quotha! we three have taken fifty pounds of trout, and yellow-bellied sun-fish, and should have taken fifty more, but the bridge was broken down to keep the sheep on the meadow, and we could n't get to the bank where the trouts harbor.'

'Those are fine fish, and must be out of salt water. How ruddy, how beautifully tinted! But who brought up that large fellow that lies gasping on the top?'

'I brought him up,' replied Harry Cott, 'but *he* aint nothing. I swear, I had a twelve-pounder out of the water, when my cussed line broke, and *ke-souse* he went. *I was waxed.*'

'Ho! ho! let that pass. There is no occasion to complain. Let us look out for a substitute for the bridge. Harry Cott, how is it that our friend Waller caught no trout at Hungry-Harbor on Wednesday last?'

'Why you see the cause is very plain. He knows no more about trout-fishing than I know of Greek and Latin. He *would* jump onto the bogs on the edge of the creek, and slash his line into the water, and keep his long shadow flying about, which is all contrary to rule. Then he was always getting his line hooked in the pond-willows overhead, and a-losing his spectacles in the creek, and getting waxed. After a while he would give up altogether, because the bites did n't come fast enough, (and it was no wonder,) and go and pull dandelions

on the meadow. But we had good luck enough, because we fished right, for trouts is scary, and you must humor them considerable, and have patience.'

Ay, ay, patience is a virtue, especially in fishermen. It is one thing to read pleasant books on angling, and another to make much advance in the practice of the art. The landlord has spoken correctly in all things. No man knows better than he, where game is to be found on this Island, or how to take it more skilfully, or to make better use of it when obtained. To-morrow, if the day proves propitious, and yon splendid sunset gives a true omen, we will put ourselves under the guidance of this remarkable man; and in the mean time let me deprive the reader of the pleasure of his conversation, in order to present a small sketch of his career.

There are probably few sportsmen who frequent Long-Island, who are not well acquainted with Harry Cott. Most of those who travel east to kill wild duck, or to shoot plover on the Great Plains, or to hunt wild deer, or to enjoy the sport of various kinds afforded in the South Bays, stop on their return at the 'Village Inn,' to refresh themselves after their labors, and to partake of the gentlemanly hospitality of the host. There the epicure knows by experience that he shall be well provided for; and those who have any misgivings on that score, have only to look at the larder, which is open to public view, and be satisfied with an array of substantial things enough to excite the most pleasing anticipations of good cheer. There never was a more notorious host. His dinners are unexceptionable, his suppers constituted of the most alluring viands, and his wines are well selected, and respectable for age. But words would fail me to convey an idea of those mint-juleps, artfully compounded, which happily unite the winter's coolness with the summer's verdure, and whose little avalanches of snow carry before them a pleasing terror, as they threaten to topple into the throat of the panting beneficiary.

It is no wonder then that the reputation of Harry Cott should be cōextensive with the epicurean world. When Mr. Daniel Webster lately visited the good people of Suffolk county, and delivered a speech which was sensibly relished by those marine men, by reason of its happy allusions and adaptation of language to their peculiar modes of life, among others who were afterward brought forward to be presented to his notice, was Harry Cott. When his name was mentioned, that distinguished man received him with a peculiar satisfaction, and politely remarked, that '*he had heard of that gentleman before.*' This leads me to say, that the tone of politics adopted in the bar-room of the Village Inn is for the most part what is denominated 'Whig;' and although the host has never concealed his true sentiments when they were called for, yet he now says more distinctly, (not wishing of course to dictate to any one,) that Mr. Daniel Webster *shall* be the next President of the United States.

In personal appearance Mr. Henry Van Cott, (for such is his name, if written out in full,) is very much after the Falstaff model, which circumstance has begot a great affection for his person; and somebody, in token thereof, has presented him with a plaster image of honest Jack, which stands on the mantel-piece in the bar-room, and which is perfect, with the exception that the shield is broken off the

left arm. Like the aforesaid image, his receptacle for sack is rotund. He has a pleasant wit, and a deal of fierce bravado, and does in fact call to mind those pictures of Falstaff which are common in books, and the usual representations which we see upon the stage. Not that he has a fat pouch alone, for thousands have lived and died in a state of obesity, and never looked Jack Falstaff after all. But he is a mellow fellow, bears his points well, knows the true Prince by instinct, and never gives any 'reasons upon compulsion.' He is always in a tolerable humor, except when he has lost bets upon the county election, and then he 'snorts behind the arras,' and you can get nothing out of him.

Harry Cott says he was 'fetched up' on Long-Island. He was bred a tailor, but those persons missed their reckoning very much who thought they could *keep* him a tailor. He soon found out that he had no communion with that melancholy class of men, and preferred a more luxurious diet. The fact was, that nature had cut him out for the host of a village inn, and he happily discovered where his genius lay, and slipped into the profession which he has now followed for many years, to the acceptance of his devoted friends, the public. I intend to perpetrate no stale witticisms here, with regard to cabbage, but cannot help alluding to the facetious irregularities in which Harry Cott was engaged after he had released his legs from their cramped position, and awoke to the true poetry of life. In the days of his youth he was lean and elastic, and capable of cutting the most ethereal capers. It would take more time than I can profitably expend, to record his exploits, although they would not be without their moral. Suffice it to say, that he got into scrapes, and he got out again, by reason of his nimbleness. He was a horse-racer and a fox-hunter, a manager of balls and merry-makings; very lively in the country-dance, and could cut a pigeon-wing with the most celebrated masters of the art.

But he waxed fat. In his case, however, fatness was rather an ornament than an intolerable burthen. It added a sobriety and a suavity to his deportment, and made him more acceptable to his guests. It likewise contracted the circle of his movements; and when year after year passed away, and he found himself unable to abate the evil, he took an innocent vengeance for the same. He resolved to *make others fat*. To this end, he began to fill his larder with game and venison-steaks; procured an experienced *chef de cuisine*, and commenced his operations with great spirit, and not without success. His friends and customers came to see him in great numbers, whom he received with a good grace, nor did he send any away, without some such friendly valedictory as this, delivered in a gruff voice: 'Come and eat quail with me next month.' The Village Inn is now the rendezvous of some half dozen fat fellows like himself, who are always at their posts, and supply the fuel of perpetual laughter. Peal after peal succeeds the flashes of their wit, like thunder among the *mountains*. As Harry Cott seldom goes from home, except when he rides out with the ponies, he takes his position in fair weather on the piazza in front of his house, where he sits tilted back in a chair, glancing downward at his own shadow, which is more or less grotesque, according to that part of the horizon in which the sun happens to be, or looking stead-

fastly toward the opposite church. And herein, we may as well remark, consists the piety of Harry Cott. His avocations do not ever permit him to enter *into* the church, but he looks at it very respectfully, not only on Sunday, but every day in the week; beside which, he sends an annual present of trout to the parson; and this truly is doing a good deal toward the cause of religion, by one who makes no pretensions.

There in the church-yard lie the mortal remains of his predecessor, SMITH HICKS, aged fifty-nine years, who was likewise a favorite of the public, and whose lamented death took place as suddenly as you could draw the cork out of a bottle. But he was not so great in his line. He knew not the little niceties of his art. Mint-juleps had not come into fashion as yet, and he was ignorant of the abstruser mysteries of a sherry cobbler! Directly over the landlord's head, as he sits on the piazza, there hangs a black English swamp-robin, in a cage, presented to him by an English sea-captain. This is a remarkably fine bird, with a clear voice, and he 'prevents the day' with his wild 'wood notes.' He whistles 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the Queen,' or something very much like them. Harry Cott says that he skips over a few notes, but sings the tunes 'pretty nigh correct,' in the main. It was astonishing in how short a time the Englishmen who live in the neighborhood came to claim an acquaintance with the bird.

'Ha!' said they, peering into the cage, with a national feeling, 'we know him. He comes from the other side of the water, landlord!'

'Ho! ho!' exclaimed the English barber, who has his shop on the other side of the way, 'you've got one of *our* birds there, hav' n't you?'

And forthwith, the black English swamp-robin, perhaps understanding the allusion, stands on the tips of his feet, flaps his wings, and adjusts his head on one side, as much as to say, in as many words: 'God bless Queen Victoria! God bless royal Albert!' In addition to his musical talents, he is a mimic, and affronts the native birds prodigiously by his sarcasms and tom-fooleries. He imitates the whole feathered fraternity who frequent the willow trees in front of the house. '*Rara avis!*' protests the American robin, his red bosom throbbing with indignation; 'he mocks at us republicans!'

'Good as you, good as you!' puts in the democratic black-bird! and the thrush, the wren, the cat-bird, and the gaudy fire-bird, manifest a like sensitiveness, while the boblink, who sinks up and down on a 'long flaunting weed' in the opposite clover field, cannot endure the parody on his sweet notes. 'He abuses our hospitality and our homes!' exclaim the birds, with one consent, and they all shriek 'Trollope! Trollope! Trollope!' and fly off in every direction, while Harry Cott's fat sides are ready to split with laughter. This little comic scene, which does not require much imagination to help it through, beside others, is daily enacted on the piazza of the Village Inn.

Harry Cott has a son John — a very bad boy. He is a Centaur, and lives on horseback. He is ever seen emerging from the stables to break some skittish colt, which has never been backed, or riding up and down the street at a furious rate, yelling all the way like a Semi-

nole Indian on the verge of battle. To those who have been accustomed to live in the village of Jemaico, his voice is as familiar as any household word. It is an energetic shriek, given *in transitu*, very sudden, and a little protracted, leaping right out of the bottom of his belly; such as one would emit who had been suddenly tickled or stabbed; and it is hard to say whether it partakes most of ecstasy or agony. If he would make less noise on a Sunday morning, when the church-doors are thrown wide open, and the irreverent clatter of his horse's hoofs obtrude themselves upon the ear, it would be much the better for all parties. When all else is so still and sacred, and the breeze which whispers through the elm trees and the tones of the small organ are shedding peace and serenity into the heart, it ill becomes the time, the place, or the occasion, such obtrusive jockeying. Here, as I now sit writing in my sequestered chamber, anxious to arrive at the end of this sheet, that I may enter upon those volumes containing the acceptable biography of CHARLES LAMB, harkaway! far down the street I hear the clattering of hoofs; the shout, the shriek, the imperial command. '*Dat lora equis.*' 'Ha! — a! — a! — a! — a! — a!'

Truly there are those who are born to command, only their dominions are different. Some rule the nations with a rod of iron; some have their empire over armies, like Napoleon; and some over women's hearts. Others again have sway over horses. Harry Cott is training up this boy to tread in his own footsteps, in case he should ever fall into the 'appleplex line,' an event which does not seem likely to happen at present, considering his sobriety. When the fires of youth shall have been sobered down, and age has taken away his powers of locomotion, and imparted to him somewhat of hereditary fat, perhaps he will fall into such habits as shall enable him to maintain the reputation of the paternal abode, as a house of entertainment where the traveller will be sure to find the best wines, the most sumptuous fare, and the most obliging host, on Long-Island.

N A P O L E O N .

I.

Why break ye the rest, on the lone Isle's breast,
Of the hero of modern story?
Oh leave him alone on the rocky throne
Ye gave as the meed of his glory!
He needs not the fire of the funeral pyre,
Nor the triumph of funeral car,
To hallow his ashes, mid lightning flashes,
And roar of the symbols of war.

II.

For his mem'ry more meet is the lordly beat
Of eagles' wings over his tomb;
More meet for his dirge, by the chainless surge,
The wild winds o'er ocean that roam;
And fit the lone rock that braves the rude shock
Of tempests and wild-tossing sea,
To enshrine the stout heart no terrors could
[start,
And which braved all that fate could decree!
New-York, January, 1841.

III.

A bright orb he sprang, where morning stars sang,
From darkness he burst with a glare,
And hurled from their spheres the stars of past
To fix his own galaxy there! [years,
While all stood aghast, as the meteors passed
Through the lurid and threatening sky,
And the resolute soul grew faint at the roll,
As thundered the car of his destiny by!

IV.

Why bear ye to Gaul, in funeral pall,
The ashes so pregnant with fate!
The soil is so rife, each atom is life, [await!
And harvests more dreadful than dragons
All Europe shall weep, as they bitterly reap
These sheaves for the garner of Time;
Stars, sceptres, and thrones, through Earth's
spreading zones,
Shall be swept in the harvest sublime!

S. D. D.

A LEGEND OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

I.

I know a deep and dark ravine,
Near our wild 'River of the Hills,'
Whose depths the sun has never seen,
Whose very air the bosom chills,
Though summer heats may reign above;
So thick a woof the trees have woven,
With their old arms, and plants that love
To creep from rocks by earthquakes
[cloven.

II.

A little brook moans ever o'er
Its log-diverted path below,
Sometimes with quick and startling roar,
Sometimes with soft, melodious flow:
Like the heart's deep, uncertain stream,
By gushing impulse forced along;
Now wild in passion's fierce extreme,
Now with a gently-murmured song.

III.

One spot is in that dark ravine —
I knew it in my childhood's hours,
For oft, the 'spells' of school between,
I sought it for its drooping flowers —
Which shows a scallop in the rock,
Midway the dizzy precipice,
Where every sound the echoes mock,
And winds howl through each dim recess.

IV.

A narrow, dangerous path runs by
That wizzard nook, and onward still
To an old cavern, dark and high,
Deep in the bowels of the hill;
Where long ago, Tradition reads,
An old man with his only child,
To 'scape the dues of murderous deeds,
Sought refuge in the lonely wild.

V.

He was a fierce, dark-visaged man,
That aged hermit, and would brook
No eye his lineaments to scan,
But ever wore so stern a look,
That men turned hastily away,
Young children shrank within the door,
And women went aside to pray
The 'fiend' might visit them no more.

VI.

And never *did* he visit them,
Save when by meagre Want impelled,
And then his child, a beauteous gem,
The cave a weary prisoner held:
Oh, sweeter than the wild-flowers there,
Her only friends, was that pale maid;
Though on her brow were clouds of care,
And in her eye the spirit's shade.

Towanda, Pa.

VII.

A young and gallant hunter heard
One day her plaintive voice in song;
He saw her weep; his heart was stirred,
To shield that gentle one from wrong.
They met by night — in secret loved,
Nor dreamed a lurking footstep pressed,
With cat-like stealth, where'er they moved,
Mid all their scenes a silent guest.

VIII.

They met — it was their trysting place —
One evening in that shadowy nook:
The maiden deemed her sire in chase
Of game beyond the babbling brook;
And in that hour, so long oppressed,
Her over-burthened heart gave way,
And on the hunter's throbbing breast
She breathed her tale of misery.

IX.

She told of days of ceaseless toil,
Of nights by hunger sleepless made,
Of many a dark and deadly broil
Within the forest's awful shade;
From whose black depths her sire e'er came
With bloody hands and cursing tongue,
And, with coarse jests and words of blame,
Her mother's gentle spirit wrung.

X.

That mother dear had found a grave
Long ere they sought the darksome den,
And left her hapless child to brave
The passions of the worst of men;
And since, the maiden whispered low,
With tearful eye and sobbing breath,
No mortal breast could ever know
How fervently she'd prayed for death!

XII.

A dull and heavy stroke was heard —
A shriek upon the evening air —
A rumbling fall — and Night's roused bird
Flew screaming from her eyrie there!
The moon looked on that trysting-place,
Where moss wreaths clothed the ragged
And saw, with darkly-working face, [stone,
The aged hermit there alone!

XIII.

A hunter heard that piercing shriek,
And deemed it but the panther's cry;
But when his comrades went to seek
A lost one from their company,
The lovers' mangled forms they found,
Within the streamlet's chilly bed;
They sought the cave with eager bound —
The hoary murderer had fled!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN. An Historical Romance. By **HARRIET MARTINEAU**, author of 'Deerbrook,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 433. New-York: **HARPER AND BROTHERS.**

MISS MARTINEAU, in her 'Deerbrook,' took the public somewhat by surprise. Those who had perused her dissertations upon political economy, were scarcely prepared to find in her less abstruse performances pictures of nature drawn as by a painter's pencil, and the affections and passions of the human heart portrayed and discriminated with a master hand; least of all was it supposed that she possessed the happy knowledge of simple dramatic effect which she subsequently evinced in so remarkable a degree. But as our views on this subject were expressed somewhat at large in the notice of our author's previous novel, we pass to the one under notice, the character of which we shall rather briefly indicate to the reader, than describe. The story of Toussaint, the 'Man,' or hero of the work, is known to all who are conversant with the eventful history of St. Domingo. After the memorable revolution, which found him a negro slave, he associated himself with the Spaniards, but afterward gave his allegiance to the republic, which had proclaimed the general liberty of the blacks, who in their new condition wanted a leader. Toussaint was chosen, and entered into the service of France. His subsequent career is well depicted in the 'Hour and the Man;' a narrative which we surrender, unmutated, to the enjoyment of our readers; partly in justice to the publishers, and partly because we lack the room for its adequate development and dénouement, in connection with the collateral adjuncts which go to the formation of the 'romance' proper. The following passage, describing the invasion of the island by a French fleet, is but a fair example of the descriptive portions of the work:

"DAY by day, in the intervals of his occupation about the defence of the colony, did Toussaint repair to Cap Samana, to look eastward over the sea. Day by day was he more sure, from the information that reached him, that the French could not be far off. At length he desired that his generals should be within call from Cotuy, a small town which stood on the banks of the Cotuy, near the western base of the mountainous promontory of Samana — promontory at low water, island at high tide.

"All was yet dark on the eastern point of this mountain on the morning of the 28th of December, when two watchmen, who had passed the night under the ferns in a cleft of the steep, came out to look abroad. On their mountain all was yet dark; for the stars overhead, though still rolling clear and golden — visible orbs in the empty depths of the sky — were so far dimmed by the dawn in the east as no longer to send down their shafts of light upon the earth. The point on which these watchmen stood was so high, that between them and the horizon the sea lay like half a world; an immeasurable expanse, spreading as if from a vast depth below up into the very sky. Dim and soundless lay the mass of waters; breaking no doubt, as for ages past, against the rocky precipice below, but not so as to be heard upon the steep. It might have appeared dead, but that a ray from some quarter of the heaven, capriciously touching its surface, showed that it was heaving, as was its wont. Eastward, at the point of junction of sea and sky, a dusky yellow light shone through the haze of morning as behind a curtain, and told that the sun was on his way. As their eyes became accustomed to the dim light (which was darkness compared to that which had visited their dreams among the ferns,) the watchmen alternately swept the expanse with their glass, and pronounced that there was not a sail in sight.

"'I believe, however, that this will be our day; the wind is fair for the fleet,' said Toussaint to Henri. 'Go and bathe while I watch.'

"We have said for a week past that each would be the day,' replied Henri. 'If it be to-day, however, they can hardly have a fairer for the first sight of the Paradise which poets and ladies praise at the French court. It promises to be the loveliest day of the year. I shall be here again before the sun has risen.'

"And Christophe retired to bathe in the waterfall which made itself heard from behind the ferns, and was hidden by them; springing, as they did, to a height of twenty feet and upward. To the murmur and gush of this waterfall the friends had slept. An inhabitant of the tropics is so accustomed to sound, that he cannot sleep in the midst of silence; and on these heights there would have been everlasting silence but for the voice of waters, and the thunders and their echoes in the season of storms.

"When both had refreshed themselves, they took their seat on some broken ground on the verge of the precipice, sometimes indulging their full minds with silence, but continually looking abroad over the now brightening sea. It was becoming of a deeper blue as the sky grew lighter, except at that point of the east where earth and heaven seemed to be kindling with a mighty fire. There the haze was glowing with purple and crimson; and there was Henri, intently watching for the first golden spark of the sun, when Toussaint touched his shoulder and pointed to the northward. Shading his eyes with his hand, Christophe strove to penetrate the gray mists which had gathered there.

"What is it?" said he; "a sail?" Yes: there is one — three — four!"

"There are seven," said Toussaint.

"Long did he gaze through the glass at these seven sail, and then he reported an eighth. At this moment his arm was grasped.

"See! see!" cried Christophe, who was looking southward.

"From behind the distant southeastern promontory of Del Enganno now appeared sail after sail, to the number of twenty.

"All French," observed Christophe. "Lend me the glass."

"All French," replied his friend. "They are, no doubt, coming to rendezvous at this point."

"While Henri explored those which were nearest, Toussaint leaned on his folded arms against the bank of broken ground before him, straining his eyes over the now peopled sea.

"More! more!" he exclaimed, as the sun appeared, and the new gush of light showed sail upon sail, as small specks upon the horizon line. He snatched the glass; and neither he nor Henri spoke for long.

"The east wind served the purposes of the vast fleet, whose three detachments, once within each other's view, rapidly converged, showing that it was indeed their object to rendezvous at Cap Samana. Silent, swift, and most fair (as is the wont of evil) was this form of destruction in its approach.

"Not a word was spoken as the great ships-of-the-line bore majestically up toward their point, while the lighter vessels skimmed the sea, as in sport, and made haste in, as if racing with one another or anxious to be in waiting to welcome their superiors. Nearer and nearer they closed in, till the waters seemed to be covered with the foe. When Toussaint was assured that he had seen them all; when he had again and again silently counted over the fifty-four ships-of-war; he turned to his friend with a countenance of anguish, such as even that friend of many years had never seen.

"Henri," said he, "we must all perish. All France has come to St. Domingo!"

"Then we will perish," replied Henri.

"Undoubtedly: it is not much to perish, if that were all. But the world will be the worse for ever. France is deceived. She comes, in an error, to avenge herself and to enslave the blacks. France has been deceived."

"If we were but all together," said Henri, "so that there were no moments of weakness to fear; if your sons were but with us —"

"Fear no moments of weakness from me," said Toussaint, "its wonted fire now glowing in his eye. My color imposes on me duties above nature; and while my boys are hostages, they shall be to me as if they no longer existed."

"They may possibly be on board this fleet," said Christophe. "If by caution we could obtain possession of them —"

"Speak no more of them now," said Toussaint. Presently, as if thinking aloud, and with his eyes still bent on the moving ships, he went on:

"No, those on board those ships are not boys, with life before them, and eager alike for arts and arms. I see who they are that are there. There are the troops of the Rhine; troops that have conquered a fairer river than our Artibonite, storming the castles on her steep, and crowning themselves from her vineyards. There are the troops of the Alps; troops that have soared above the eagle, and stormed the clouds, and plucked the ice king by the beard upon his throne. There are the troops of Italy! troops that have trodden the old Roman ways, and fought over again the old Roman wars; that have drunk of the Tiber, and once more conquered the armies of the Danube. There are the troops of Egypt; troops that have heard the war-cry of the desert tribes, and encamped in the shadow of the Pyramids."

"Yet he is not afraid," said Henri to himself, as he watched the countenance of his friend.

"All these," continued Toussaint, "all these are brought hither against a poor, depressed, insulted, ignorant race; brought as conquerors, eager for the spoil before a blow is struck. They come to disembarass our Paradise of us, as they would clear a fragrant and fruitful wood of apes and reptiles. And, if they find that it takes longer than they supposed to crush and disperse us, France has more thousands ready to come and help. The laborer will leave his plough at a word, and the vine-dresser his harvest, and the artisan his shop; France will pour out the youth of all her villages, to seize upon the delights of the tropics and the wealth of the savages, as they are represented by the emigrants who will not take me for a friend, but eat their own hearts far away with hatred and jealousy. All France is coming to St. Domingo!"

"But —" interposed Christophe.

"But, Henri," interrupted his friend, laying his hand on his shoulder, "not all France, with her troops of the Rhine, of the Alps, of the Nile, nor with all Europe to help her, can extinguish the soul of Africa. That soul, when once the soul of a man and no longer that of a slave, can overthrow the Pyramids and Alps themselves, sooner than be again crushed down into slavery."

"With God's help," said Christophe, crossing himself.

"With God's help," repeated Toussaint. "See here," he continued, taking up a handful of earth from the broken ground on which they stood, "see here what God has done! See, here are shells from the depth of yonder ocean laying on the mountain top. Cannot he who uprears the dust of his ocean floor, and lifts it above the clouds, create the societies of men anew, and set their lowest order but a little below the stars?"

"He can," said Christophe, again crossing himself.

"Then let all France come to St. Domingo!"

As a companion picture, indicating one of the final results of this formidable array, we give the following sketch of Toussaint's imprisonment in the fortress of Joux :

" 'The commandant!' the officer announced to his prisoners; and the Commandant Rubaut entered the dim passage. Toussaint formed his judgment of him, to a certain extent, in a moment. Rubaut endeavored to assume a tone of good humored familiarity; but there appeared through this a misgiving as to whether he was thus either letting himself down on the one hand, or, on the other, encroaching on the dignity of the person he addressed. His prisoner was a negro; but then he had been the recognised commander-in-chief of St. Domingo. One symptom of awkwardness was, that he addressed Toussaint with no sort of title.

" 'We have had notice of your approach,' said he: 'which is fortunate, as it enables me at once to conduct you to your apartment. Will you proceed? This way. A torch, Bellines! We have been looking for you these two days: which happens very well, as we have been enabled to prepare for you. Torches, Bellines! This way. We mount a few steps, you perceive. We are not taking you under ground, though I call for lights; but this passage to the left, you perceive, is rather dark. Yes, that is our well; and a great depth it is; deeper, I assure you, than this rock is high. What do they call the depth, Chalôt? Well, never mind the depth! You can follow me, I believe, without waiting for light. We cannot go wrong. Through this apartment to the left.'

"Toussaint, however, chose to wait for Bellines and his torch. He chose to see what he could of the passages of his prison. If this vault in which he stood were not under ground, it was the dreariest apartment from which the daylight had ever been built out. In the moment's pause occasioned by his not moving on when desired, he heard the dripping of water as in a well.

"Bellines appeared, and his torch showed the stone walls of the vault shining with the trickling of water. A cold steam appeared to thicken the air, oppress the lungs, and make the torch burn dim.

" 'To what apartment can this be the passage?' thought Toussaint. 'The grave is warm compared with this.'

"A glance of wretchedness from Mars Plaisir, seen in the torchlight, as Bellines passed on to the front, showed that the poor fellow's spirits, and perhaps some visions of a merry life among the soldiers, had melted already in the damps of this vault. Rubaut gave him a push, which showed that he was to follow the torchbearer.

"Through this vault was a passage, dark, wet, and slippery. In the left-hand wall of this passage was a door, studded with iron nails, thickly covered with rust. The key was in this door. During the instant required for throwing it wide, a large flake of ice fell from the ceiling of the passage upon the head of Toussaint. He shook it off, and it extinguished the torch.

" 'You mean to murder us,' said he, 'if you propose to place us here. Do you not know that ice and darkness are the negro's poison. Snow too,' he continued, advancing to the cleft of his dungeon wall, at the outward extremity of which was his small grated window. 'Snow piled against this window now! We shall be buried under it in winter.'

" 'You will have good fires in winter.'

" 'In winter! Yes! This night, or I shall never see winter.'

" 'This night! Oh, certainly. You can have a fire, though it is not usual with us at this season. Bellines, a fire here immediately.'

"He saw his prisoner surveying, by the dim light of the deep window, the miserable cell; about twenty-eight feet by thirteen, built of blocks of stone, its vaulted ceiling so low that it could be touched by the hand; its floor, though planked, rotten and slippery with wet; and no furniture to be seen but a table, two chairs, and two heaps of straw in opposite corners.

" 'I am happy,' said the commandant, 'to have been able to avoid putting you under ground. The orders I have had, from the First Consul himself, as to your being *mis en secret*, are very strict. Notwithstanding that, I have been able, you see, to place you in an apartment which overlooks the courtyard; and which, too, affords you other objects,' pointing through the gratings to the few feet of the pavement without, and the few yards of the perpendicular rock opposite, which might be seen through the loophole.

" 'How many hours of the day and night are we to pass in this place?'

" 'How many hours? We reckon twenty-four hours to the day and night, as is the custom in Europe,' replied Rubaut; whether in ignorance or irony, his prisoner could not, in the dim twilight, ascertain. He only learned too surely that no exit from this cell was to be allowed.

"Firewood and light were brought. Rubaut, eager to be busy till he could go, and to be gone as soon as possible, found fault with some long-deceased occupant for having covered its arched ceiling with grotesque drawings in charcoal, and then with Bellines for not having dried the floor. Truly, the light gleamed over it as over a pond. Bellines pleaded in his defence that the floor had been dried twice since morning, but that there was no stopping the melting of the ice above. The water would come through the joints till the winter frosts set in.

" 'Ay, the winter frosts — they will set all to rights. They will cure the melting of the ice, no doubt.' Turning to his prisoners, he congratulated himself on not being compelled to search their persons. The practice of searching was usual, but might, he rejoiced to say, be dispensed with on the present occasion. He might now, therefore, have the pleasure of wishing them a good evening.

"Pointing to the two heaps of straw, he begged that his prisoners would lay down their beds in any part of the cell which pleased them best. Their food, and all they wanted, would be brought to the door regularly. As for the rest, they would wait upon each other. Having thus exhausted his politeness, he quitted the cell; and lock, bolt, and bar were fastened upon the captives.

"By the faint light Toussaint then perceived that his companion was struggling with laughter. When Mars Plaisir perceived, by his master's smile, that he had leave to give way, he laughed till the cell rang again, saying,

" 'Wait upon each other! His excellency wait upon me! His excellency wait upon any body!'

" 'There should be nothing new in that. I have endeavored to wait upon others all my life. Rarely does Providence grant the favor to wait upon so many.'

With these extracts, which may serve to suggest an idea of the merely literary merits of 'The Hour and the Man,' we take our leave of the volumes. The reader will not need our commendation, to secure their perusal.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the January Quarter: 1841. pp. 268. Boston : JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY. New-York : CARVILLS.

THIS is a various and very good number of the 'North American,' and we take pleasure in commending it to the notice of our readers. Our quarterly contemporary, we must believe, will appreciate the magnanimity which prompts us to take it thus kindly by the hand, and introduce it to the *public* proper, in contradistinction to its small but select circle of readers, in Boston and elsewhere; the more, that it charges us with praising 'new-comers from all other corners,' while at *the* Review of the 'Modern Athens' 'the KNICKERBOCKER ruffles its plumage, and turns up its bright eye, and pecks.' The first article is upon '*National Defence*,' from the text of the Letter from the Secretary of War upon this subject, and the annual report of the Board of Visitors of the United States' Military Academy. The theme, in these belligerent-threatening days, is an attractive one, and it is well treated. It is quite in detail, including a description of the operations of forts against ships; fortifications; military garrisons; a consideration of the scheme of General GAINES, with which our citizens have recently been made acquainted by the gallant General himself; and an answer to some of the objections put forth in the 'Separate Report' of the Minority of the Board of Visitors at West Point, for 1840. The reviewer seems to think that the fears which have prevailed, since the successful attack of the French upon the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa, that fortifications were about to become powerless before fleets, are groundless. He observes:

"An attack by vessels of war upon exposed and nearly undefended parts of the coast, should be fearlessly met by such means of resistance, namely, a few cannon, a few spades, willing hands and stout hearts, as most maritime places afford; and the encouragement may justly be entertained, that the attack, if confined to the water, (and detachments are seldom made from the crew, to land in populous districts,) will generally be repulsed.

"But the most modern and startling instance of trial between these antagonist forces, that is, between guns afloat and guns ashore, is that of the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa; which affair, having been marked by (as it is generally supposed) the unaccustomed use of horizontal, hollow, or Paixhan's shells, (all the same,) and an unexpected result, was for some time thought to have revolutionized the mode of coast attack and defence. The fall of this celebrated strong-hold, after such a brief cannonade, could be accounted for only by supposing that there had been introduced into the attack a new means of destruction, having a power against which no calculations had been made. The Board has subjected this interesting and not very well understood event to a strict scrutiny, and analyzed all its circumstances, until we are satisfied, that its true and just bearing upon the future is ascertained and fixed. Admiral Baudin had a naval force, including two bomb-ketches, which mounted one hundred and eighty-eight guns, or ninety-four on a broadside; and the castle had twelve twenty-four pounders and four sea-mortars engaged. The action lasted six hours, when, two magazines having exploded in the castle, and there being a well-grounded apprehension that 'six other similar magazines' would also explode, (for there were all these deposits of powder or ammunition in the castle, which were not bomb-proof,) the Mexicans capitulated. The French fired over eight thousand shot at the castle, but produced no effect in preparing the way for a sword-in-hand assault, which was contemplated the following morning. That great quantity of missiles no doubt marred and indented the walls to a considerable extent, but (as the Board not too strongly remarks) 'might have been fired the other way,' so far as they contributed to effect a breach, the only way in which such a preparation could hope to be made by such means.

"This castle, as we have before remarked, had been somewhat celebrated, during the revolutionary struggles of Mexico, for its strength. It was supposed that no ordinary means could subdue it. The result of this attack does not prove, that, had its interior been protected from explosions in the ordinary manner, its character in this respect was undeserved. The usual and indispensable precaution of giving all powder deposits bomb-proof roofs was here most unaccountably neglected. The mail-clad warrior was in the battle without his helmet. Had Admiral Baudin advanced his bomb-ketches alone, they might have produced, it is not improbable, unaided, all the causes, that is, the explosions within the castle ('one of which is reported to have buried sixty men in its ruins,') which led to the capitulation. An observance of this simple precaution, a precaution we are inclined to believe not neglected with respect to any other magazines of consequence on the North American coast, might and no doubt would, have reversed the decision of this memorable trial."

The second article is upon the '*Cotton Manufacture*,' and embraces a notice of recent improvements, and the amount of production; the factory system of Great Britain, and the health and morals of its operatives; with the history of the system of manufacture in New-England, and the health and morals of Yankee operatives. It bears evident marks of research and careful preparation, and will be found a useful and valuable article. We solicit attention to the following remarks, which succeed a detailed state-

ment, establishing the fact that the manufacturing population of Lowell, (Mass.,) is the healthiest portion of its population :

"The healthy condition and the correct deportment of the Lowell operatives, have been observed by every one, who has seen the long lines of them retiring, at the close of labor from the mills. All are well dressed, and you behold no more impropriety of conduct than you see in the most fashionable streets of any city. A distinguished Englishman, on seeing the throngs of operatives leaving the mills, could not but express his surprise, that every one of them had on *shoes*. His wonder would have ceased, had he known that each of these operatives was earning, on an average, two dollars per week, clear of her board; that the sum paid out for wages in Lowell is \$160,000 per month; that out of 1,976 depositors in the Lowell Institutions for Savings, 978 are factory girls; and that of the \$305,796 deposited on interest, \$100,000 belongs to them. His wonder would have ceased, had he been told of the man, who, broken down by unfortunate speculations at the South, removed his wife and family of daughters to Lowell; and there, forgetting their former affluence, and relying hopefully upon their own exertions, honestly paid off in a few years, by the fruits of their labor, an old incumbrance of over two thousand dollars, and realized enough beside to give an enviable education to his children. He should have been told, also, of the poor widow, who, running in debt for every cent of the furniture of her boarding-house, paid for it all in a short time, and by eleven years of industry and economy, saved the snug sum of fourteen hundred dollars, with which she purchased a quiet retreat for her old age in the country.

"We intended to have said a word or two upon the schools in Lowell, which will not suffer by comparison with any others in the Commonwealth; upon the spirit of intelligence there manifested, in the patronage extended to lyceums, libraries, and lectures; and upon the noble hospital recently established there by the owners of the mills, for the benefit of the operatives in their employ. But we have already exceeded our limits. We can only express the firm conviction, that the manufacturing population of New-England, in intelligence, respectability, and good morals, is at this moment decidedly in advance of the same class of laborers in other branches of industry; and we have no doubt but that, by still greater improvements in machinery, by a reduction of the hours of labor, and by a more earnest attention to means of moral and intellectual training, they will lead the general progress in knowledge and in virtue."

'*Two Years before the Mast*,' which was first noticed in these pages, next receives as warm and hearty commendation at the hands of a discriminating critic as was awarded to it by the KNICKERBOCKER, and indeed by every other journal that we have seen, save the 'Southern Literary Messenger;' the estimable proprietor of which journal permitted some ambitious but most stupid and tasteless censor to condemn a work which he had neither the judgment to understand, nor the ability to criticize.

The third volume of BANCROFT'S *History of the United States* is reviewed in the next paper, and in the terms of praise which its various merits amply deserve. We make room for a patriotic and comprehensive passage from the remarks of the reviewer:

"We sympathize fully in those feelings, those hopes, it may be, which animate the great mass of our countrymen. Hope is the attribute of republics. It should be peculiarly so of ours. Our fortune is all in the advance. We have no past, as compared with the nations of the Old World. Our existence is but a couple of centuries, dating from our embryo state; our real existence as an independent people, little more than half a century. We are to look forward, then, and go forward; not with vainglorious boasting, but with resolution and honest confidence. Boasting, indecorous in all, is peculiarly so in those, who take credit for the great things they are going to do, not those they have done. The glorification of an Englishman, or a Frenchman, with a long line of annals in his rear, may be offensive; that of an American is ridiculous. But we may feel a just confidence from the past, that we shall be true to ourselves for the future; that, to borrow a cant phrase of the day, we shall be true to our mission, the most momentous ever intrusted to a nation; that there is sufficient intelligence and moral principle in the people, if not always to choose the best rulers, at least to right themselves by the ejection of bad ones, when they find they have been abused; that they have intelligence enough to understand that their only consideration, their security as a nation, is in union; that separation into smaller communities is the creation of so many hostile states; that a large extent of empire, instead of being an evil, from embracing regions of irreconcilable local interests, is a benefit, since it affords the means of that commercial reciprocity, which makes the country, by its own resources, independent of every other; and that the representatives drawn from these 'magnificent distances,' will, on the whole, be apt to legislate more independently, and on broader principles, than if occupied with the concerns of a petty state, where each legislator is swayed by the paltry factions of his own village. In all this we may honestly confide."

We have observed that the next article, upon '*Congressional Eloquence*,' has been 'lightly entreated' by journalists whose opinions we have been accustomed to respect; but in our humble judgment, this paper is a timely and most just reproof of that gossiping, alloquial *long-windedness*, which has made the American congress such a portentous and expensive bore, especially within the last few years. 'Very often,' says the reviewer — and every man who has been in Washington during the session knows his statements to be true — 'a member will make up a long speech of what has not only no relation to the matter in hand, but what has no interest out of his own district. His vehement utterance, and the expression of satisfaction that inspires his features,

show that he feels himself to be doing something effective, while the representatives around him from other parts of the country are quite in the dark respecting the relations of what he labors with so much fervor. The truth is, that he is haranguing his constituents respecting his claim to their suffrages at the coming election; and his argument, already in type, and now delivering at the Treasury's cost, will to-morrow morning go flying all abroad on the wings of the mail, to blast the schemes of his competitor for office in distant Alabama or Illinois.' Extracts, in bad taste and temper, are quoted from the 'excruciatingly withering' but slipshod and desultory speeches of Mr. WISE, of Virginia, who in playing the imaginary part of a second 'Randolph of Roanoke' has always appeared to us to cut some such a figure as BOSWELL would have done in enacting JOHNSON in a mixed company. The reviewer accompanies his extracts with the annexed comments:

"With such wretched babble does the gravity of an American Congress submit to be affronted. Mr. Wise has a reputation for abilities. He cannot expect much credit for them from such as know him only from reports of his oratorical exhibitions, till he has put his mind anew in training. Scarcely any thing can be worse, than the taste of all his harangues which we have seen. If he have talents, so much the worse for the effect of his style of speaking, as an example. Without the redeeming qualities of John Randolph, who was a scholar, and who, though he rambled insufferably in his argument, was terse and compact in single sentences, Mr. Wise's style is almost a caricature of the worst traits of that eccentric orator. Randolph of Roanoke was undoubtedly a person of brilliant parts, but no one can imitate him without ruin to his mind. Especially was it a dark day for American eloquence, when, because he was afflicted with a constitutional virulence of temper, abusive language, under the names of 'withering sarcasm' and the like, came to be regarded as a high achievement of the art.

"Scarcely any thing, we said, can be worse than the taste of Mr. Wise's harangues. The *us plus ultra* of untastefulness, however, we are forbidden to account them. What bad habits of speech make Mr. Wise's orations, with abilities (so say his coadjutors) the same, and yet worse, through similar habits, Mr. Duncan's speeches become, without them. Will posterity—unless some fate should forbid the intervening generations to come to their senses, or unless republics mean time should become a scoff and a by-word through the earth—believe that such matter as this was vented, in the nineteenth century, in a deliberative assembly of the first republic in the world!"

Passages from two or three of Dr. DUNCAN's speeches are here cited, including that brilliant forensic effort in which the orator quoted 'Barney leave the Girls alone,' with great unction, together with that sublime stanza:

'Mary Rogers are a case,
And so are Sally Thompson;
General Jackson are a horse,
And so are Colonel Johnson!'

The tribute paid to that accomplished scholar and orator, Hon. HUGH S. LEGARE, of South-Carolina, is as *deserved* as the comments upon the different characteristics of Messrs. WISE and DUNCAN:

"His speeches invariably afford favorable specimens of the best manner to be observed in the halls of the American Congress. We have nothing now to say of his plans, opinions, and reasonings, which, in our judgment, are not always sound. But his information is always affluent; his address is always dignified and gentleman-like; ample illustrations, supplied by the observations of genius, the reading of diligent years, the experience of life, office, and society, are ready at his command. His fluency is extraordinary; but not more so than his taste is cultivated. The all-knowing ex-President excepted, he is probably the best scholar, whose voice has been heard in either house of Congress. A few such examples, (alas, that he is withdrawn!) could not fail to have some effect in recommending a better manner. The sculptors of the West detect their deficiencies while they discover their genius, and they betake themselves to Thorwaldsen and Greenough, to learn how to work up the good material within them. The great art of speeches does not come by inspiration, any more than the manipulations of the statuary."

'*The Irish in America*' is a defence of emigration and naturalization, 'the more the better,' and professes to be 'a fair statement of Ireland as it is, and Irishmen as they are.' We have not found leisure to peruse it attentively. The remaining article is a congeries of '*Critical Notices*,' conspicuous among which is a rejoinder to the KNICKERBOCKER, in the matter of ARTHUR's 'Greek Reader.' We cheerfully leave this controversy with the public. 'It is a very good quarrel as it stands.' As the learned reviewer, driven from one false position to another, has abandoned each in turn, and at last contents himself with a desultory essay upon matters and things in general, we may safely leave him in the hands of his own judges.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITOR'S DRAWER. — We intermit our own desultory paragraphs in this department, to make room for a few favors from correspondents, which we have found it inconvenient, 'from causes known to types,' to insert elsewhere, or which have been awaiting their turn among a goodly company in our favorite drawer.

'LAURIE TODD' gossips agreeably in the subjoined reminiscence of our revolutionary history, every striking record of which is worthy of being treasured up, to be read with satisfaction even now, but with double interest hereafter.

THE 'MUCKLE HOUSE.'

'It has ever been the custom, friend KNICKERBOCKER, for men, whether in a civil or uncivilized state, to pay a decent respect to departed worth. The principle is honorable to human nature, and useful to society, since it stimulates to the practice of 'whatsoever things are pure, honest, lovely, and of good report.' It is not as a burlesque on this praiseworthy practice, that I now give you an obituary notice of a house departed, but to keep up its remembrance, and to record a portion of its history. Know then that this house vanished from among the habitations of the living on the 27th of March, 1840. About two o'clock P. M., it took fire, and was burned to the ground. It stood on my premises; and from all I can learn on the subject, was raised in 1745. It was built in the genuine Dutch fashion, more for comfort than show; and was shingled all over, sides, roof, and ends. I have a living oracle near me, whose days amount to four score years and ten. He used to make fast his skiff at the ferry-house, corner of Broad and Garden (now Exchange) streets; and he says that in his young days this house was known all over the Island by the name of the '*Muckle House*,' as at that time it was said to be the largest on Long-Island. It was only one and a half stories high, with four rooms and a garret, the largest room fifteen by twenty; and as there was no folding nor sliding doors in those days, it was impossible to throw two into one, for any festive purpose. Yet I have been told by old settlers, that from Huntington and Flushing, from Cow-Bay and Oyster-Bay, from Misquitos-Cove and Glen-Cove, from Frogs-Neck and Cow-Neck, they used to come hither to hold their husking, sleighing, and dancing frolicks, it being considered in their young days the largest hotel in these districts. Be this as it may: like the Sugar-House in Liberty-street, this house occupied a conspicuous position in the history of the American Revolution. In August, 1776, Lord Howe, Piercy, and others, landed on Long-Island with twenty-five thousand troops. The battle of Flatbush was fought on the 28th of the same month; and the field of battle, in a straight line, is about three miles south of my dwelling. Part of the American army, in their retreat, passed through my premises, and crossed at Hell-gate ferry. They were followed by a strong body of British troops, who thinking they had beaten the Americans already, resolved to take it easy, and so came to a halt for the night, and the officers made their head-quarters in the '*Muckle House*.' After the Americans had crossed, finding they were not pursued, they also made a halt for about half an hour, and fired a few cannon-balls by way of salute to the British, who were now bivouacking round the house. In making repairs some years ago, I found a ten-pound shot, which had lodged between the plaster and the clap-boards, in the end of the house facing the river. I have the ball in my possession, and would not part with it, even for 'a valuable consideration.'

Now you observe, friend KNICKERBOCKER, that this same '*Muckle House*' was perhaps the means of saving from capture this portion of the poor and ragged American army; for the British officers, seeing that the house was a desirable place wherein to get drunk, it being a hotel, here partook

of wine, which made their hearts glad; they then sent forth a small scout of young Hessian standard-bearers, who soon returned with a company of substantial Dutch lasses, some of whom came with good-will, their fathers being Tories, but some against their will; but who nevertheless, as matters stood, thought it was better to coax the devil than to fight him. A full quorum of girls being mustered, they commenced a regular war-dance, which was kept up all night, even till the sun glanced in at the eastern windows: the officers, tired with war, wine, and dancing, slept until noon. The *reveille* was beat, but they heard it not; and before the word '*Forward!*' was given, it was two o'clock in the afternoon. Not so did WASHINGTON: he never slept in the lap of Delilah, when his country's interests were at stake. Before the drowsy Britons awoke from their debauch, he was mustering his troops in Morristown. My informant was at this time a Major in the American army. He is full of anecdotes connected with those times, one of which I will give you, by way of conclusion. Some months before the British, Hessians, and 'Waldeckers' landed on Long-Island, the Whigs, that they might know their friends from their foes, sent forth a messenger with a blank-book, containing a pledge of their lives, fortunes, and most sacred honor, to support the independence of the country. His district was in Queens county, which swarmed with Tories; and he was very obnoxious to them. The night after the battle, his nearest neighbor came, with a party of Hessian soldiers, took him from his bed, led him out into his orchard, put a rope about his neck, and were in the act of suspending him on an apple-tree, when a Hessian officer came riding along the road, and hearing the noise, inquired the cause. 'We are hanging a Whig,' was the reply, in the Hessian tongue. 'Cut him down, you d — d rascals!' said the officer, 'or I'll sabre your skulls!' Implicit obedience being the soldier's duty, he was at once cut down, and lived to a good old age. His Tory neighbor skulked about, hiding when the British were beaten, and showing his face when they were victorious. At length, when he heard of the capture of Burgoyne and the surrender of Cornwallis, he took himself off to Nova Scotia; and it is rather a remarkable coincidence, that this very man met his death by a fall from an apple-tree which he was trimming for his employer in Nova Scotia.'

THE subjoined stanzas are by the author of the lines on 'Greenwood Cemetery,' in the December number, which have been so generally admired and commended. Their accomplished author is now making the tour of Europe; and we can promise our readers the gratification of an occasional communion with him:

L I N E S

ON A MINATURE OF GARAPELIA, A GREEK GIRL, NOW DEAD: PAINTED BY MISS ANN HALL.

BY JAMES K. ARMSTRONG.

THE story of thy life — I know it not;
But, looking on that melancholy brow,
And those bright eyes, whence tears should never flow,
Were Fortune just, I feel thine earthly lot
Hath been a harvest of enduring sorrow;
A night of clouds, through which Hope's star ne'er shone;
A day of storms, followed by no fair morrow;
A dreary waste, which thou hast trod alone.

They tell me thou art one from that far land
(Birth-place of art!) where erst the sculptor's hand
Fashioned the marble into things sublime;
Where names, yet floating on the stream of Time,
Grew into life; where young Philosophy
First looked on nature with a searching eye;
Where Plato taught in academic grove,
And Phaon's fated Sappho sung of hopeless love.

If true the tale, what strange chance bade thee come
Beneath this cold inhospitable sky?
Up-rooted flower of a far kindlier home,
What brought thee here, to wither and to die?
Say, was it love that made thee thus a ranger
To the fair regions of the setting sun?
Was that young heart bestowed upon a stranger,
Who scorned the glorious gift, as soon as won?
Was cold neglect the shaft that struck thee, maid?
Wert thou beloved, fair girl, and then betrayed?

I will not deem it thus ; that hallowed face,
 Of dream-like beauty, bears not Passion's trace.
 Where love's fierce fire hath been and ceased to be,
 It leaves a blight I cannot find in thee.
 Perchance, remembrance of thy natal bowers,
 Or the sad thought that here thy days were brief;
 That fate had measured out thy chain of hours,
 Gave to that brow the paleness of deep grief:
 Sorrow and loveliness — why should they ever meet ?
 And yet sweet beauty seems, with sadness linked, more sweet !

Sleep without dreams — to thee the op'ning grave
 Hath taught that truth which comes with parting breath,
 What'er our earthly doom may be, we have
 No friend like death !

New-York, September, 1840.

J. K. A.

GILBERT DAVIS's paper, from one of his curious memorandum-books upon the growth of the grape, and the manufacture of various Hock wines, will be found to contain information both novel and interesting to the American reader. The Prince 'knows whereof he speaks,' having himself seen all that he describes, when he was on his travels abroad, 'for the promotion,' as he says, and truly, 'of the best wines in the United States :'

THE *Rheingau*, or Hock district of the Rhine, commences at or near Bingen, and ends just below Mayence. Probably no description of wine is manufactured with more care, and with greater expense, than this wine ; and the same may be said of the cultivation of the vine. Charlemagne, when residing at Ingleheim, observed the snow to melt sooner in certain vallies of the Rhine than at other places ; he therefore ordered some vines to be brought from Orleans and from Burgundy, and there planted. The Asmanshausen, or best Red Hock, is from the Burgundy vine, ordered by Charlemagne, and the best White Hock from the Orleans grape. This Hock district is admirably situated to receive the entire warmth of the sun ; as the river at or immediately below Mayence runs nearly west, until it arrives at Bingen ; it then pursues its usual north-northwest course. The vineyards are on the north side of the river, giving them a sunny exposure. In former times the grape was collected about the middle of October, but recently, it is permitted to remain upon the vine until from the first to the tenth of November. This, in a good season, carries the grape to that state of over-ripeness bordering almost upon decay ; that is, they are rather dried up than full, but the juice is uncommonly rich. It produces less wine, but more strength and aroma. So particular are a few of the owners of these estates, that they select the grapes free from all imperfection ; all those which are over-ripe, that sometimes fall off, are taken from the ground by a wooden fork. They are then moderately pressed, so as to prevent expressing the crude flavor from the skin or seeds. The second picking is pressed harder, and sells at lower prices. This wine is put into fresh casks, sulphurized, and remains until it begins to ferment ; it is then changed into other casks ; and this mode is continued until it has entirely ceased to effervesce, usually about five years. Immediately after this, it is bottled, and when two years in glass, is in its best state. In fact, this 'fifty years in glass' has exploded, not only in Germany but in England. Hock wines are now preferred at a moderate age. The practice of selecting perfect grapes, with so much care, is only followed by the estates of Steinberg and Johannisberg. Several others are cultivated with as much expense, but with less care in selecting the fruit. The vineyard of Asmanshausen, for example, is at the commencement of the Reisling, or wine district ; and no doubt is one of the loftiest of the wine mountains. It commences at the margin of the Rhine, and ascends quite steep, some nine or ten hundred feet. The soil, or rather the slate rock, possesses hardly nutriment enough to supply the vine ; hence walls are built up, and terraces made ; and in many cases, the vine itself is planted in a sort of basket, so as to retain the soil and compost about their roots. All the soil and compost is carried in baskets upon the shoulders of men and women up this mountain vineyard. Many other estates are cultivated in the same manner, but with less expense. Numbers of the small vineyards belong to the cultivators ; and should three successive years prove fatal to the ripening of the grape, it would well nigh ruin the owners ; for whenever the autumn is cold and wet, it makes the grape sour, and productive of no other than ordinary wine, which is unfit for bottling or export.

All the fine hock estates are within the Duke of Nassau's dominions, except Hockheimer, which is some three miles from Mayence, on the road to Frankfort on the Maine. The Steinberg estate belongs to the Nassau family. A few years since, the Duke had a public sale of his cabinet wines, and one cask, called the 'Bride of the Cellar,' sold for the enormous price of six thousand one hundred florins. It was purchased by the tasteful Prince EMIL, of Hesse, who 'happened to have the money.' This cask contained about six hundred bottles, which is the highest price ever paid for a cask of wine.

This is about \$5 75 per bottle, or equal to twenty-eight dollars per gallon — a fair price. Previous to this sale, Johannisberg carried the palm in Hocks. This last estate now belongs to Prince Metternich; but within the last forty years it has had several owners. It formerly belonged to the Monks, attached to the convent of St. John. At the beginning of the present century, the Prince of Orange held possession of it: but during Napoleon's career, the Great Captain took it and presented it to Gen. Lallemand. After the success of the Allies, the estate fell into the hands of the Emperor of Austria, who presented it to its present owner, for services rendered. The estate contains about fifty-seven acres, and in a good season produces about sixty butts of wine, each equal to thirteen hundred bottles, and valued at 80,000 florins. It costs 30,000 florins to cultivate it, and keep up the establishment. The next best estates are the following: *Rudesheim-berg*, *Markobrunner*, and *Rothenberg*, which possess much body and aroma: *Heckheim*, which grows on the Main, ranks with the best of these second-class wines. Of the inferior Hocks, those of Erbach and Hattenheim are the best. *Leubachheim* and *Nierstein* are the best of the common table wines. *Aemanshausen* is the best Red Hock in Germany, and as I before stated, raised at great expense, owing to the artificial method of cultivating; in baskets, on the steep mountain side, to prevent the earth from being washed away by the rain. . . A word here in regard to the age and monstrous size of the vine. When properly cultivated, it will compare in bulk and age with the venerable oak. Miller tells us, in his 'Gardeners' Dictionary,' that in some parts of Italy the vine will hold good three hundred years, and may be considered young at one hundred years. We are also told that a statue of Jupiter, and columns in Juno's temple, were made from the grape-vine. It is positively declared, that the great doors of the Cathedral at Ravenna are made from the vine-tree plank, some of which are twelve feet long and fifteen inches broad. Strabo mentions a vine in Morgiana twelve feet in circumference. At Ecoan, the Duke of Montmorency's house, is a table of great dimensions, made from the vine-plank. Some travellers affirm that they saw vines near the Caspian Sea as large as a man's body. Pliny says he saw one that was six hundred years old, and that the ancients classed the vine among their trees. The roof of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus is ascended by a ladder made from one Cyprian vine. Some recent travellers mention, that they saw growing upon the Barbary coast vines eight and nine feet in circumference. Whether this species of vine be different from the usual grape vine, or whether its growth is owing to a peculiar soil, or to the air of the country, I profess not to know.

G. D.

MURDER'S 'MIRACULOUS ORGAN.' — 'Murder,' says Shakspeare, 'though it hath no tongue, yet speaks with most miraculous organ.' Among the numerous accounts of homicides which have made so prominent a feature in the newspapers of the Union, in the last twelvemonth, we can call to mind scarcely one, which it was intended by the perpetrator to conceal, that has not, by means oftentimes the most trivial, been laid open to the eyes of the world. A most striking instance was that of the murder in New-Jersey. After the deed was done, and no human eye had seen it; when the body of the victim was buried beneath the floor, and even an explanation of its anticipated decay prepared for, the perturbed spirit of the murderer beheld in every man an accuser, and in every eye a witness. Blood had been spilled, and the damning dye 'would not out.' So he must needs purchase two rabbits, and go round with them in his hand to his acquaintances, complaining that they had bled upon his person, and on his floor, and offering them for sale; and in the 'black and dark night' he dared not to go near his dwelling alone, but offered artizans extravagant terms to sit up with him all night, for 'he could not sleep.' Conscience was in this case the 'miraculous organ' that ultimately plucked out the heart of his awful mystery. So too of a recent murder in Virginia. It occurred on a Friday night; all day on Saturday the body remained; and the wretched prisoner says he endured all the agonies of hell during the day. He drank deep, to keep down the wild feelings that agitated his bosom. He dared not flee, for fear of the pursuer; he was afraid to look his fellow men in the face, lest his guilt should stand burned in characters of fire upon his forehead. At night he essayed to remove the body, but the apprehension that he was watched, prevented him: so moving a few things out of the house, he set it on fire, thinking thus to destroy all evidence of the murder. But after the last rafter had fallen in, and the dying embers had begun to pale, there, in the midst of the fire, lay unburned the headless trunk of his victim! He next

bethought him of conveying away the body; but after he had raked it from the ashes, it was *so hot* that he was compelled to leave it to cool, before he could remove it. The day was dawning, and his work was not accomplished! He then dragged the corpse up beside a rail-fence, where it lay about twenty steps from the road all day, a frightful wreck of mortality; the arms burned off, the legs calcined to a cinder, and only a small portion of the head clinging to the trunk! 'At night he took the body and buried it in a potato-hole; but still the fear that it would be discovered, tormented him sore, and he again took it up and *carried it in his arms* about two miles through the dark old forest, and buried it in a hollow tree. In the course of Monday, he again went to the spot where the body was interred, terrified lest the dogs, in ranging the wood, should discover his crime. But there was upon him an *Eye*, from whose glance he could not hide; and his own conscience haunted him with its terrible thunderings!' This will forcibly remind the reader of the poetic truth of Hood's 'Dream of Eugene Aram.' The schoolmaster, it will be remembered, has cast the body into a deep stream of 'sluggish water, black as ink;' and after sitting awhile among the innocent children of his school, he dismisses them for the night:

'Oh heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!'

'And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

A night of restless agony is followed by a yearning temptation, that urges him to 'go and see the dead man in his grave:'

'Heavily I rose up — as soon
As light was in the sky —
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river's bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

'Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

'With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran —
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

'And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. — We make the following extract from a late epistle of an estimable friend and eminent vocalist, now in his native land of Scotland, with whose high professional and personal merits our readers in the cities of the Atlantic sea-board are not unacquainted. We rejoice to hear that he has been most cordially welcomed 'bock agen' by his countrymen, from whom he has received the most gratifying testimonials of approbation. He writes us from Dublin, where his success had been most abundant, under date of January 2d: 'It is some four or five years since I was in this quarter of the world, and the change that is now perceptible on the face of men and things is astonishing. You of course have heard of FATHER MATTHEW, and his testotal pledges, and perhaps thought of it as I did, that it was all humbug; that the Father must be a fanatic, and that it was such a thing as would soon blow over. But it is not so. It is ascertained that upward of three millions of souls in Ireland have taken the pledge; the consequence of which is, that instead of the hundreds and thousands of beggars that were wont to infest the streets, some of them with scarcely any clothing upon them, you now rarely see *one*. It used to be difficult to discover what was, or had been, the original color or texture of a poor Irishman's coat; in fact, it was a thing to baffle all research. It is now far different. The lower orders are comparatively well clad, and clean. The distilleries are all turned into flour-mills, and the public houses have van-

ished. On last St. Patrick's day, although the streets were covered with dense crowds of people, there was not a 'tipsy' man to be seen. In former times, an Irishman would have considered himself disgracing his saint, his country, and himself, if he did not get beastly drunk on that day. All this reformation has arisen out of the exertions of Father Matthew, who I hear is an excellent fellow, and any thing but a bigot. He is now erecting a chapel in Cork, out of the proceeds of the sale of shilling teetotal pledge-medals, that will cost nearly eighty thousand pounds, and which, when finished, will rival in magnificence of design and beauty of architecture, any other building in Europe. The taking of the pledge is not confined to the lower orders. Many who move in the first circles of society have taken it; and what astonishes me most of all, is, that many of the car-men have taken it, who used to be 'screamers' in the drinking way. . . . Have you read Prof. Wilson's Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns, affixed to the work entitled 'The Land of Burns,' edited by himself and Robert Chambers? If not, do so, and if you do not revel in its flow of eloquence, and stream of glorious, fine, manly feeling, I am mistaken. I was sitting in Blackwood's back-shop a few days ago, enjoying it, when the Professor walked in, looking as hale and hearty *almost* as ever. Since the death of his wife, he has been very low in spirits, but he has now started afresh, and taken out a new lease of youth and manhood, in mind and body.'

THE DIAL. — We have the January issue of this quarterly publication, and 'have to note,' as the prices-current term it, 'a still farther improvement.' Transcendentalism 'in *first* hands' is certainly 'looking up.' In second hands, purchasers are *shy*. But similitude aside: the present number of the 'Dial' is more to our taste, and we think a better number, than either of its predecessors. We proceed to set forth the grounds of our conviction, in a few extracts from, and a running commentary upon, some of the more prominent papers. In 'Man in the Ages,' the opening article, there are fine thoughts, which no affectation of language could wholly hide. Take, for example, the following tribute to Freedom:

'I have lived indeed to hear that blessed name taken in vain, used in caricature, uttered with a sneer. It will not be so always. It was not so once. It has been a sacred word. Bards sang it. Prophets proclaimed it. Noble men died for it, and felt the price cheap. None counted how much gold could be coined out of fetters. Dimly seen, imperfectly understood, its dimmest shapes, its shadowy visions, even rising amidst bloody clouds, have been heralds of joy. Not brighter, more glad, to the forlorn and weary traveller, the first rays which look out through the golden dawn, than to commonwealths and men, the day-break of liberty; nor is light itself, or any exterior thing of good cheer to man conscious of bondage. Order, conservation, tradition, prescription, political constitutions, laws of nations, sanctions of the ages, these are all nothing to the unwritten, unseen, invisible law of true freedom in man's soul. Those are of men, this of man; those, of the world; this, of God. I may regret, to be sure, that a dagger should have ever been hidden in myrtle bough; I may mourn that in the name of Liberty the least wrong should ever be done; would that the blessed form needed never but voice soft as the gentlest evening wind! More deeply should I mourn, my tears more hopeless, if I saw her assailed, nor hand nor voice lifted in the defence. Nay, as in worst superstition I welcome the divine idea of Religion; as through dreams and filthy tales of mythology, I see and bless the living God, nor ever feel more sure, that God is, that Truth is, and that man is made for God and Truth; so in and through frantic excesses of an incomplete and infantile Freedom, I see, I feel, that Freedom is, and is sacred, and that it is every thing to the soul of man. Carry me to Paris in the frenzy of its revolution; carry me to St. Domingo, in the storm of its insurrection; carry me to Bunker Hill, amid its carnage; carry me to Thermopylæ, while its three hundred wait the sure death; set me beside those whose names may scarce be uttered without contempt or hate, a Wat Tyler or a Nat Turner; set me where and with whom you will, be it but man struggling to be free, to be himself, I recognise a divine presence, and wish not to withhold homage. Pardon me; but in a slavish quietude of the ages, I see nothing but despondency; freedom, be it wild as it may, quickens my hope. The wildness is an accident which will pass soon; that slavish quietude is death.'

There is poetry in 'Questionings,' and aspirations that will remind the reader of winged fancies that flit through the mind on a summer's eventide:

'Soul! that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze,
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er,
When these pulses beat no more?'

The eighth paper is a sort of autobiography of a Magnolia tree. There came a chilling frost, unhappily, and killed it; which it thus describes:

'One starlight night I was looking, hoping, when a sudden breeze came up. It touched me, I thought, as if it were a cold white beam from those stranger worlds. The cold gained upon my heart, every blossom trembled, every leaf grew brittle, and the fruit began to seem unconnected with the stem. Soon I lost all feeling, and morning found the pride of the garden black, stiff, and powerless.'

'As the rays of the morning sun touched me, consciousness returned, and I strove to speak, but in vain. Sealed were my fountains, and all my heart-beats still. I felt that I had been that beauteous tree, but now only was — what — I knew not; yet I was, and the voices of men said, It is dead; cast it forth and plant another in the costly vase. A mystic shudder of pale joy then separated me wholly from my former abode.'

What is '*a mystic shudder of pale joy*?' 'Take a step inward,' reader, and oblige us with an answer.

The true dignity and end of well-directed labor are forcibly sketched in the '*Ideals of Every-day Life*,' an extract or two from which we are compelled to postpone. In the first few pages of '*German Literature*,' we recognize some attempts at mingled humor and sarcasm, which are melancholy enough; but as the reader advances, he finds the writer engaged in an exposition of the German intellect, which will be found interesting, and new to a large portion of the American public. The fanciful architecture of the '*Snow Storm*' is a pretty conceit, well carried out:

'Come see the north-wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel hangs he Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Malgré the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.'

There are more of the '*Orphic Sayings*.' We infer that the editor finds it difficult to shake this writer off; for surely, such a mind as Mr. EMERSON'S cannot affect the ambitious common-places which peep out from the cumbrous ornaments that overload their littleness, in all that we have ever seen from the pen of Mr. ALCOTT. Here are three of the '*sayings*:'

'BREAD.

'Fools and blind! not bread, but the lack of it is God's high argument. Wouldst enter into life? Beg bread then. In the kingdom of God are love and bread consociated, but in the realm of mammon, bread sojourns with lies, and truth is a starveling. Yet praised be God, he has bread in his exile which mammon knows not of.'

'BAPTISM.

'Except a man be born of water and of spirit, he cannot apprehend eternal life. Sobriety is clarity; sanctity is sight. John baptizes Jesus. Repent, abstain, resolve; — thus purify yourself in this laver of regeneration, and become a denizen of the kingdom of God.'

'SILENCE.

'Silence is the initiative to wisdom. Wit is silent, and justifies her children by their reverence of the voiceless oracles of the breast. Inspiration is dumb, a listener to the oracles during her nonage; suddenly she speaks, to mock the emptiness of all speech. Silence is the dialect of heaven; the utterance of gods.'

This second-hand imitator of a second-hand model dresses up meagre thoughts in the '*garb of a mountebank*,' to attract the popular wonderment; and like certain small apes of the German, mentioned by a recent London reviewer, seems to consider German

fog a necessary appendage of their profound thinking; 'just as wearing no neckcloth was once thought by London apprentices the best preparation for writing poetry like Byron's.' But we waste even contempt upon such inane twattle as these 'Orphic Sayings.' A friend has pencilled an uninspired sample on the margin of one of our 'Dial' pages, which is worth transcribing. Mr. ALCOTT must look to his bays:

'PUTTY.

'Even the true Putty fast-sticketh. Friendship, intertwining with love, evolves its adhesive synonyme in the life actual. In the true window-glass, putty only is potent, pane-sustaining. Flour-paste is derivative, merely. Only the known BADEAU elicits the epidermis-adherence. Plaster is dual. Putty integral. Fluctuations of price embosom Trade. 'Riz' is the maximum: 'Won't stick' the minimum, of quality, evolving the current entity of Price practical.'

'*Glimmerings*' are not *merely* glimmerings. Thoughts, pleasant thoughts, yet deep, has this writer; and he makes his *reader* think. Withal, he has a charming fancy, and a painter's eye. Hear him talk to a bee and a butterfly:

'And here come the bee and the butterfly themselves to tell us about it. But, as I said, they obtrude not their precepts upon us. Nay, they seem rather shy than not. And yet these two insects have been, unconsciously to themselves and to man, preachers and parable-bringers since Thought began.'

'So come here, thou little citizen of this green republic, and tell us more than the daff books, which prate as if they knew all about thee. We may fling aside Kirby and Spence, now thou art here. Come, leave that clover-blossom awhile, where thou art rolling thyself about and packing away thy nectar;—cease that monotonous talking to thyself—that hurried merchant-like air:—leave dunning the poor, drooping, insolvent field-flowers, for they will pay thee one day—come out of the sunshine, thou hot, petulant, systematic little worker, and tell us why thou hast ever been a stirrer of deep thoughts and resolves to the earnest soul! And thou, my lady butterfly—gay dancer in the breeze, living air-flower—silent ever, but not from thought—making thy demure morning calls on the very flowers at whose doors the disappointed bee has been grumbling; who made thee a proverb and a perpetual homily in the courts of kings—or saw thee fitting along in thy relations of the street or the ball-room? Did some poet invent these correspondences, or stand they not as they have ever stood, written in the double-leaved book of the Most High?'

Here are some of the writer's thoughts in verse, and what is more rare, poetry:

'MY THOUGHTS.

'Many are the thoughts that come to me
In my lonely musing;
And they drift so strange and swift,
There's no time for choosing
Which to follow, for to leave
Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,
As, on glancing feather,
Startled birds rise one by one
In autumnal weather,
Waking one another up
From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,
Some are grave and serious,
Some so trite, their least approach
Is enough to weary us:
Others flit like midnight ghosts,
Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,
Like the day when dawning;
Great thoughts winged with melody
Common utterance scorning,
Moving in an inward tune,
And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
Children all of sorrow;
Some are as gay, as if to-day
Could see no cloudy morrow,
And yet like light and shade they each
Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me
On their destined mission;
One by one I see them fade
With no hopeless vision;
For they've led me on a step
To their home Elysian.'

There are other papers in the 'Dial' worthy of note, but we must pass them by. Our own estimate of this periodical is so well presented by the Editor of the Boston Quarterly, that we adopt the substance of his remarks: 'It is full of rich thought, though somewhat injured by its puerile conceits and childish expressions. Its authors seem to have caught some partial glimpses and to have felt the moving of a richer, a higher life, which carries them away, and which as yet they have not been able to master. To our taste, they want manliness and practical aims. They are too vague, evanescent, aerial; but nevertheless, there is a sad sincerity about many of them. On many sides they expose themselves to ridicule, but at bottom they seem to have a serious, solemn purpose.' In short, what the London *Quarterly Review* says of COL-

RIDGE, we may say of the 'Dial' contributors; namely: that 'we are far from thinking them safe or sound writers; but they open an eye of the sleeping intellect of the country, and betoken animation,' and are therefore to stand in some rank of praise. 'The Dial' is published by Messrs. WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY, Boston.

CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR. — We have received from this gifted American Sculptor, now pursuing his studies at Rome with that perseverance with which true genius overcomes all obstacles, an engraved copy of his noble statue of ORPHEUS, of which our readers have heard, at length, in the letter of our correspondent, GEORGE W. GREENE, Esq., American Consul at Rome, addressed not long since through these pages to Professor LONGFELLOW. This statue, judging only from the engraving, deserves all the praise awarded to it by Mr. GREENE. The more eminent masters of the art in Italy pronounce the most enthusiastic encomiums upon its extraordinary merits; even THORWALDSEN joins in these hearty tributes to American genius, and has cited CRAWFORD as his successor in the severe classic style of sculpture. We are glad to learn that a copy in marble of the 'Orpheus' is secured for the Boston Athenæum; and we learn that the liberality of New-York is likely to be represented by several opulent and public-spirited private citizens, who have subscribed largely for the same object; so that it will no longer be said that the native city of our artist is tardy in doing justice to his extraordinary genius.

THE 'NEW-YORK REVIEW,' for the January quarter, gives token that in the hands of its industrious and capable editor, Mr. COGSWELL, it will continue to sustain the high character which is conceded to it throughout the country. Indeed, we remember no number of this Review, which as a whole has impressed us more favorably than the one before us. The first article is upon the 'Memoirs of the Life of Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY, with a selection from his correspondence;' a work of which we had 'by parcels something heard,' through the English journals. The reviewer has not lost sight of his author in a long dissertation; but supplying each hiatus in his extracts with a brief explanation, has opened to the reader, we doubt not, an ample view of one of the most instructive and delightful books that has been given to the English public in a twelve-month; a work which records the 'daily beauty' of the life of a great and good man, and which we should be pleased to see speedily republished on this side the Atlantic. The second article, on 'SPENSER'S Poetical Works' — having its main theme, we believe, nearly 'by heart,' certainly quite near *at heart* — we have not yet perused. We were gratified and instructed by the paper which succeeds, upon the 'Doctrine of Temperaments.' It is replete with a great variety of information, interesting and useful to all classes of readers, who *have* temperaments, and would guard against or remedy the diverse ills which are their several accompaniments. Passing an article upon the 'Geology of the State of New-York,' we come to an able review of a very able and interesting work, which belongs, as did its illustrious subject, to *the country*, and which we hope to see widely diffused. We shall embrace another occasion to do justice to this 'Life of ALEXANDER HAMILTON,' by his son, JOHN C. HAMILTON, Esq., in these pages; contenting ourselves for the present with quoting and endorsing the opening remarks of the reviewer:

"Next to Washington's, stands the name of Hamilton on the roll of American fame and in its demands on the gratitude of his country. We, at least, have grown gray in that faith, and the events of every succeeding day serve but to confirm our early and unchanged creed. The working of the political institutions of our country, whether for good or evil, has never ceased to indicate a prophetic mind in Hamilton. Even now do we find the vital strength of our union to lie where his far-seeing eye beheld it, and its weaknesses and dangers to arise where he predicted them and labored against them. And if our union has survived past shocks, and is competent to endure yet harder ones, and destined moreover, as we trust, to grow up into enduring greatness, and to become a model to the old

world, as well as a blessing to the new, we hold such result to be in no small degree due to the conservative spirit infused into it at its formation and in its early progress by the governing mind of Hamilton. In the expression of this sentiment, we are fully cleared from any charge of prejudice by the impartial yet equally favorable judgment of a highly philosophic foreigner and historian — one who, beyond, perhaps, all other European writers, has most deeply studied our history, our government, and the lives of its great founders. 'Hamilton,' says Guizot, in his late work on the character of Washington, 'must be classed among the men who have best known the vital principles and the fundamental conditions of a government — not of a government such as this, (France,) but of a government worthy of its mission and of its fame. There is not in the constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, or of duration, which he has not powerfully contributed to introduce into it and caused to predominate.'

"Of such a man, an adequate biography is obviously a task of no slight labor, of no private bearing, and of no temporary influence. It is, on the contrary, a work of national interest and national magnitude, and rightly executed, a national blessing; for it forms, we may say and will continue in all coming time to form, part of the natural heritage and birthright of all who live under the shadow of the American constitution — that constitution which Hamilton labored to found and lived but to interpret. It is their birthright, we say, and it will be their duty to become duly instructed in the life-labor and living principles of him whom we may not fear to name — if to any, such name may be appropriated — as its earliest and most zealous advocate, its most eminent framer, most eloquent defender, soundest expositor, and ablest practical statesman. It is in this light that we look at the life of Hamilton — as a national work and a people's study; and shall do our endeavor so to impress it on the minds of our readers."

This article is followed by a review of **RANKE's** 'Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,' which, with the succeeding paper, we regret we have not found leisure to peruse. We would commend to our readers the full and conclusive exposition of the Northeastern Boundary Question, contained in the review of **Mr. GALLATIN's** pamphlet. The article is illustrated by a good map of the entire region, and will attract much attention at this moment, owing to the renewed agitation of the subject. 'Critical Notices' form the closing article; and among them, we are glad to see a cordial welcome given, by a scholar and a tasteful critic, to the excellent 'Greek Reader' of **Professor FELTON**. No small sectional jealousies, it will be observed, are permitted to interfere with the verdicts of the 'New-York Review' upon works which reflect honor on the scholarship of our common country. The noble 'School District Library' of the **Brothers HARPER** is warmly and justly commended. We should not omit to add, that the Review makes its appearance in a new dress, which does credit to the care of the publisher, **Mr. A. V. BLAKE**, Gold-street.

HARPERS' SCHOOL DISTRICT LIBRARY. — We are glad to perceive that this invaluable series, which has been so warmly commended in the **KNICKERBOCKER**, has attracted the attention of our state government. **Governor SEWARD**, in a paragraph of his late excellent message, observes:

'There are about eleven thousand school districts in the state. Of these school districts, there are very few which have not complied with the act providing for the establishment of school district libraries, and there are, at this time, in these various district libraries about *one million of volumes*. Within the five years limited by the law, there will have been expended in the purchase of books more than half a million of dollars. These libraries include general history and biography, voyages and travels, works on natural history and the physical sciences, treatises upon agriculture, commerce, manufactures and the arts, and judicious selections from modern literature. Henceforth no citizen who shall have improved the advantages offered by our common schools, and the district libraries, will be without some scientific knowledge of the earth, its physical condition and phenomena, the animals that inhabit it, the vegetables that clothe it with verdure, and the minerals under its surface; the physiology and the intellectual powers of man, the laws of mechanics, and their practical uses, those of chemistry, and their application to the arts, the principles of moral and political economy, the history of nations, and especially that of our own country, the progress and triumph of the democratic principle in the governments on this continent, and the prospects of its ascendancy throughout the world, the trials and faith, valor and constancy of our ancestors, with all the inspiring examples of benevolence, virtue and patriotism exhibited in the lives of the benefactors of mankind. The fruits of this enlightened and beneficent enterprise are chiefly to be gathered by our successors. But the present generation will not be altogether unrewarded. Although many of our citizens may pass the district library, heedless of the treasures it contains, the unpretending volumes will find their way to the fireside, diffusing knowledge, increasing domestic happiness, and promoting public virtue.'

A GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The reader will find in the present number a foretaste of much that we believe will afford him high gratification in subsequent issues. The '*Notes of a Non-Combatant, on Service in the Mediterranean,*' are but the opening passages of a series, upon which the writer—a distinguished author and divine—will now enter; and we may safely predict that they will be deemed to possess decided and various interest. . . . '*The Country Doctor,*' by the author of '*Peter Cram at Tinnecum,*' '*The Kushow Property,*' etc., will attract immediate attention; and if we do not greatly mistake its promise, it will prove one of the most popular series we have recently given to the public. The writer will pardon us, but we cannot forbear to say, that in our judgment he paints as it were from a daguerreotype view, imprinted on his mind; sketching by a species of mental *camera-lucida*. *Apropos:* Doctor ASPEN's episode of tooth-drawing, reminds us of a country patient somewhat akin to his, who called one morning upon one of our most eminent dentists, being 'troubled with a raging tooth,' which he wished extracted. Seating himself, the polished instrument was displayed before his eyes, and the next instant the tormentor was placed in his hand. 'Well, doctor,' said he, 'how much d' you tax for that job? Guy! but you did it *quick*, though!' 'My terms,' replied the dentist, 'are one dollar.' 'A dollar!—for half a minute's work! O-n-e Do-l-l-ar!!! THUNDER!! Why, a doctor down t' our place drew a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him *two hours*. He dragged me all round the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never *see* such hard work; and *he* only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! O *git about!*—you must be jokin'! This economical victim was but following out the popular utilitarian doctrine, that the labor necessary to produce a result, should form its standard of value. . . . Said we not well, that Mr. STAZER's lines on '*The Gray Forest Eagle*' was a noble poem?' . . . We welcome our three new contributors, the authors of '*Tutorism,*' the exciting story of '*Caleffi, the Carbonaro,*' and the desultory essay on '*Physiognomy.*' How striking is the picture drawn in the first, of the inexpressible cheerlessness of a private tutor's lot! The digression upon *noses*, in the last-named article, should have included the apostrophe of the facetious author of '*Abeurdities:*'

' Knows he, that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which my nose knows?
Oh, Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows:
I gaze on thee, and feel the joy
A Roman knows!'

In the lines '*To New-York,*' a popular contributor has gone far to show that the name is not so ill fitted for poetry as GORFREY CRAYON contended; at least he has proved that there is poetry in the *subject*. With the spirit to *enjoy* the prosperity that follows a course of honorable success, and *with* that success, one may write as does our correspondent, of the city. But yet might he not, of his own observation, say in the language of another, that 'there is nothing the imagination can picture more forlorn, than the poor stranger who for the first time threads the streets of a crowded city? Hope whispers to him that what has once been accomplished may again be renewed in his person, and already he rides in his coach with gilded trappings, and has servants to attend upon his person. But how many have entered that great city, full of high hopes for the future, and sanguine in their dreams of glory! How few of these were heard of more, or escaped being swallowed up in the thousands whose portion is misery! Every where they moved, they found a barrier to oppose them. Here, Pride poured down disdain upon them, and spurned their modest talents; there, Pleasure wooed them with her thousand lures, and left them at last victims to despair. Deceit, fraud, cunning, drew their coils around them; till, stunned and perplexed, they sunk unresistingly into the snare, and vanished from the crowd of strugglers. Now and then,

it may be, one emerges from the mass, pale, care-worn, and unquiet. He has attained his object; he has wealth, and he may sit down to taste of those luxuries which haunted his young day-dreams. Alas! he has no longer the taste for enjoyment! He has grown cold and selfish; his old friendships have long ceased to exist; he could not keep them in 'the world;' and, though there are many round him, he knows they envy his wealth, and care little for its owner. Riches have brought their penalty: he is suspicious, and his nights are spent in watching. He has no joys, no pleasures; but he has a splendid funeral when he dies, and a tomb-stone, which records that Peter Jones raised himself by his own industry to affluence, and died at the age of seventy-two, full of infirmities, and (so says the stone) charity of the world. Something is added by way of example to others, but not a syllable of the soul-stricken sinner who, before he died, reluctantly confessed that his toil had been all labor ill spent, and that he would willingly have given up all his wealth, to be the poor, happy, honest lad who entered town with but three cents in his pocket, but a store of content at his heart worth all the honors that ever devolved on care-bent shoulders.' . . . For the first time in two years, the monthly leaves from the 'CRAYON PAPERS' have failed to arrive. They were placed by the author himself in one of the post-offices near his residence in the country, more than ten days since; but from some unaccountable cause, have never reached the New-York Post-office. Should the ms. not arrive, it will be re-written in season for our next number. . . . We can promise our readers a series of letters, of rare interest, from a distinguished naturalist, who has started upon a tour to the coast of California, by the way of the West India Islands and Isthmus of Darien. The writer, in company with an eminent fellow *savan*, will explore California, particularly the coast, after which he will visit the Columbia River, and return across the mountains, advising us continually, of all that he may encounter, of a remarkable or interesting character. . . . Among the other papers for the forthcoming numbers, are, 'The Country Doctor,' continued; Sketches of Life in the West, by Mrs. MARY CLAVERS; Retrospections of a Broken-Hearted Belle, by the author of 'Love's Labor Lost;' 'St. John,' and 'The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis,' by J. G. WHITTIER; and 'The Sons of France.' . . . It has not been our wont to allude to the opinions which are expressed by the public journals of our successive issues, nor to the comments that contributors, strangers and widely separated, occasionally make upon each other's performances, in their private letters to the editor; but we might be deemed lacking in gratitude, not to say courtesy, did we forbear cordially to thank our contemporaries of the press throughout the country, for the gratifying tribute they have paid to the first number of our Seventeenth Volume; and we must be pardoned for *once* so far departing from our hitherto invariable custom, as to quote a few passages from our recent letters; premising, that the commentators and querists are gentlemen whose praise is praise, and that of the highest order. One who has himself been in great request by his fellow contributors, writes as follows: 'The January KNICKERBOCKER is the best number I have ever seen of the work. Who is JOHN WATERS? He is a most charming writer! CHARLES LAMB does not excel him in original felicity of thought and expression. IRVING'S 'Dutch Paradise' is in his best vein. The poetical contributions of the KNICKERBOCKER are excellent; but I cannot tell you how much I admire Professor LONGFELLOW'S poem. There is something strangely grand and solemn about it. It rings in my ears all the time. Every verse of it is the chapter of a romance. How admirable is that chapter which represents the maiden and her warrior-father, and the minstrels mute at the Pirate's audacity, and old Hildebrand's laugh of scorn blowing the foam from the tankard.' Another correspondent, who graces the same number, writes: 'I will pit the January 'Old Knick' for 1841 against that of any monthly, indigenous or exotic, betwixt this and *Terra Incog.* CASS writes like the sound, hearty American that he is. As for the author of 'Peter Cram,' 'whoever he be or not,' I extend him my hand. He is a benefactor; for he made me forget a protested draft. I think I see Peter at the sheet-iron black-board: What's them things?' 'Them, my friends, is *minims*.' 'We don't want no minims!

We want Old Hundred! What could be richer than that whole scene, unless it were the interview with the pliable editor of the Tinnecum Gazette? . . . 'Who,' writes another, 'is GEORGE HILL? Is his a *nom de plume*, or a veritable cognomen? His old Oak, standing up 'every inch a king,' in the solemn forest, with his courtiers, 'nature's nobility,' around him, clad in their gorgeous autumnal robes, is the conception of a true poet.' Our correspondent is behind his contemporaries. Mr. HILL is not unknown to fame. He is the author of 'The Ruins of Athens,' and 'Titania's Banquet,' a little volume of poetry which we commend to the immediate perusal of our friend. Moreover, he finds leisure from honorable responsibilities in the State Department at Washington, occasionally to send forth a poetical 'fugitive,' which the world will not willingly let die. Witness the following quaint effusion, which we select from several poems of Mr. HILL, in BRYANT's 'American Poets':

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

The clouds that upward curling from
Nevada's summit fly,
Melt into air: gone are the showers,
And, deck'd, as 't were with bridal flowers,
Earth seems to wed the sky.

All hearts are by the spirit that
Breathes in the sunshine stirr'd;
And there's a girl that, up and down,
A merry vagrant, through the town
Goes singing like a bird.

A thing all lightness, life, and glee;
One of the shapes we seem
To meet in visions of the night;
And, should they greet our waking sight,
Imagine that we dream.

With glossy ringlet, brow that is
As falling snow-flake white,
Half hidden by its jetty braid,
And eye like dew-drop in the shade,
At once both dark and bright:

And cheek whereon the sunny clime
Its brown tint gently throws,
Gently, as it reluctant were
To leave its print on thing so fair —
A shadow on a rose.

She stops, looks up — what does she see?
A flower of crimson dye,
Whose vase, the work of Moorish hands,
A lady sprinkles, as it stands
Upon a balcony:

High, leaning from a window forth,
From curtains that half shroud

Her maiden form, with tress of gold,
And brow that mocks their snow-white fold,
Like Dian from a cloud.

Nor flower, nor lady fair she sees —
That mountain girl — but dumb
And motionless she stands, with eye
That seems communing with the sky;
Her visions are of home.

That flower to her is as a tone
Of some forgotten song,
One of a slumbering thousand, struck
From an old harp-string; but, once woke,
It brings the rest along.

She sees beside the mountain brook,
Beneath the old cork-tree
And toppling crag, a vine-thatch'd shed,
Perch'd, like the eagle, high o'er head,
The home of liberty:

The rivulet, the olive shade,
The grassy plat, the flock;
Nor does her simple thought forget,
Haply, the little violet,
That springs beneath the rock.

Sister and mate, they may not from
Her dreaming eye depart;
And one, the source of gentler fears,
More dear than all, for whom she wears
The token at her heart.

And hence her eye is dim, her cheek
Has lost its livelier glow;
Her song has ceased, and motionless
She stands, an image of distress:
Strange what a flower can do!

☞ It will be observed, that a *copy-right* is secured for each number of the KNICKERBOCKER. The object of this measure is, not to deny to our contemporaries in the country the privilege of selecting such portions of its contents as may suit their taste, but to prevent the 'mammoth journals' of the Atlantic cities from taking from this Magazine, as soon as published, those papers and series of papers which cost us an annual outlay of thousands, and parading them, with puffs preliminary and reverberatory, as the chief attractions of their sheets. This cannot now be done, without a violation of our copy-right, which the proprietor has taken every requisite precaution instantly to protect. The protection which we thus secure, we observe the London and Edinburgh magazine publishers are likewise obtaining, by sending their publications here in sufficient quantities to supply American readers with the *original editions*, at greatly reduced prices, and 'fifteen days in advance.'

OUR ARTISTS. — We have looked in recently upon three or four of our artists, to refresh recollections, in this deep winter-time, of the country in summer, as depicted in landscape-scenes, or to enjoy the loveliness of the human face divine, as embodied in the beautiful conceptions of the artist, or imaged forth from the 'cunningst patterns of excellent nature.' We can glance at but a few examples. **INMAN**, who plays with colors as **Light** does in the summer evening west, has completed a picture for a gentleman of liberality and great good taste, in a sister city, which will make *lovers* of all young male beholders. It is extremely simple, being nothing more than a young damsel, who has just removed her mask, and 'stands confessed,' one of the loveliest of her sweet sex. We have somewhere read (it was not in **BYRON**, we think,) a description of just such a face and such an eye; such a mouth, and such a bust; and such an arm, with its dimpling flesh, as **INMAN** has depicted from his own beau ideal; but we miss the passage. We found the same artist putting the last touches to a landscape, a Fishing Scene in one of our mountainous midland counties, which would create a soul under the ribs of **ISAAC WALTON**. A broad, clear stream, rippling or undulating over a low ledge, is in the foreground, with anglers 'drawing in,' or fixing the lure; on the right rise abrupt two verdant mountains, that bathe their rocky feet in the pellucid current; while in the distance opens a sunny upland vista, one of the most charming bits of accessory landscape we have seen for many a day. In short, this little picture is a leaf from the book of nature, torn out, at a very interesting passage. . . . **HUNTINGTON**, with his gifted fellow-artist, **GRAY**, has returned from Rome, and is with us again. He has greatly improved, well as he painted before his departure. Beside an occasional portrait, he is engaged upon an original picture, which, judging from its under-colors only, will prove his *chef d'œuvre*. The hint is taken from the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and is an embodiment of Mercy's dream in the House Beautiful. The design and execution of this picture, we may safely predict, will win for Mr. **HUNTINGTON** new laurels. But we shall see. **C. G. THOMPSON**, into whose studio we popped in his absence, 'keeps due on,' we perceive. We remarked, among other productions, a fine portrait of **Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY**, in which, while the poetry or *sentiment* of the art is preserved, we yet recognized a capital likeness. But the most prominent effort of our friend is a scene from *Ossian*, which has tasked the artist's powers successfully, and to which, when finished, we shall more particularly advert. . . . In sculpture we hear little that is new. **KNEELAND** has just completed a bust of a distinguished legal gentleman in Wall-street, which is undoubtedly the best work of art that has ever proceeded from his hand. **BRACKETT**, beside producing two or three busts which evince his continued progress, has entered upon a complicated group of statuary, which will exhibit his genius, should he prove successful, in a more enlarged point of view. We shall 'keep him in our eye.'

'**HENRY VENOLA, THE DUELIST.**' — The modest preface to this little poem, with a note which accompanied the work to the editor, should disarm criticism. Aside from these, however, we may say, that 'Henry Venola' contains many passages which convince us that the writer is capable of a performance of more sustained excellence, and which show, by their marked contrast with tame, irregular, and prosaic lines, that the author has not written with sufficient deliberation, nor revised his production with adequate care. He gives evident token, however, of better efforts hereafter. Philadelphia: **HERMAN HOOKER**.

'**CONFESSIONS OF A QUACK.**' — A gentleman of Louisville, Kentucky, as we gather from a correspondent, has ready for the press a volume thus entitled, the design of which is, to convey in a style of simple narrative, a severe satire upon the various quackeries of the day; interspersed with a few humorous and moral tales, to relieve the monotony of a continuous narrative. In capable hands, the subject and plan proposed can scarcely fail to prove attractive.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

THE SCHOOL DISTRICT LIBRARY IN STATE PRISONS. — In the course of a review of the condition of our state prisons, Governor SEWARD, in his late message, remarks as follows :

'The complaints of cruelty which heretofore engaged public sympathy, and brought our penitentiary system into disrepute, have altogether ceased. Sunday schools have been maintained; and in pursuance of my recommendation, *the cell of each prisoner is always supplied with a volume of the School District Library.* This measure was followed by a gratifying improvement in the conduct of the prisoners. Many weary hours of solitary confinement are beguiled, resolutions of repentance and reformation are formed, and the minds of the unhappy convicts, accustomed to the contemplation of virtue and expanded by knowledge, are gradually prepared to resist the temptations which await them on their return to society.'

We cannot doubt that this admirable series will soon find its way into the state prisons, as well as the district schools, of every state and territory in the Union.

BRITISH REVIEWS, MAGAZINES, AND NEWSPAPERS. — The London and Edinburgh publishers have made arrangements with Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM to supply in the United States the original editions of the British Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, delivered at New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, free of expense, by the 20th of the month on which they are dated, and from a week to fifteen days before they can be reprinted, and at an equally reduced price. The London Quarterly, Westminster, Foreign Quarterly, Edinburgh, British and Foreign Medical Reviews, all the Magazines, weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and daily journals, of England and Scotland may thus be spread in their originals at once before the American public, free of other expense than postage for the country. It is an admirable and most useful enterprise, and cannot fail to succeed.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. — In advertizing recently to the 'New-York Mirror,' under its new direction, we omitted to mention a new and important attraction. An engraving, in the highest style of the art, is hereafter to be given *monthly*, instead of *quarterly*; and if the first of the series, the '*Ruins of Carthage*,' be but a fair specimen of the embellishments, they will alone be worth more than the price of a year's subscription. It is truly an admirable picture. The scene is 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar;' with nothing to disturb its silent and solemn lesson, but two swans, one floating and one at roost, and the celebrated Mr. Marius.

CLASSICAL STUDIES. — Our readers will find, in a little volume just put forth by CHARLES H. LYON, Esq., one of the principals of the 'Irving Institute,' entitled 'A Vindication of Classical Studies,' some forcible comments upon the utilitarian tendency of the age, and the increasing indifference to the higher order of intellectual culture, and especially, a spirited defence of classical studies; to which may be rendered the praise not long since awarded in these pages to a similar pamphlet from the pen of Prof. C. S. HENRY. We commend this 'Vindication' to the attention of our readers. H. AND S. RAYNOR, 76 Bowery, are the publishers.

THE NEW-YORKER. — A new volume of the folio and quarto '*New-Yorker*' has recently commenced. Our readers are aware of the high estimate we have ever placed upon this best of our literary and news journals. Its condensed political and general intelligence has made it not less favorably known throughout the United States, than the uniform excellence of its original and select literature. In the hands of Mr. GREELEY, the '*New-Yorker*' has deservedly acquired abundant popularity.

☞ THE Publication Office of the KNICKERBOCKER is removed from No. 145 Fulton-street, to the south-west corner of Broadway and Park-Place.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XVII.

MARCH, 1841.

No. 3.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

—
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PETER CRAM AT TINNECUM,' ETC.
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CHAPTER II.

I WAS more and more delighted with the appearance of the country in which my practice lay, and was disposed to cry out in the words of the Psalmist, that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. The northern shores of Long-Island (for there I wish it to be understood that the scene of my adventures is laid) are remarkable for picturesque scenery. On its southern coasts the fisherman struggles for a precarious existence, and prairie-like plains extend through its central parts; but passing the ledge of hills which with greater or less depression extends through its whole length, you strike into a fertile and undulating region. Here is the garden of Long-Island; in a spirit of too much partiality I had almost called it the garden of the world. For whether in the season of autumn, when nature is beautiful in her decay, or when our own skies, soft and blue as the Italian, are hanging over harvests golden and ripe unto the sickle, I know of few scenes where the eye roams in greater rapture, or where the painter would rather delight to fix his easel, and the contemplative man to pass the rest of his days.

Here the roads or rather lanes wind frequently through groves of oak or chestnut, or are skirted by the tulip tree and the locust, which flourish in full luxuriance; while on either side you get a glimpse of a country now swelling into little knolls, or sinking into deep ravines, or expanding into gay meadows, where the boblink reigns preëminent, the bird immortalized by the pen of Geoffrey Crayon. Sometimes on reaching a hill-top you look unexpectedly on the bright expanse of a lake; at others, after gradually ascending, you reach a summit whence the unbroken prospect shelves away to the far horizon, and now you follow the course of those delightful bays or coves which indent the northern shores. Beaten roads wind around promontories crowned by the abodes of the wealthy overlooking the waters of the Long-Island Sound and all the gay and moving scene; the snow-white sails of sloops and of innumerable barges, and the steam-boat ploughing its way, never mindful of the rocks and whirl-

pools, where so many smaller craft have been irretrievably wrecked. Oh ! could the Indian who sleeps beneath the turf on the promontory, with tomahawk and flinty arrow-heads by his side, and whose solitary canoe once stole over the surface of these waters, awake to behold the triumphant sweep of these proud boats, how would he bend down with fear, and awe-struck wonder, at this almost audacious triumph of genius and human art !

But the Red Man has passed away forever, and the wild beauty of the place is softened down. The husbandman looks with a just pride on fields of the richest verdure and the cattle on a thousand hills, and the stately Quaker walks across the scene with countenance calm and unruffled as if the spirit had never moved him. Nothing is wanting to render this part of the Island an acceptable retreat for the summer tourist ; and I speak professionally when I say, that they make but a poor exchange who barter the healthy exhilaration of scenes like these, for the hot and crowded *salons*, where Health stands at a distance and mocks at the scene of folly, or who would give one draught of the spring which gushes from the hill-side, for those nauseous waters whose virtues are so highly praised. As it is, Long-Island is comparatively unknown. It has charms which no pencil has ever portrayed, and contains many sweet flowers which are born to blush unseen. But we hope yet to lift the veil from its obscurity. Its hills and vallies ; its pleasant nooks and sweet seclusions ; its romantic lakes and rivers, whose sources have not been explored ; its bays and islands associated with the memory of the boldest of bucaniers ; its remote and antiquated villages, whose inhabitants have not kept up with the age in which they live, and which bear the full impress of primeval times ; its Indians, its ancient men, and young and beautiful women — perhaps it may fall within my scope to illustrate all these ; nor can I conceive of a better preparation for such a task, than that afforded in the diversified wandering of the country-doctor.

It was the second day after my arrival at the farm-house, that I ordered Flummery to get up my horse and sulkey at an early hour, for we dined at twelve o'clock at Mrs. Quaintley's, and I had some additional calls to make. The little old man obeyed my summons with a promptness which called for my admiration, and I puzzled myself to know how the quickness of his motions was compatible with such rigidity of muscle, and so great a solemnity of deportment. My ride conducted me, as on the day before, along the pleasant banks of Dog River. This queer little stream takes its rise nobody knows where among the hills, and turns a great many mill-wheels before it eventually finds its way into the waters of the Long-Island Sound. When you look at it from the highest hill-tops, the river Dog seems like a silver thread occasionally lost to the eye in its many mazes, but for the most part distinctly to be traced upon the bright verdure of the landscape. Its capricious and rabid course appears to justify its classic name. Sometimes it is so diminished that it merely drips from stone to stone, or snarls and frets peevishly over rocks and obstructions, which cause it to halt, hesitate, and turn round, as if it would retrace its wanderings. Anon, it forms rapids for a considerable distance, and then rushes violently through small *Symplegades* which appear to come together as you advance. But there are parts

of its course where it becomes extricated from every difficulty, and rolls on, clear, bright, and voluminous, reflecting the sky-tints in its delicious waves, and expanding at intervals into pure and deep ponds, where the wild birds love to slake their plumage, and 'the springing trout lies still.'

Such is Dog River. Its waters flashing in the risen sun first met my eyes when I looked out of my chamber in the morning, and for many years as I set out upon my daily rounds I have been accustomed to drive along its banks in my antique sulkey, revolving the deepest questions in my mind, and reflecting that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.' On the day in question I was on my way to the residence of Mr. McTab, and was thinking upon the best modes of managing that capricious gentleman, when I was startled by loud cries, as of some person in distress. On advancing a little farther, and turning an angle of the stream called Dove-tail Bend, I beheld a woman walking up and down the bank, wringing her hands and beating her breast, and filling the place with the bitterest lamentations. As this part of Dog River is extremely wild, lying within the gloom of old trees, and the foliage of its banks almost black in its luxuriance, the spectacle of this distracted creature, although she looked like any thing but a spiritual being, forcibly reminded me of one of those unhappy ghosts who moan upon the banks of Styx, and cannot cross, because their bodies have been deprived of burial. She did not at first perceive my approach, but continued to weep and talk to herself.

'Dennis!' shrieked she, in a voice so sudden and piercing that it went through my ears, and then softening down, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed in a mournful tone: 'Oh, hinney, hinney! and is he gone, and is he gone!'

I was affected by her genuine distress, and reined in my horse, 'My good woman,' said I, 'what is the matter? What makes you cry so?'

She lifted up her eyes, red with weeping, and with a strong Irish accent, told the cause of her grief. It was a short story, but a melancholy. On the day before, her husband Dennis and herself were returning at sun-down from their daily toil, when they had occasion to cross the stream in this place, where a tree thrown across formed a rustic bridge. She went before, carrying a basket on her arm, and reached the shore in safety. But alas! for Dennis. He hesitated in the middle of the bridge, and lost his balance. First his right arm flew up into the air, and then his left; then his right, then his left. It was to no purpose. Dennis had taken a 'drap' too much, and he fell into the stream. 'Farewell, daylight!' exclaimed he, throwing up his hands with philosophic resignation, and catching a glimpse for the last time of the sky. His affectionate wife hastened to his rescue, but he had sunk to rise no more. And now she ceased not to call upon him in the place where he had died, for his body had not yet been found.

As this was a case which unhappily my medical art did not reach, I was on the point of departing, and leaving her to that grief which I could not assuage, when my attention was attracted by a rustling in

the thicket, and a young fellow bounded forth with a gun in his hand, and dressed in sportsman's attire.

'Hallo!' shouted he; 'what the devil's to pay? What's all this hullabaloo about?'

I explained to him in a few words the state of the case.

'Oh!' said he, in commiserating accents, 'I'm very, very sorry for you, my good woman. And would you like to know how to find him?'

The poor creature paused, looked up eagerly, and invoked blessings on him: 'Oh! indade and indade *would* I!' replied she.

'Well,' said he, 'I'll tell you. Go into the woods ——'

'Yas.'

'And get a ten-foot pole ——'

'Yas.'

'And put a potato on the end of it, and put it in the creek, and *you'll catch him!*'

The poor woman broke forth into a tempest of passion at such a sudden disappointment of her hopes, and poured imprecations on the head of the offender, with a volubility rarely equalled. I was myself vexed and indignant at this unfeeling speech, and on the impulse of the moment rebuked the young sportsman with a severity which forms no part of my disposition. To this he replied by sarcastic reflections on my horse and sulkey, and finally had the insolence to let off both barrels of his fowling-piece near my horse's head, who was happily very 'hard of hearing,' or else if he had been young and spirited, he might have run away. 'Every heart knoweth its own bitterness,' said I, as I proceeded on my way, 'nor can any thing exceed the grief of this poor woman for her lost Dennis.' I could not banish the thoughts of her from my mind, and for a long distance I could still hear her cries and lamentations, and the woods and rocks reëchoed with the name of Dennis!

I had gone about two miles from this place, and was determined to lay the case of the unfortunate Irishwoman before the first person whom I should meet, when it was my lot to encounter such a singular adventure, that I am sure the reader will think it worth narrating. A woman came running toward me, pale and out of breath, and addressed me in these remarkable words: 'Whoever you are — *do come* — and, — and — *climb the ladder!*'

Here she ceased speaking, unable to say more, but placed both hands on her sides, and panted heavily, while she pointed in the direction of a small cottage, handsomely situated in the shade of a great many trees, and distant about a hundred yards. I followed her through an avenue of English cherry trees, greatly wondering what was to come next. Presently we reached the house. 'What is the matter?' said I.

'I do not know,' replied she. 'Do, Sir, climb up the ladder, and see what the matter is. We're frightened to death.'

I turned the corner of the house, and saw a ladder placed against a window of the second story, and judging from the cries which proceeded from above, there existed some just cause of alarm. I had some momentary scruples about ascending, not knowing into what company I should arrive, and being armed with nothing but my own

innocence, if I except a few doses of calomel and jalap, which would form but a poor defence. However, I seized a pitch-fork which lay near, and as I went up, could distinctly hear a shrill, agonizing vociferation of the words, 'Der Duyvel! Der Duyvel! Der Duyvel!' as if proceeding from some one in extreme jeopardy.

My curiosity was aroused. I gained the highest round of the ladder. The sash of the window was up, but the room was concealed by a luxuriant abundance of vine-leaves from without, and by red curtains within. I pushed the latter softly aside, and peeped in, and immediately after, pitch-fork in hand, sprang into the room. It was then that I formed the fourth person in a group to which no one but a painter could do sufficient justice. I have been many years in practice, and have met with many adventures as will hereafter appear, but nothing of exactly the same nature as that which I then saw. I assure you, my dear Saultz, that I laugh heartily at it to this day. In one corner of the room, over against an old clock, stood a negro, crow-black, looking like an Egyptian mummy in a case, only with a curious expression of wonder upon his face, not unmingled with fear. In another corner, as remote from him as possible, a small, crooked, and somewhat wrinkled woman, the picture of undissembled horror, was holding both hands before her averted face, and quaking from head to foot. Whenever her eyes fell on the negro, she trembled very violently, ejaculating 'Der Duyvel! Der Duyvel! Der Duyvel!' A child about four years of age was unconcernedly looking on, with a small drum suspended from his neck, a wooden trumpet in one hand, and drum-sticks in the other. I stood a few seconds holding the pitch-fork, lost in wonder.

At last I spoke to the woman kindly, and asked what all this meant. She immediately placed herself so that I stood between her and the object of her terror, and with much gesticulation, rolled out a torrent of words in a language which I understood not. I turned to the negro for satisfaction, but his lips and his tongue were so thick, and his utterance so indistinct, that I could not understand a word that he said. I therefore seized him forthwith, and opening the door, which was locked on the inside, hurled him violently down stairs, in which process he might have broken his neck, if he had not clung to the banisters. It appeared to me that I had seen the fellow before; nay, when I reflected on it, I was sure I had. 'Bilbo! Bilbo!' shouted I, but he had taken to his heels, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

On coming down stairs, I was so happy as to meet the lady of the house, a pretty and interesting woman, whom I followed into the parlor, and from whom I obtained a satisfactory explanation of what had just occurred. Her husband was a German merchant, named Schnapps, who resided in the city, and came to see his family once a week. On his last visit he had brought with him this woman, who had just arrived in one of his ships, to act in the capacity of house-keeper. By some accident she had locked herself in an upper room, and they were obliged to send to a neighbor's for assistance. In a short time Bilbo arrived with a ladder, and went up to let her out. Now it happened that as she was very ignorant, and had been brought up in some place where she had never seen a negro in all her life, the mo-

ment that Bilbo intruded his black face, she was thrown into such convulsions of terror, that it would not have surprised me much if death had been the consequence. And indeed the fear seemed mutual; for as she stood in her peculiar garb, jabbering, and shaking, and holding up her ten talons before her face, Bilbo mistook her for a witch, and she took him for the devil incarnate. It was at this horrid juncture of affairs, that I leaped in with a pitch-fork in my hand to put an end to the illusion.

The lady and I laughed heartily at this affair, and I made a very short visit, and came away after praising one of the children, with an unwiped face, for his angelic sweetness. On my way home, after having gone the rounds, I met Bilbo carrying a long ladder. I hailed him, and would have apologized to his black majesty, but he let the ladder fall over his shoulders to his feet, and ran away, as usual. I made a discovery with regard to my sulkey. The frame-work of the top appeared to be spliced together in several parts, and on making inquiry of Flummery, I was told that it was the result of an accident by which master Bolus came near losing his life. As he was taking a comfortable snooze during one of his afternoon rides, about a year ago, he passed under the branches of an apple-tree, which came in contact with the top, and entirely demolished it. This was an instructive lesson to me against going to sleep in my sulkey, as many country-doctors are wont to do.

On going into my office, I found a person there who had been waiting two hours on important business. This was a young man, apparently about twenty-one years of age, rather below the middling height, with bow-legs, long nose, retreating chin, and not a tooth in his head. He was exceedingly bashful, and my entrance threw him into such confusion, that I was compelled to busy myself about something, in order to give him time to recover himself. When I looked at him again, his face was covered with frequent flushes, and wore an expression of pain, which led me to think that he was ill of the cholic, 'Is the pain *here*?' said I, applying my hand to my stomach.

'No.'

'Is it here?'

'No.'

'Are you ill? speak out, young man; if I can assist you in any respect, it will afford me pleasure.'

This encouraged him a little, and with much stammering and blushing, he said:

'I want to learn *Doctoring* of you.'

This rather took me aback. A medical student had not entered into my calculations, nor was I aware that I had any use for him. Still, the desire of being serviceable to a modest young man, who might be very meritorious, led me to reflect a little, and I inquired his name.

'Scroggins,' replied he.

From some farther conversation, I discovered that he was my landlady's nephew, which settled the matter at once, and I consented to receive him as a student into my office. He did not look like a man of brilliant genius, and I would have preferred him if he had been possessed of teeth; but old Mrs. Quaintley would have discarded me if I had discarded her *nevy*. I therefore fell back into my antique

arm-chair, and delivered a lecture on the dignity of the medical profession, to which Mr. Scroggins listened with confusion of face, cracking the joints of his knuckles all the while. When this was over, I dined, and immediately after set off to go six miles in a direction contrary to that which I had gone in the morning, to see a man who had swallowed a black-snake. It was an old trick of his to swallow snakes on a wager; but the messenger said that the last one which had been caught expressly for the purpose, while it was a-sunning itself on a hill side, was so much larger than usual, that it made him 'sick to his stomach.'

As I was taking the reins from Flummery, and about to depart, Mrs. Quaintley screamed after me:

'Doctor, doctor,' said she, 'you musn't go fur, and you must come back as soon as you *kin*. We shall have some company to tea this afternoon. Sally Ann Jones is coming over here, and some others. I want you to see Sally Ann Jones, doctor. She's a sprightly gal.'

This information led me to bestir myself, in order to get back at tea-time, which was at four o'clock; for no doubt this little assembly was got up that I might be brought into contact with the *élite* of the neighborhood. I was always delighted with the society of the fairer sex, although, by reason of my secluded life, I am accustomed to feel a little reserve in their presence; and you may rest assured, my dear doctor, that my heart fluttered when I passed the windows of the farm-house on my return, and saw the parlor full of rustic belles, fluttering their fans, talking all at once on a high key, and indulging in laughter and merriment. There were more present than I had expected; however, in a few minutes after my arrival I entered the room. The tea-table was set, and filled with all manner of dainties, and the tea 'waiting' to be brought in. But what surprised me very much, was to see the ladies whom I had lately observed all in motion, and so full of vivacity, now seated around the room in a circle, with their hands before them, silent and motionless. All was so still that I heard the clock tick in the room. Mrs. Quaintley, however, arose with dignity when I entered, laid aside her polished knitting-needles, and presented me severally to all, after her own fashion:

'Doctor, this is Miss Sally Ann Jones. Doctor, this is Miss M'Tab. Doctor, this is Mrs. Lilly. Doctor, Mr. Rainbeau.'

The last personage mentioned struck my eye. He was the complete model of a country dandy, and beautifully tricked off in a variety of costume. When he was in full dress, he wore pumps with red ribands; on the present occasion, boots. His pantaloons were blown out at the knees, diminishing above and below. His coat was a swallow-tailed blue, with gilt buttons, stamped with some curious device. It was very superb. On his breast he wore a jet eagle, with wings outspread, from whose beak a chain descended to another large square ornament farther down, containing a representation, painted in water-colors, of a willow tree, a woman, and a tomb-stone. On the tomb-stone you could scarcely distinguish the letters, 'In memory of' Here the chain was again attached, and thence went festooning in various directions about his vest, communicating with a pinch-beck watch, and at last dangling down in front, where it was terminated by three seals, three keys, and a ten-penny-bit. A silly

expression of countenance, and hair plastered down with studied effect over a forehead not the most capacious, completed the whole of the external man.

Rainbeau, as I was afterward informed, had always been 'fond of dress,' from a youth up, and he had lately found a model of manners in a couple of Frenchmen named Beauteemps and Feu de Joie, who were idling away the summer at the tavern. I attempted to converse with him, but he had very little to say for himself; and in a few minutes after, casting a dissatisfied look in the direction of the looking-glass, he went out of the room.

Of the ladies I formed a more favorable impression. They soon broke the silence which reigned in the apartment, and the buzz of animated conversation again prevailed. Several of them might have been called rather pretty, and I noticed Miss Sally Ann Jones especially, as a 'sprightly girl.' Her eyes were dark and mischief-loving, and her form and features finely moulded. I also liked the quiet, comely looks of the matrons who were present. One of them, Mrs. Lilly, engaged me in a long conversation, and after asking me how I liked the country, and sundry questions of a like nature, narrated to me the misdemeanors of my predecessor, Dr. Bolus, causing her knitting-needles to fly with greater celerity, as these misdemeanors were more heinous.

In the midst of this account, Miss Sally Ann Jones, who had slipped out of the room unnoticed, suddenly made her appearance at the door, her whole countenance beaming with animation, and hurriedly beckoned her companions to follow her. A general rush was at once made by the younger part of the assembly, and the curiosity of the old people was somewhat excited.

'Luddi! Doctor!' said Mrs. Quintley, '*do* go, and see what's a-goin' on!'

I obeyed the mandate, and following the fugitive girls, found them all brought to a stand at the door of my office, which was standing on ajar, whispering and giggling among themselves in a state of great excitement, while Miss Sally Ann Jones was entreating silence with all her might. 'Shoo-shoo-shoo! — come softly! — don't make the least noise! Do look at Rainbeau!'

I wondered at first, what business that gentleman could have in my office, and would have hurried in, but was kept back by the young ladies, over whose shoulders I looked into the room, and beheld something very rich indeed.

There stood Rainbeau before a small looking-glass, prinking to his heart's content. He was not exactly satisfied with his toilette, and had seized this opportunity to remedy the evil. First, he delicately adjusted his hair, twirling it in several places with his fingers, and pressing it down gently at the sides and on the forehead with his palms. Then, with the thumb and fore finger of each hand, he pulled out a very little the sharp points of his collar, which did not sufficiently appear, at the same time drawing himself up very straight, sinking in his chin, and stepping backward and forward before the glass, until he appeared completely satisfied with the contemplation of himself. Suddenly, however, as if a thought had seized him, he drew forth a silk handkerchief, folded it neatly, laid it on his hand, and

placing thereon his seals and appurtenances, commenced a polishing process by breathing on and rubbing them alternately. Finally, he shook himself in his attire with an air which signified that he was fully ready for the grand ceremonial which was to come. Stepping before an empty chair, he placed his left hand upon his back, holding therein a glove, bowed very low, as if he were asking a lady to dance, and smiling sweetly, said: 'Miss M^cTab, may I have the *excruciating* pleasure?'

Having gone through the figures of the dance in his imagination, he made haste to obtain another partner, and again making a profound obeisance, said with a nasal twang, and with an offensive familiarity of expression: 'Sally Ann Jones, may I have the *excruciating* pleasure?'

'No! you may *not*!' replied the person questioned, and the whole bevy of ladies broke out into laughter, and precipitately fled.

When Rainbeau returned to the parlour, he looked confoundedly foolish, (he *never* looked very wise,) but the exposure which he had undergone did not affect him with any lasting mortification. Presently Mrs. Quaintley gave the signal to Diana to 'Fetch in the things,' and seizing her wand of peacock-feathers, took her place at the tea-urn, and the whole company were immediately seated. After the usual milk-and-sugar courtesies, the time was beguiled with various conversation, and I related the adventure of the Dutch woman.

'Talking of ladders,' said Mrs. Quaintley, 'Doctor, did you come by the *cat-ladder* to-day?'

'The cat-ladder?' said I, 'what 's that?'

'Oh! the cat-ladder—Graball's cat-ladder.'

I smiled, and shook my head in a way to indicate that I did not understand.

'Did n't you see a high, narrow stun housen, this side o' Kushowses, with a pane o' glass out of the second story window, and a board put up, with slats nailed on to it?'

'I think I did.'

'Well, that 's for the cats to run up when they get shet out o' nights. Graball, the miser, lives there. He loves cats. He's a horrid miser. He let his own sister starve, he did. Doctor, he wont send for you if he 's sick. He 'll die first. He was dreadful sick to his stomach last summer, but he would n't send for Bolus; and it was well he did n't, for Bolus himself had the same complaint that Burks has when he 's in his dreadful bad turns.'

'What 's that?'

'The *Delirian Trimmings*. Oh! I may as well tell you now, doctor, or I shall forget it. Squeaking Garrit wants you to come to his house to-morrow.

'What 's the matter with him?' said I, laughing.

'He 's cotched a sudding cold.'

Here I thought proper to turn away the conversation from my patients, and soon after, rising from the table, the party adjourned to the garden where they remained until the dew began to fall. Rainbeau plucked all the roses which he could lay hands on, presenting some to the ladies with a studied air, and placing others in his button-hole. For myself, I was deprived of the pleasure of the promenade,

by being suddenly called to my office to assist a person who had got a chicken-bone in his throat, which would neither go up nor down. I returned however to the parlour to partake of the entertainment of the evening, and was congratulated on having just arrived 'in time.'

There happened to stand in one corner of the apartment in which we were, a superannuated harpsichord, or piano, which even in our grand-parents's time must have known its best days, and which now seemed scarcely able to stand, by reason of extreme old age and debility. Its legs were thin and tottering, its complexion was faded, its tone feeble and wiry. It seemed, in short, the very shadow of the strong and massive instruments of the present age. Still, when gently touched, and by an experienced hand, it would prolong the faint echoes of those 'old tunes,' for which some persons profess so great a love. It is rare to meet with these ancient harpsichords except in the country, in families where they have descended as heir-looms and are revered from generation to generation. They almost carry us back to the virginals of Queen Elizabeth's day, and awaken sensations in the mind independent of their peculiar workmanship. Where are those whose delicate fingers have worn away those keys, or who to the sound of their music moved in the exploded country-dance? Where are those who hung with interest over the shoulders of the fair, and who found the music sweet, because they loved the player, and because all sounds are musical in the ears of those who love? Perhaps their dim portraits, in antique robes, are still venerated, and retain their place upon the walls, or more probably they have been forgotten forever, because the very memory of those that remembered them has perished.

It was toward the old harpsichord that the attention of all present was now turned, and alternate glances at that, and Miss M^cTab, gave a mute sort of intimation that a 'great treat' might be expected. Some one raised the lid, exposing the array of yellow-white ivory keys, at which Mrs. Quaintley rose, and approaching Miss M^cTab, was about to ask that she would oblige the company by playing some of her favorite airs; but Rainbeau took that office upon himself; and stepping forward and extending his right hand while he directed the thumb of his left with a significant look toward the piano, he bowed low, and said: 'Miss M^cTab, *do* allow us the infinite satisfaction.'

The young ladies appeared greatly moved at this remark, and shook violently, thrusting their handkerchiefs into their mouths, until Miss Sally Ann Jones, who was the victim of an irrepressible impulse, pointing to a sleeping kitten, suddenly exclaimed, 'Oh la! what a funny cat!' and broke out into laughter, in which the company joined. This transparent device was opaque to the eyes of Rainbeau, who also laughed, and looking at Miss M^cTab, perseveringly urged his request. But that prim old maid shook her head and declined. Upon this she was immediately set on by all the young ladies, who begged, and insisted, and entreated, and at last carried her away by force of arms. She sat down before the instrument, but declared that she had forgotten every thing.

At last, after a dozen times denying that she could play, and being as often told that it was 'no such thing,' and that she '*knowed* she could,' she ran her fingers a few times over the keys, by way of pre-

lude, and was about to commence, when Mrs. Quaintley arrested her hands, and begged her 'jist to wait a few minutes.' During the pause thus made, the toothless Mr. Scroggins, who was too bashful to come of his own accord, was violently dragged in by his aunt, to get the full benefit of the music. When attention was again restored, and while the whole company were groupèd about the instrument, and Diana, and Flummery, and the other domestics peeped in at the door, Miss M^cTab began. She played the Battle of Prague, exhibiting the effects of that remarkable piece in a manner to elicit universal approbation; for in the midst of the martial music which inspired the soldiery, you could hear the rolling of drums, and the roaring of cannon, and the discharge of musquetry, and the shouts of victory, and the groans of the dying. All present were struck with the similarity of the sounds, and Rainbeau himself greatly moved. 'Ah!' said he, 'What a sweet air!'

Nothing would satisfy the company but that Miss M^cTab should play it over again; and I verily thought, that in the tremendous onset of the second engagement, and during some of the discharges of artillery, the ancient harpsichord would dissolve into its original elements of wood, ivory, and wire, and exist no more. Happily, however, the thunders ceased, and the smoke cleared away, and just at that time the old clock in the corner striking nine, the company put on their hoods and departed.

L I N E S

TO A CERTAIN POET ON READING CERTAIN VERSES OF HIS.

'I turned away in sadness, and passed on.'

And had that luckless Sapphic blue
The power to neutralize 'Love's proper hue?'
Henceforth each nymph the fatal color shun,
That lost the heart a rainbow cestus won!
Say, gifted one! is this the fatal reason
Why singly blest, ('t is said) you still remain?
Ah! we protest, and that our bended knees on,
With any of *our* set your fears were vain.

There's Lilla, with her lips of glossy coral,
Floranthe, smiling through ambrosial locks;
Blancmange-fac'd Eve, with whom you cannot quarrel,
Though ten times every day her ears you box.
There's softest Anne — the oil without the mustard;
Helen, whose foot fits Cinderilla's shoe;
And thrifty Grace, that made the premium custards,
And Thyrsa, sentimental, but not *blue*.

These, when some kindling lip the strain rehearses,
That tells of Hotspur and his gentle one,
Or how that glorious Greek the victory won, —
Would lisp applause, and call them 'pretty verses!'
Would mend thy faulty hose, though e'er so blue,
And from their own exclude th' obnoxious hue;
Keep bakers' scores and 'chronicle small beer,'
While every second phrase would be, 'My Dear!'

NEA.

THE FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

POLAN, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus, and Casco Bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot river to its mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians 'swayed' or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.

I.

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

II.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

III.

The sun looks o'er with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops, which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

IV.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

V.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

VI.

The earth hath felt the breath of Spring,
Though yet upon her tardy wing
The lingering frosts of Winter cling.

VII.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

VIII.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch, and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

IX.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered every where,
In bud, and flower, and warmer air.

X.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

XI.

The turf's red stain is yet undried —
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side :

XII.

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

XIII.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beach unclosing there
Its light leaves in the April air.

XIV.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

XV.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide —
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

XVI.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

XVII.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.*

XVIII.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen tree stands up unbent —
The Indian's fitting monument !

XIX.

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place
Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

XX.

Oh ! long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head —
A green memorial of the dead !

XXI.

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In Northern winds, that cold and free
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

XXII.

To their wild wail the waves which break
Forever round that lonely lake
A solemn under-tone shall make !

* THE Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.

XXIII.

And who shall deem the spot unblessed,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing Mother's breast?

XXIV.

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness,
She foldeth in her long caress?

XXV.

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers flow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

XXVI.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever pressed —
Nor funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

XXVII.

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer!*

XXVIII.

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest mound —
And *they* have made it holy ground.

XXIX.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

XXX.

Oh, peel'd, and hunted, and reviled!
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!

XXXI.

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known —
The hidden language traced thereon;

XXXII.

Who, from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;

XXXIII.

Not with our partial eye shall scan —
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our BROTHER MAN!

* THE brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New-England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as 'the day on which he sent the devil a present.'

VIDE WILLIAMSON'S HISTORY OF MAINE.

ON THE VOICE.

It was a beautiful compliment, that paid to an Italian lady by the distinguished cavalier, last lingering specimen as he was of the chivalric fervour, the Lord Herbert of Cherbury : ' Die whensoever thou wilt,' said he, ' thou needest change neither face nor voice to be an angel.'

Faces we have among us here at hand on every side, that may well vie with Italian, or any other beauty — but alas, my masters, for the voices ! Alas, that so many of our belles, who need undergo a change so slight in any one other respect, to fit them for an entrance into paradise, should be stopped at the gates, as they must be, until they can be furnished with an entirely new endowment in this essential requisite ! Alas for the huge pile of cast-off nasal articulations that I behold clustered and heaped together against that outer wall of opal ! Alas, for the husky impediments, the ear-piercing squeaks, the pistol-shot abruptnesses, the revolting harshnesses, the cracked-kettle intimations, the agonizing squeals, the slip-shod drawls, and the rumbling distances of sound, that must all be lost, cast away, abandoned, repudiated, and abjured, before those diamond Gates can possibly unfold to admit one of that bright host of beings of celestial origin, formed for man's irradiation and delight !

'Now with us of the mere Masculine, words are, generally speaking, to be taken as the lawyers have it, *pro tanto* — for as much as the ideas are worth that these words would in writing convey, without any reference whatever to sound — but the dew of God's precious blessing of Woman descends upon the soul in the tones of her Voice ; which, when she mars, she destroys one of the gifts that ' intimate eternity to man ;' one of the sweetest compensations of life ; and a charm, perhaps the most unfailing, that binds her lover to her image, when time, or distance, or death, shall have changed joy into recollection and regret.

Is it not so ? When the winged Word comes back to revisit the soul in some moment of deep remembrance, however long the interval, does not the ethereal tone that first gave it life flutter again at the breast, and chime along the nerves, and make it impossible for the heart to change its fealty ? Do not the hands and the arms involuntarily extend themselves toward the source of that remembered music, and the visited soul breathe forth the assurance, heard perhaps with joy in Heaven, ' I have been true to thee !'

And even in this our own sex, our own gross sex, man proper, man womanless — how precious is the gift of the pure voice ! I would fain hope that some one who listens to me may have once heard old Incledon's ' Lads of the Village.' I will fancy thee, admired Reader, to be at this moment diving into thy recollection of the deep riches, the grand compass, the ever-new and unexpected openings, the liquid gushes, the flights, the dying falls, the woodland echoes, and all the miracles of sweetness, of that delicious and wonderful voice, which proved, better than any philosophy, that the seat of the soul is somewhere in the region of the heart and lungs. It spoke to us from thence. His throat was full of nightingales, with their ' Tereu, jug, jug, jug, hark to me now, hark ye !' and the buds opened, and the

hawthorn blossomed, and Woman brightened, and there was light within us and around us, and all were young and happy while he sang ! His articulation was any thing but perfect. Words there were that died of joy at being chosen by him, and were buried in the utterance of richer sounds ; but hardly was this, as it seemed, to be regretted. The subject of the song was known ; the voice was inspiration ; every auditor became a poet, and the happiest images of which his genius was susceptible thronged around him into existence, while the listening soul hovered betwixt rapture and expectation.

Yet it is not of the voice of man, either in song or in speech, that I desire principally to write, who have a more important subject in the conversational voice of Woman — dear Woman ; on the purity, the gentleness, and the sweetness of which, so much of the enjoyment and domestic happiness of life depends ; and which appears to me not to receive among us the attention and culture it deserves.

During the delirium of love, one hardly knows by what charm one has been fascinated ; but the time of analysis arrives at length, and then happy is he, to whom the voice of his mistress sounds sweetly as before. ‘Ah, La Faire,’ said the French lady to her admirer, ‘you no longer love me ! I have had that mole upon my neck all my life long, and you never discovered it ’till now !’ This moment of discovery comes like the shock of the Joust, and Love is sure to be unhorsed if assailed by an abrupt or harsh voice ; or pierced to the quick, by a sharp or a stinging one.

And, on the contrary, who that breathes in the enjoyment of this magic grace of Woman, would exchange it for any other ? While gazing, in the hope that he may listen ; and listening, as if the words were life ; and living, in a perpetual refreshment of the soul ! The taste, the smell, the touch, the sight — they are all common, all plebeian senses in comparison to that inscrutable perception and power, by which the spirit imbibes Love out of Sound ; or welcomes Joy, or Hope, on its errand through the air ! By which, thoughts are interchanged, desires known, and the heart is made infallibly to understand the inmost heart. By which, man pleads, and prays ; and Woman promises ; and God commands, calls, creates, revives, forgives ! By which, the blind is made cheerful, the paralytick contented, and the aged joyous : and by which, Woman, tender, true, and refined Woman — for the surest indication of her refinement is the tone of her voice — charms every nerve, occupies every sensation, and scatters golden light along the path of her companion, man.

Is this a quality to be lightly thought of, or in any degree neglected, in the education of the accomplished Lady ? — and yet does it receive among us the attention it emphatically merits ? In some individuals, no doubt the gift is a direct boon from Nature ; but even in these instances, it requires watchful care for its preservation, as well as correct enunciation, cultivated manners, and a gentle disposition ; without which, the voice, however round and silvery its tone, cannot long retain its original sweetness and felicity of entrance into the heart. But with these advantages of culture, every voice may to a certain degree be improved. Every acquisition of the mind and every amelioration of the heart tend toward this result, until at last the soul of Woman clothes its thoughts in the music of her celestial destiny ; and ‘when the ear hears her, then it blesses her.’

JOHN WATERS.

THE SONS OF FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

I.

QUEEN of the World, O France! my country, raise
 Again aloft thy seam'd and furrow'd head;
 Though many a rent thy children's flag displays,
 Undimm'd the glory still around it shed!
 When from thy hand the golden sceptre fell,
 And Victory on thy valor look'd askance,
 E'en then thy foes were heard the cry to swell,
 'Honor'd forever be the Sons of France!'

II.

The bonds of Pride thy strength could burst asunder;
 Misfortune, France! but rais'd thy name more high:
 Yes! thou couldst fall, but oh, 'twas like the thunder,
 Which deep rebounds and roars along the sky:
 The Rhine, in sorrow, with his waters laves
 Those shores no more commanded by thy lance,
 And cries aloud, from out his reedy caves,
 'Honor'd forever be the Sons of France!'

III.

More generously Heaven its gifts ne'er rain'd,
 Than when, to blot away the foul imprint
 Of rude barbarians from thy soil profan'd,
 Abundant harvests o'er thy fields it sent:
 While the Fine Arts, avenging prompt the crime
 Of pillage, to thy palaces advance,
 And there engrave, in words defying Time,
 'Honor'd forever be the Sons of France!'

IV.

Read what unerring History lays before ye!
 What ancient people quail'd not at thy gaze?
 What modern nation, jealous of thy glory,
 Sank not o'erwhelm'd beneath that glory's blaze?
 England in vain threw in the scales the wages
 Which kings implored, ere they could meet thy glance;
 Dost thou not hear the voice of by-gone ages?
 'Honor'd forever be the Sons of France!'

V.

God, who the tyrant scourges, and the slave,
 Wills yet to see thee *free* — ay, free forever;
 Its web around thee let not Pleasure weave;
 Liberty laughs at Love's slight bow and quiver:
 Then take his torch — his arrows from thee fling —
 The world enlighten; then the crowds who chance
 To break their fetters, will in pæans sing,
 'Honor'd forever be the Sons of France!'

VI.

Lift up thy head, O France! the world's proud queen!
 Thy richest laurels thou shall soon collect:
 A spreading palm, with branches ever green,
 Thy children's ashes henceforth shall protect.
 Then may the traveller, earnestly I pray,
 Whom my strong love of country shall entrance,
 Over my grave repeat, some future day,
 'Honor'd forever be the Sons of France!'

E. B. O'C.

S K E T C H E S O F T H E C O U N T R Y .

N U M B E R O N E .

No one who has ever lived or travelled at the North, can forget a New-England village. In many respects it is unlike every other place where human beings congregate. Its broad streets, its gravelled side-walks; its neat white houses, with their green venetians and pretty porticos; its fine old elms at the corners, and shrubbery in the court-yards, and rich meadows all about it; make it worthy of the fame it has acquired, the world over. Take the pleasantest country town elsewhere, and it lacks *something* of coming up to the standard of a New-England village. There may be more elegance and more wealth in many a hamlet at the South, and the Middle States boast numbers of towns of great taste and beauty; yet there is wanting that air of neatness, and that true independence of manhood, which the mountain breezes give to the population of her vallies, which associates with a New-England village all that we love in nature, with all that we admire in humanity.

But of all other villages in New-England, those which lie on the shores of Winnipisseogee Lake are to me by far the most beautiful. Massachusetts boasts of her Northampton, her Worcester, and her Stockbridge — the last deriving not a little of its celebrity from being the residence of one of the cleverest women in the States — and they *are* all very lovely; yet they lack that wonderful adornment which nature has bestowed, that rare union of the extremes of grandeur and beauty, which makes up the enchantment of the villages on the lake. What, for example, can be prettier than the views of Centre-Harbor, from the west or the north? As the traveller comes over the hills, and the broad valley lies spread out before him, with the village sleeping quietly in its bosom, he will involuntarily rein in his horse, that he may the longer gaze on what is so very, *very* lovely! Far away to the east, the long range of the Ossipee mountains confines his vision to a prospect as fair as that which the Jewish ruler saw of old from Mount Nebo. The whole valley of the Winnipisseogee, with its rich farms, and broad lake, and gay diversity of hill and dale, swells and ripens to his view, and the green copses here and there dotting the whole surface, add a charm to the picture, of which no gazer ever yet tired. The river winds its course along to the lake, now expanding itself into a broad sheet, to supply the ever-busy wheel of the manufactory, and then narrowing to its own modest size, and flashing back the glad sunshine from its ripples, as it glides softly through meadow and hazle-wood. The hard beaten road runs like a white line over the landscape, at times winding past neat farm-houses and spacious barns, and at others lost for a space in the dark woods of beech and maple, which cast their unchanging shadows over the way.

And then the Lake House, standing at the head of the beautiful bay, whose ripples almost lave its foundations; dear to me from the associations of white arms, and jet-black eyes, flashing through their long dark fringes, which my college days have clustered about them;

the long wharf and its mimic ships; the light sail-boat bending gracefully to the wind; the old trees on the shore, and the foot-paths winding among the close, thick under-brush of the forest — all together make up to my eye the most beautiful panorama I have ever beheld.

I well remember that one pleasant October morning, sundry of us who were making a temporary residence at Centre Harbor, set out to visit the Falls on the Ossipee Mountain. After driving some eight or ten miles to the foot of the mountain, we left our horses and vehicles, and made the ascent on foot. The path led along the top of high banks, and precipices edging a ravine, through which a stream, by a gradually descending and winding course, tumbled and foamed over its rocky bed toward the valley below. I never remember to have more enjoyed the freshness of the air, the beauty of the grass and flowers, the twittering of the birds, the whirring, ever and anon, of some pheasant scared from its haunt, and the various other sources of delight, both to the ear and the eye.

Before reaching the Falls, we diverged from the stream, with the intention of taking a shorter route over the mountain to the fountain head, which we were told was well worth seeing, and then following its course downward. After half an hour's walk over every variety of surface, rock, morass, and jungle, we reached the spot, and found ourselves well compensated for our labor. It is a large, circular spring, ten or twelve yards across, from the clear sanded bottom of which the water was gushing out in a thousand places. Just beyond the outlet, the stream was playing in every variety of motion; now almost placid, running off into meandering rivulets, then shooting with rapidity over large smooth masses, bearing on its rich, transparent bosom white bubbles, like fairy barks in a race. All this was seen under the green light of overhanging foliage, waving only to give entrance to the partial sun-beams, that passed and repassed, like unembodied spirits of light, in their pastime and gladness. It was so gentle and peaceful, that the very birds seemed to bid you doff ambition, and enter the haunts of innocence and tranquil wisdom!

Crossing bridges formed of decayed logs, the path winds downward by the bank, close to the water, until a precipitous rock denies farther progress, over the ledges of which the stream descends. It is then shut in during its whole course onward to the cascade, by high banks, forty, sixty, and even an hundred feet high, and generally perpendicular. It is here, where the distance between the banks is fifteen or eighteen feet, that Chamberlain made his famous leap, when pursued by the Indians; Chamberlain, so well known for his fearless exploits during Lovell's war. Tradition adds, that one Indian, in attempting to follow, failed to reach the opposite bank, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The scenery at the Falls is strikingly beautiful and unique. The hills all around rough and rocky, with their recesses slightly wooded, rise bright into the blue sky, and are admirably set off by the foliage of the trees that start out from the declivities of the ravine. The stream glides smoothly over its bed, here and there edging the fragments of stone, that impede its motion, to the very brink of the chasm, when it projects itself in one unbroken leap of ninety feet into the basin below! The basin is a perfect circle, of twenty yards in diame-

ter, completely walled in, save at a single outlet, by precipices of moss-covered rocks, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high. As you stand on its border, with the dark and damp rocks rising perpendicularly above you, watching the silvery mass pouring itself as it were from the blue bosom of the sky into the depths below, the scene is irresistibly charming. It gave to me an unmingled pleasure, which I have never since received from any of nature's works, and which I can never cease to remember.

We lingered around the Falls until nearly sunset, exploring every cavity to which we could find an entrance, above or below, when our guide summoned us to depart. On our way home, we took a different path, and winding for a time through the thick underwood, and over the decayed logs and upturned roots of a former age, came at length to a rugged promontory, which was like a spur from the mountain range to the lake. Before us lay the whole expanse of the lake, calm as a surface of glass, and reflecting the western clouds so clearly from its bosom, that its hundreds of islands seemed hung in mid air. On the opposite side, the mountain outlines were marked distinctly on the sky, and their tops were glowing in the rich light of an October sunset. Below us, the stream was winding its way toward the lake, through meadows and intervalles, and dark copses of fir, while the whole landscape was suffused in the most harmonious and beautiful colors. More beautiful than all else, however, let me add, were bright eyes gazing beside my own.

N E W - E N G L A N D .

I.

FAREWELL, dear New-England! — thy blue hills are blushing
In sunset's last rays, as they fade from my view;
Home of my hopes! what fond tears are gushing,
As I pour forth my blessing and heart-felt adieu!

II.

How sweet are the scenes which my mem'ry is bringing!
Thy vales, and thy woods, and thy meadows' rich store;
Thy rough hills and mountains, and old Ocean flinging
His cool breezy waves round thy rock-girdled shore!

III.

In thy generous bosom the Pilgrims are sleeping,
Mid the reverent honors of sons they have bless'd;
Land of the free! — how the nations are keeping
Their watch on thy day-star, to guide them to rest!

IV.

Ah! home of my childhood! — there, in life's dawning,
My youth's merry pastimes paternal love blessed;
There a mother's dear smile was the light of each morning,
And there is the grave where we laid her to rest!

V.

And there are warm hearts, whom time cannot sever,
Whose love long has blest me, whose prayers still pursue;
Where, in my wanderings, oh! ~~where~~ shall I ever
Find others so gen'rous, so tried, and so true!

A. N. A.

A VALENTINE.

MARTHE.

Und sich als *Hagestolz* allein zum Grab zu schleifen
Das hat doch keinem wohl gethan.

FAUST.

THE old bachelor, or *Hagestolz*, as Frau Marthe very expressively names him, presents himself under two forms. There is the merry, chirping old fellow, who loves fun and frolic, and hops about among women of all ages, with a whisper for the young, and a compliment for the old. A great man is he, in his way, and welcome in all circles :

'Superis deorum
Gratus et imis.'

The pleasure of his company is requested at every party and rout : we should as soon think of forgetting the oysters, or the whiskey punch, or the centre-light, as of omitting Mr. W — in our cards of invitation. He treads the ball-room with an easy confidence, as a gladiator always victorious steps out upon the arena. So many smiles from pretty faces, and nods of recognition, are showered down upon him, that his head is kept in constant motion, like that of a plaster mandarin, or of Louis Philippe on a review day, while younger *débutants* look on and envy.

This gentleman does not marry, either because he adores the sex too generally, or because he detests the sight of the 'fond paternal ass,' with three small children appended to one arm, and a sharp-featured lady *paritura* attached to the other ; or because he prefers his gay roving life, to 'settling down,' as it is called, and has no wish to see Madame appear, after a seclusion of eighteen or twenty years, ushering into society a troop of ungainly daughters, very much as a hen emerges from under a barn, after incubation, conducting, with ruffled feathers and cackling tones, her numerous descendants.

Our type of singleness is not poor. Heaven forbid that we should meddle with any of that class ! Their case is past medicine. To fall under our notice, a *célibataire* must possess a neat little patrimony, enough at least to place him above want, and to excite fond hopes in the bosoms of his nearest akin. Such a one loves to lie perdu in the dreamy depths of an arm-chair, and to twine his pleasant fancies about the gracefully-curling smoke of his cigar. He stretches out his feet upon the fender, and blesses himself that he is a single man. What is there to trouble him ? The fire is burning brightly, and the glass at his elbow is full. Not his absent buttons, nor the hiatus in his coat. A former essayist has represented an old bachelor as miserable, because he was forced himself to mend his garments, and pricked his fingers in so doing. With such wo-begone ancients, we say again, we will have nothing to do. Nevertheless, this stitching is by no means confined to the single. Mr. Peter Fichser, an old friend of ours, and a married man of long standing, retires within his closet for two hours every Sunday, not for self-communion or self-chastening, but to shrive a venerable coat of the impurities contracted during the week, and to administer the extreme unction to a pair of black pantaloons,

some portions of which he might use to shave by. No; an old bachelor's younger days glide on smoothly enough; but when the shaking hand pours from the full glass a libation to Death, and the curling cigar smoke excites the asthmatic cough, and the delicate waist has enlarged into a preternatural abdomen, and the fashionable boot has given place to the gouty shoe, and no one is near to amuse him in the long dull winter twilights, visions of connubial felicity hover around. He wishes he had a wife, for company's sake — he feels so lonely. He wishes too that he had children to hang about his knees, and to love him — especially if blessed with a nephew. Thus he sits, musing and regretting, heaves deep sighs, grows gloomier and gloomier, and at last, after a few shudders, falls precipitate into the open arms of his cook-maid.

The second class of advanced single men are matter-of-fact persons, solemn and retiring, who look, when trying to be gay, as if they were performing a disagreeable duty; offer their arms to a lady as if they meant to fracture a rib with their elbows; and have never been married, because always afraid to propose. The culinary finale hangs over both, although the one reaches it through a merry life, and the other through a gloomy one.

'It is as near to Heaven by sea as by land.' More than one journal has witnessed the entry: 'Married my cook.'

These gloomy units sometimes get the idea of matrimony very firmly fixed in their heads. They settle it logically that connubiality is to be preferred on many accounts, and determine to realize the theory. Instantly they install some lady, probably the last one they chanced to see, as their peerless Miss Toboso, and commence the siege after the most approved methods. Gone are the moping fire-side habits; gone the readiness to catch cold, and the inability to bear fatigue. The legion of whims are summarily ejected from the abodes (we were on the point of saying *ruins*) they had so long haunted. The stock, generally so loose as to form a pleasant socket for the drowsy chin, is drawn up à la bowstring about the neck; flannels are laid aside, to reduce waists; easy pantaloons are replaced by tight, well-strapped doe-skins:

'Tam Tam residunt crateribus asperæ pelles,'

which at any other time would seem intolerable; and off *he* scampers like mad, to call on *her*, evening after evening, for three weeks. Then an abrupt cessation of hostilities takes place; the fire is extinguished, and the old bachelor returns immediately to his cold metallic state.

The melancholy Mr. Nickel became enamoured of an incognita, and proceeded to extremities unknown to young lovers. A pew was taken at the church she frequented; tender glances were cast during the service, and love ditties hummed during the psalm-singing. This soon grew tame. 'I will walk up and down before her house,' he said. Accordingly he posted himself on the opposite corner. After many peerings at the closed blinds, he thought that a face was discernible at the second story window. On this, Mr. Nickel gazed passionately, and *hurled* love looks across the street in immoderate abundance. He could contain himself no longer. He kissed his hand,

and waved the embrace up toward the second story window. He repeated this pantomime, and lo! the blinds were violently thrown open; two hairy faces protruded themselves through the gap, and kissed very red hands, amid roars of derision. The traditional German young gentleman advancing eagerly to kiss the beautiful face in the treasure-cave, was not more completely taken aback when he heard the rustling of the serpentine coils beneath her robes, than was Mr. Nickel. Away he ran, dashed, flew,

‘With his pathos and bathos delightful to see.’

Little was known of him for some months. He has since gradually recovered from the shock, and is now engaged in training himself for a pedestrian match against time.

Frau Marthe remarks, in the course of her edifying conversation, that ‘*ein hagestolz ist schwerlich zu bekehren*,’ in which she is very right indeed. There is nothing in the world harder to manage than an old bachelor; and the lady who lands one safe at her feet on the shore, merits the title of an Izaak Walton among the ‘fishers of men.’

An old bachelor is no greedy gudgeon, but a wary trout. Beware, fair lady! — you may see his golden scales flashing near the cap you have set for him; you may have a glorious nibble, a bite; you may have hooked him, even, and chuckle over your approaching triumph, when a sound or a shadow, a motion or a glance, will frighten the fickle and timorous creature, and he will escape hopelessly from your toils. All old célibataires are alike in this respect. How many hundreds, on the eve of that momentous popping the question, which is far more feared by them than being popped at by a pistol, have shied at a dilapidated stocking, a dog’s-eared novel, or that Medusa which turns the softest old beau’s heart to stone, a grease-spot; and unhorsed the damsel who thought herself firmly seated, and was about to grasp the reins. Beware of him! *Cave Canem* — write it on your thresholds. It is the only Roman word for old bachelor. Unlucky Dog he is, to be sure!

The intricate nature of the phenomena presented by these worthies is apparent from our having found it necessary to compare them to three animals, in as many lines. This may seem unallowably metaphorical, even on such a theme. However, we refer all critics to Victor Hugo’s essay on Mirabeau. Mr. Hugo compares the great revolutionist to a bull, a lion, a tiger, a gladiator, an archer, an eagle, a peacock, a hurricane, an ocean, and concludes with Proteus, which means, etc., etc. Under this broad shield we will take refuge. But seriously, it is a grave question whether the antique beaux are not responsible for the miseries of old maids. Three-and-thirty spinsters in synod assembled decided this question in the affirmative. They were certainly right, for the number of males being greater than that of females, if every man married there would be no spinsters, and old bachelors enough left to ‘flirt with the handsome widows.’ The old bachelors, as if conscious of the misery they have inflicted, shun those whom they have injured, and say sweet things to the damsels. How different the behaviour of the softer sex! Instead of sternly and

haughtily scorning the men who have rejected them, which the meekest christian could not blame them for doing, they, the kind forgiving creatures ! redouble their affability and attention, and endeavor to their utmost to return good for evil. Instead of *bridling up*, when the enemy approaches, (how seldom, alas !) they smile, and smirk, and relieve his embarrassment by flattery, as if seeking to atone, in their downward course, for their ingratitude when approaching their zenith. The witty Smith describes the two ages excellently well. 'At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference : 'Who is he ?' But at the *ultima thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims 'Where is he ?' When the 'Where is he ?' meets no responding echo, the milk of human kindness sours, and becomes excessively bitter to all. We never could believe that old Popish legend of the thirteen thousand virgins, whose souls pirouetted on the point of a cambric needle. They must all have died very young, for, despite the excellent proofs of the immortality of the soul, we are convinced that if twenty old virgins were placed in such extreme juxtaposition, at least fifteen of them would run great risk of annihilation.

Little profiteth it to lecture to old bachelors. They will never hear reason, generally contradict you at once, and when disposed to be polite, are ready with a 'Very true, Sir, but'—which is equivalent to 'Not by any means, Sir, and beside.' Have it all your own way, gentlemen ; but we can assure you that our young damsels will not consent to languish '*su la nativa spina*,' because you dislike the trouble of matrimony. They will choose partners from the distinguished strangers who are on the watch to profit by your remissness. Caucasian and Persian refugees they have, sighing out 'I am miserable,' as shrilly and as pertinaciously as the smoke-jack ; Mogul barons, in ecstasies with bad music ; Chinese marquises, in ecstasies with heiressess ; and uncertain New-Holland captains and colonels, practising the *nil admirari* in réunions, from which their appearance and manners alone would banish them in their own country. These are all the rage. These are the dear, 'dem,' delightful, delicious creatures ; especially the New-Hollanders and the Chinese. We think the belles right enough — our native talent is at present so very small. Could there be a more favorable occasion, then, for the old bachelors to put on their best coats, dash in, and carry off the prize ? They are certain to have the consent of the mammas ; for a mamma always considers a monied old fellow the philosopher's stone for a family, and to catch him, is with her the 'magnum opus.' The demoiselle, too, if she be thrifty, with a slight knowledge of the average life of man, at certain ages, will surely accede. On then, my old heroes ! Do'nt mind catching cold :

For 'tis fifty times better to lead a dog's life,
To be teased by ten children, henpecked by your wife,
To be ground down by bills, like paint under a spatula,
Than to go to your grave a rich moping old bachelor.

The which lines we quote from that pathetic poet, Jos. BUNKER.

NATURE: A WINTER SKETCH.

Thy stream, Patapsco! — once again mine eye
 Rests on thy sparkling wave, that murin'ring flows,
 In soothing cadence, at the rugged base
 Of all thy rugged hills. Once more the sigh
 Of the rude wind makes music, where the rose,
 Blent with the kalmia, deck'd the forest floor
 With wide exuberance of bloom. All passed,
 Those summer glories! Lovely not the less
 Thy winter scenes, now that the blue of heaven,
 Where scarce a white cloud like an island sleeps,
 Is calm and waveless as a spell-bound sea;
 And the dark tracery of thy leafless boughs,
 With accurate pencilling, is coldly cast
 Upon its pale unmingled purity.

The dimness of the hour is on thy slopes,
 And the weak sunbeams, falling on gray trunks,
 Reflected glance on eyes most apt to deem
 Thy beauties hidden, and thy glories dead.
 It is not so! Thy laurels still are green,
 Though bent with frost; thy mossy rocks retain
 Their summer glow, except where melting snows
 Have spread a rind upon their frozen sides
 Of polished alabaster; and from thence
 The fern leaves, and the coral stems
 Of the bent briar, peep forth. In each ravine,
 Where twisted roots of trees and jutting crags
 Together wreath their snowy promontories,
 A thousand icicles depending gleam,
 With thousand sparkles, in the noon-day sun:
 The dazzling cascade, frozen in its flow,
 Still from the glossy pile incumbent steals;
 An oozing lymph, that o'er its fluted sheen
 Glides gradual, adding, each freezing eve,
 Another layer to its crystal walls —
 Full soon to vanish in some warmer hour!

Though summer birds
 Have spread the wing for more congenial climes,
 And those who bide the hour of snow and storm
 Far in the forest seek their winter food,
 And leave inanimate our nearest groves,
 Still doth the Christian traveller repose
 With eye admiring on the steep ascents
 Of rugged hills, which winter hath made white;
 The wide outstretching fields, the frozen streams,
 And meads, far as the sight, clad in a hue
 Glit'ring and pure as are the robes of heav'n.
 Nor, where in vagaries the thaw and sleet
 Together have combined to deck in gems
 Of sparkling crystal all the meanest weeds,
 And case the purple and the amber stems
 Of the rude thicket and the tangled copse
 In brilliants, doth he less admire
 The beauty in the wonder-working skill of Heaven.

Oft ere the flake from the cold sky, with coy
 And feathery lightness, heralding the storm,
 Hath kissed reluctantly the waiting earth,
 That mystery of mysterious Nature comes,
 The little snow-bird! At our door he lights,
 Hops on the ground, the tree, the garden pale,
 Then vanishes, with all his num'rous kin,
 We know not whither! True 't is, in hours

Of winter solitude, we sometimes long
 For sign of coming leaves, and pleasant days;
 Of gardening toil, and breath of new-turned earth,
 And note of robin from the nearest tree:
 Yet He who rules this ever-varying clime,
 Upon our dreariest hours bestows enough
 Of beauty, to recall the wandering heart,
 By cares and pleasures often led astray,
 Back to the source whence all true beauty flows,
 All love, all fitness; and 't is meet that we
 Should render glory to the mighty Voice
 'That sounding o'er the mountain's wooded tops,
 Breathes in a blast of power, and sweeps
 The rocking forest like a stormy sea,
 Seals up the streams, and binds the cataract's foam;
 Yet when it pleaseth Him, doth whisper soft,
 And call the purple violets from their sleep!

w.

M A R Y H A R T .

THE following narrative was derived from an officer of General WELLBORN's corps, who was in battle with the Creek Indians, as below narrated, and an eye-witness of the remarkable events here recorded. The whole affords but another proof, that truth is indeed often stranger than fiction.

THE Creek war of 1836-7 was a most barbarous one, and continued nearly two years. The Creek population comprehended in the treaty for emigration westward, was twenty-two thousand souls, about two thousand of whom, warriors, broke the treaty, and commenced hostilities in May, 1836, by an attack on the town of Roanoke, in the night, butchering its inhabitants, putting them to flight, and pillaging and setting fire to their habitations. The terrors of an affrighted population, once exposed to Indian barbarities, can hardly be conceived. Rumor follows quick upon the heels of rumor; yet no story can exceed the horrors of Indian warfare, as it is impossible for language adequately to depict its realities. It is stated of a man in flight with his family from a supposed pursuit of Indians in this war, that having got fresh intelligence of alarm by the less hasty flight of others who had overtaken him, he took up his boy from behind his wagon, tossed him in, and ran forward to whip up his team, when lo! at the place of stopping, he found that the violence of his action to save his son, had killed him by breaking his neck!

When General Jessup had reported the Creek war at an end, and drawn off his troops into Florida to act against the Seminoles, contrary to the remonstrances of the inhabitants of Alabama — who assured him that the Indians were not all subdued, but that some hundreds were still lurking in their hiding places — the war broke out afresh, with increased barbarity; and the Governor of Alabama, the Hon. CLEMENT C. CLAY, now Senator in Congress, was forced to act with great vigor in mustering fresh troops for the exigency, by enlisting the citizens of the state into the service of the United States. General WILLIAM WELLBORN received the command, and acquitted himself with great valor and honor, to the end of the war.

Some time in the winter of 1836-7, General Wellborn heard of an

encampment of Indians on the banks of Pee River, near its confluence with Pee Creek, between the Forks. With a company of two hundred and ten mounted men, he set off in search of the foe. Having discovered and reconnoitred their position, from the west bank of the Pee, without being observed, he left one hundred and twenty of his troops on the higher grounds, about half a mile from the river, at a point by which the Indians must retreat, if dislodged, with instructions to cut them off whenever they should be driven in upon them. With the remainder, ninety men, he descended the river a few miles, and crossed on a bridge below the confluence of the two streams, with a view to come round and attack the Indians by surprise. Having made his way across Pee Creek, he found the access greatly impeded by low and wet grounds, it being a time of high water, and several lagoons, or channels running from one river to the other, and at this time flooded: cane-brakes and palmetto thickets were to be broken through, and various obstacles, peculiar to that wild retreat, interposed. Nevertheless, the bravery and determination of the troops surmounted all impediments, and they arrived at last on the bank of a lagoon, on the other side of which was the Indian encampment, themselves screened from observation by a grove of palmettos, and favorable grounds.

At this moment a firing was heard in the direction of the place where the one hundred and twenty troops had been left, and it was manifest, as none but women and children were to be seen on the opposite bank of the lagoon, that the Indians had discovered the whites on the west side of the Pee, and had themselves become the assailants. This was the more painful to observe, that the firing grew rapidly more distant, an indication that the Indians were victorious, and in pursuit.

General Wellborn instantly conceived the project, as retreat was impossible, of placing his men in line as near the bank of the lagoon as he could, for a desperate onset on the return of the Indians; and having given his orders, he retired to an eminence about a quarter of a mile, and showed himself to the women, who instantly raised the cry of '*Esta-Hadka! Esta-Hadka!*' 'White man! White man!' pointing to General Wellborn, on the distant eminence. This alarm was rapidly conveyed by runners to the Indians now engaged on the other side of the Pee, and as soon as possible, some three hundred warriors or more came rushing back, flushed with victory, and full of vengeance. They seemed to know that they had routed the largest body of their opponents, and were eager to find the remainder. It was a critical moment when they stood upon the open ground, within gunshot of General Wellborn's men, on the other bank of the lagoon, demanding of the women where they had seen the white man. The Indians knew that the lagoon was fordable, but their opponents did not. At the moment they were about to rush in, and at a given signal, a well-directed fire was poured in upon them from the whole line, and they fell back, with a shout of terror and discomfiture, into a pine wood, about forty rods distant, leaving many of their number dead upon the field.

It was evident that the fire told well, but no less certain, that the foe would soon rally, and return with a confidence of victory. They knew there was no escape for the white man, and that they had driven

from the field his strongest force. Violent speeches of the chiefs and warriors were heard, and understood. In about forty minutes, a hideous yell of onset rang through the forest, and the entire array of the Indian force leaped upon the bank of the lagoon, to cross and drive their assailants by closer fight. At that moment they received a second time the whole fire of General Wellborn's men from behind the palmettos, halted, staggered, and again fell back into the woods, leaving the ground strewn with their slain. Again the rallying speeches were heard, and General Wellborn saw that he and his men must transfer the action to the other bank, or perish before a superior force. Believing, from the demonstrations of the Indians, that the lagoon was fordable, he ordered two men, at different points, to make the attempt, and if they succeeded, the whole corps were to plunge in, form upon the opposite bank, and rush upon the foe.

It was but the work of a moment, and every man was in line. The conflict was desperate and bloody. Women fought and fell with the men. A single white man encountered a warrior and two of his wives, all three of whom were laid dead at his feet, by a necessity which he could not avoid, in self-preservation. The Indians fled across a bridge of trees which they had thrown over the Pee, fighting and falling in their retreat; and all that could, were soon out of the battle, leaving behind them camp and spoils, the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Seventy-three warriors, averaging six feet and two inches in height, were counted among the slain.

An old chief, Apothlo-Oholo, who afterward escaped in the night, being entirely disabled by the shot he had received in various parts of his body, fell into the river, as he was attempting to cross the bridge of trees. He clung to the branches, and buried himself entirely under water, while the victors were crossing and re-crossing, during and after the action. He lived to recover of his wounds, joined his party, and afterward made the following speech to General Wellborn, at Conchatto-Mecco's Town, when about to emigrate with his people:

'You are a Great Chief. I have fought you as long as I could. You have beaten me. You have killed and taken nearly all my people. I am now ready to go: the farther from you the better. We cannot be friends. I thank you for taking care of my women, children, and wounded warriors, and for sending them back to me. You are a Great Chief.'

In the sleeve of the coat of Apothlo-Oholo, after the battle, were found twenty-eight hundred dollars, in gold; and many spoils that had been taken from murdered white families, or pillaged from their deserted houses, were recovered. A roll of bank notes was also found. Most of the Indian ponies were left behind, and the whole of the next day was consumed in making arrangements for a vigorous pursuit of the routed Indians. Nine of the ninety engaged in this attack were killed. The carcasses of the Indians, we are sorry to learn, were left without burial. The exasperated feelings of the troops, themselves citizens of a commonwealth doomed to the horrible atrocities of an Indian war, with their families exposed, many of whom had already suffered, must stand as an apology for not paying to a

fallen enemy the usual respect of civilized warfare. It was a scene of carnage, left to the face of the sun, and to the eyes of the stars.

On the morning of the third day, a pursuit of the retreating foe was ordered, the trail of which led them down the Pee, to the plantations of two brothers, Josiah and Robert Hart, about forty miles below the battle-ground above described. As they approached these settlements, it needed no prophet's ken to anticipate the fate of these unhappy families. The Indians, still counting scarcely less than two hundred warriors, came upon them the second night.

Josiah Hart had a wife, a son, and two daughters, the youngest of whom, MARY, was nine years of age. The family of Robert Hart, living about a mile from his brother, consisted of himself, two sons, a married daughter, and son-in-law. The log cabin of Robert, as is usual in that country, was built in two separate parts, with an open space or court between, over which the roof of the building extended, the door of each part being in the middle of this court, opposite to each other. Aware of the dangers to which he was exposed, Mr. Hart had 'chinked' the logs, before open and admitting of being fired through by the musketry or rifles of an enemy, leaving here and there a port-hole, through which the tenants might be able to repulse assailants. He was also provided with nine pieces of fire-arms, rifles, double-barrel and other, kept constantly charged, and ready for a sudden emergency. In one of these buildings, the whole family slept by their arms and ammunition, while the watch-dog kept his post without.

At the mid-hour of this fatal night, they were suddenly awakened by the earnest barking of the dog, and the simultaneous yells of the Indians. The dog was soon silenced by the rifles of the savages; and the subsequent stillness without, except when interrupted by the occasional light tread or sudden bound of the wily foe around the house, reconnoitring, in preparation for the execution of his purpose, was fearful. Having failed in their usual stratagem of driving out the tenants of the house in affright, by the yells of their onset, in an opposite direction, where they would be sure to fall into the hands of a party in ambush, they sought opportunity to make an attack through the crevices of the logs which composed the walls of the building. Not succeeding in this, for the reason before mentioned, and not venturing yet to enter the court, for fear of a fire from within, which had not yet opened upon them, their next device was, to kindle a fire under the side of the dwelling, by which, if successful, they were sure of their prey. This, however, they could not well do in the dark, without becoming marks for an unseen hand. Accordingly, the first attempt proved fatal to those engaged in it, and two or three Indians fell before the sure aim of the rifle from within the walls. Hour after hour, in painful suspense, passed away, with now and then a shot from either party, to little or no purpose, except that a chance ball from an Indian rifle found its way between the logs, and wounded Mr. Hart's daughter in the arm. Not daring to strike a light, they endeavored, as well as they could, to bind it up, and to staunch the blood. At length a lurid light cast upon the clouds, discovered to Mr. Hart that his brother's house was in flames, and a yell of triumph

broke from the horde of savages by whom he and his children were environed, secure, though less successful hitherto, in accomplishing the same object. The flames rose higher, and threw upon this besieged habitation a flood of light, that compelled the besiegers to retire behind the out-houses for protection, as they would otherwise be exposed to the fire of Mr. Hart and his sons.

Day dawned at last, and a desultory fire was commenced, as chance invited, and as an Indian head was exposed to view. Several of the Indians fell. Exasperated by these failures, they resolved to set the house on fire at any hazard. They collected combustibles, chose their position, and rushed with fire and kindling-wood under the stick chimney of the house, where, as it happened, the rifles from within could not be brought to bear. The smoke was soon felt in the house, and not a moment was to be lost. Despair finds weapons; and by the concert of an instant, a bold device was projected, to strike through the frail chimney-back on the heads of the Indians, and by a sudden sortie, drive them from the field, to purchase to themselves an opportunity of escape to the Fort, about seven miles distant. It was done. Three or four Indians were killed, and the rest fled. In some two hours after, Mr. Hart and his children were all safely lodged in the Fort, having left their house to pillage and flames, to which it was doomed in the course of that morning, so soon as the Indians had mustered a stronger force, and returned to renew the attack. Plunder was all they had to enjoy.

About thirty-six hours after the Indians had quitted the plantation of the Harts, which they had left a scene of ruin and of carnage, and descended the river, little dreaming of being pursued by the party whose power they had felt two days before, General Wellborn and his men came in sight of the smoking ruins of Josiah Hart's habitation and out-houses. Not a living creature moved before their eyes, and every aspect was that of desolation. From a party in the advance, so soon as they approached the ruins, a cry of horror and vengeance arose, which broke the awful silence of the place; and each one as he came near, was petrified at the spectacle which was presented. In a yard, a few rods from the house, lay the mangled and naked bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, their son, and eldest daughter; and a little removed from them, the body of MARY, also naked, with her skull apparently broken in by a pine-knot, which lay by her side, covered with scattered hair and blood. She was lying upon her side, her person stabbed in several places, from head to foot; and the blood of each wound extending in unbroken coagulation to the ground, which had drunk the crimson streams. The sight of Mary was not so fearful as that of the rest of the family, though sufficiently shocking. It was evident, that she had never struggled or moved, from the moment she was left in that position, thirty-six hours before. Save her wounds, her appearance was that of an innocent, marble repose.

The mutilated and mangled condition of the other members of the family was too horrible to be recorded. Mr. Hart had been pierced with many balls; Mrs. Hart with less; each had been shot; and all were covered and disfigured with ghastly wounds. The spectacle filled the men with absolute madness. They raved, stamped, ran to and fro, struck the trees and stones with their clenched hands, until

the blood followed from their blows, without seeming to feel the wounds they inflicted on themselves; and they cried, 'Vengeance! Vengeance! Vengeance!' till all the region rang with it, and loud enough to awake the sleeping dead.

And it *did* awake the dead! Surrounded at this moment by a throng of these exasperated beholders, who were looking upon her innocent countenance, and raising these fearful cries, but not having yet presumed to touch this relic of mortality, little MARY HART opened her eyes, turned up her face, and said, audibly and distinctly, 'How they did beat us!' and then closed her eyes, and turned back, clasped again in the same silent and death-like repose! The moment was awful, and the feeling of the spectators entirely changed. The innocent victim was carefully approached, tenderly lifted up, her wounds bathed, and the proper surgical applications attached. On examination, it was found that life was not extinct; but she was so literally drained of her blood, that no symptom of reviving animation could be awakened. Wrapped in a blanket, she was carried on horseback in the arms of General Wellborn to the Fort, with little more sign of life than when first taken from the ground, and was committed to the charge of her uncle and his family, whose escape has already been narrated.

The troops started off in hot pursuit of the flying foe, and after two days' march overtook them in Florida. Thirty-nine of them were slain in the engagement that ensued; many prisoners were taken, with the booty from the pillaged houses of the Harts; and the rest took flight to the town of Conchatto-Mecco, where they surrendered for emigration, and the Creek war was ended.

Mary Hart, by means of tender nursing, and the restoring powers of nature, gradually recovered. The indenture in the skull proved not to be a fracture, and she is now supposed to be as well as if the massacre had never happened. She is at this time twelve or thirteen years of age, and sole heiress to a great estate.

C U Y A H O R A .

THE INDIAN NAME FOR THE DELL OF THE TRENTON FALLS.

DEEP in a glen, fringed by dark frowning woods,
That spring from gray rock-walls, grotesquely piled
In tower and pillar, huge, confused, and wild,
Swept by the clouds above, below by floods,
Close to whose side the green moss-curtain clings,
Where jutting crags break the stream's even flow,
Lash its smooth blackness into fretted snow,
And high the fresh'ning diamond spray-dew springs,
The Water-Elf hath made his misty shrine:
Lo! his brown lance in yon cliff-rooted pine!
From points of rocky spears his foam-flag waves;
His trumpet peals in echoes from worn caves;
The feathery froth-flakes from the fall that leap,
Float like a plume o'er his exulting sweep.

LES EAUX BONNES: 1839.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Ye whom worldly cares displease,
 Ye, sad subjects of disease,
 Ye who covet mirth and ease —
 Hasten to the Pyrenees!
 Hasten to the embosom'd vale,
 Where health is borne upon the gale;
 To the valley of Ossau,
 Where the healing waters flow.

Dread not, wending to these heights,
 Dangerous passes — thrilling sights!
 Such as oft in mountain realm
 The trav'ler's heart with fears o'erwhelm:
 Nor jutting crag, nor tottering rock,
 Nor gulf to cross, your nerves shall shock:
 Every step, though heavenward tending,
 Imperceptibly ascending:
 For strength, and cost, and judgment wise,
 Have 'smooth'd *this* passage to the skies.'

Behold, a town — 'tis Laurens — pass;
 A hamlet on a steep — Ayas.
 A score of dwellings, farther on,
 Skirting a glen; ah! they are BONNE!
 Spacious and white, with graceful bend,
 They to the valley's edge extend,
 And at the barrier-mountain's base
 In a small cluster still find place.
 There Nature stays intrusive Art,
 And bids the builder's hopes depart:
 In vain each neighboring site he scans,
 No friendly level meets his plans.
 One cultivated spot is seen,
 The rest is woody, broad ravine,
 Which cliffs surround, where izards bound,
 And waters sound through caves profound;
 Such is Ossau's vale renown'd.

Yonder rude and lofty cone,
 Standing forth, but not alone —
 For though above, it be distinct,
 Below, 'tis to another link'd.
 (Though in his course, Time must divide it
 From the gigantic twin beside it,)
 The 'butte du trésor' justly named
 Supplies the current so far-famed.
 When from its top those clouds have roll'd,
 A light kiosk you will behold;
 Observatory meet, for those
 To whom the stars their fate disclose;
 And *we*, who are not so enlighten'd,
 See thence bright *earthly* prospects brighten'd.
 Would you ascend, in search of either,
 Yon spiral path will lead you thither.

Divert your observation now
 From that sharp mountain's crested brow,
 And let that airy dome give place
 To one more stately at its base,
 Into whose wide and solid walls
 The warm and liquid 'treasure' falls.

Pass we this herd of pretty venders,
 To our small patronage pretenders,
 Daily near the entrance found,
 Seated humbly on the ground ;
 In costume picturesque and gay,
 From mountain homes afar, come they :
 Like troops of elves, they meet by night,
 But vanish not at morning's light.
 Here are their hours of profit passed,
 Here is their little wealth amass'd :
 Hiding the earth with objects fair,
 (Fruits, flowers and cheeks, are glowing there,)
 They counsel, with beseeching cry,
 Each passenger their wares to buy :
 Ulysses-like, our ears we'll close,
 Albeit no *syren*-voices those,
 And join the crowd that daily marches
 To the hall of many arches.
 There attends, of smiles profuse,
 The prompt, obsequious 'baveuse ;'
 Pretty, bright-eyed, brown Annette,
 With flowing scarlet capulet,
 Who from the current fills our glasses,
 As to the marble font it passes :
 Gushing, sparkling, vital draught !
 With benedictions ever quaff'd.

From vestibules on either side,
 Those arches high the hall divide ;
 Where, placed in ranges parallel,
 Each in its half-illumined cell
 And marble basin purely white,
 Luxurious baths your choice invite ;
 And though you can't 'direct the storm,'
 Here *showers* may to your will conform.

Built appropriately nigh,
 The chapel rears its cross on high :
 Chapel of the Wilderness !
 To thy shrine the grateful press :
 Hast'ning from the healing spring,
 Hymns of thankfulness to sing ;
 While the swelling heart they lift
 To the source of that good gift,
 Many a mass and many a prayer
 By lips devout, are uttered there.

Come, through the 'English Garden' ramble,
 There doth joyous Childhood gambol ;
 By the brook, and in the alleys,
 Hear its heart-felt, jocund sallies !

Farther, in the forest green,
 Studious Beauty gilds the scene :
 Glance at yon sequester'd nook,
 See her, bending o'er a book :
 On that knoll, where th' 'Great Beech' grows,
 And the shade of its old branches throws
 On an encircling rustic seat,
 Two industrious artists meet.

With many an ingenious stitch,
 One makes the meagre canvass rich ;
 The other, with enraptured mien,
 Surveys the wild surrounding scene :
 With head thrown back, and steadfast eyes,
 Now she gazes on the skies :
 'Would you paint the heavens, my fair ?'
 No — she views the 'Pic de Ger ;'

Strange contrast, in his garb of snow,
To Summer, gaily dress'd, below.

Along the level 'Grammont Walk,'
Observe a lonely student stalk :
The mail is in ; with look intent,
On manuscript or journal bent,
Peripatetic politician,
He cons his recent acquisition ;
Or *friend*, with feelings softer, better,
Pores o'er the blessed *home-marked* letter !

Within these *academic* shades
Mama instructs her little maids.

Freed from the world's Procrustean measure,
Thus each pursues his chosen pleasure,
In rural independence bold,
And none exclaims, 'How odd !' — 'Behold !'
Hence may fair Bonne aspire to be
The veritable 'Sans Soucis !'

Issuing from those shadowy mazes,
Lingering on this dizzy height,
While the curious rambler gazes,
Growing wonders charm his sight.

Afar the awful Pic-du-midi stands,
The frowning barrier to two sister lands ;
To lovely France and pitiable Spain,
Where Heaven extends the olive-branch in vain.
No symbol there of peace or lessening flood,
Though now, alas ! the deluge be of blood !
Who waits on him who, with a traveller's pride,
Intent on fame, would scale that mountain's side,
If for an instant nerve or judgment fail,
On his rude way, which hazards dire assail :
His footing is on rocks, but rocks that shake,
And may even now their sandy beds forsake :
Far then will that doom'd wanderer be hurl'd,
Riven from his hopes, and from this joyous world ;
His mangled limbs their recent course retrace,
With horrid speed, and at the mountain's base
In a broad lake will find their burial-place.

How different is the 'Montagne Verte,'
With its romantic paths begirt !
Scene of industry, of tillage,
Deck'd with many a cot and village,
Blushing garden, meadow wide —
Source of the peasant's wealth and pride :
Aiding his quiet labors, near,
A stream pursues its bold career :
Among the rocks now foaming, dashing,
Now with reflected sunshine flashing ;
Anon it lingers in the shade,
Then plunges forth, a grand cascade !
Like a wild youth, fatigued at last,
And musing over follies past,
The ever varying 'Valentine,'
Then slowly and silent, quits the scene.

Behold those fleecy clouds ascending
Lazily from stream and dale,
Their fantastic figures blending
Into one impervious veil :

The gorgeous landscape thus concealing
Briefly from us — but anew,
(Greater loveliness revealing,)
They will give it to our view.

Through the changeful atmosphere,
 Ever when that veil is rent,
 Scenes that now so fair appear,
 Aspects fairer far present.

Come, we will see the village fête ;
 And let us hasten, for 't is late :
 Though 't will be hard if that prevent us,
 Since, you know, '*facilis decensus.*'
 Weekly to that little square
 The merry mountaineers repair,
 All in Sunday trappings dress'd,
 With snowy hose and snowy vest,
 And outer garments, tight and dark,
 Which well the manly contour mark.
 Low depending from the waist,
 By its ample folds embraced,
 Floats the graceful crimson sash ;
 (Thus do peasant dandies *dash* :)
 While on the head, well smooth'd to-day,
 Is perched the fanciful bérêt :
 And, be it faithfully recorded,
 These toilet cares are well rewarded :
 Sage admiration they insure
 From comely wives, and maids demure ;
 And make the *simple* sex incline
 (A *very little*) to be fine.

'Tis thus it chances that they choose
 Those boddices of mingled hues,
 Embroidered much, by hands well skilled,
 Those skirts, elaborately quilled ;
 That golden hearts and crosses deck
 The plump and olive-tinted neck ;
 That matrons with each other vie,
 To fix the turban's jaunty tie,
 And decorate the youthful head
 With capulet of black or red :
 All this from humble deference is
 To the *beau-sex*'s preferences.

But who on horseback meet we here ?
 Fair dames, with each a cavalier ;
 Those steeds are of a sorry fashion,
 Yet riding is the ruling passion ;
 And hacks like these might cause a *rage*
 In the most patient or most sage :
 Unlike Fitz-James's charger rare,
 Which seem'd to 'love his lord to bear,'
 More satisfaction they extract
 From *backing* than from *being back'd* :
 'T would seem that all the Rosinantes
 Had stray'd from Spain, to *halt* in France.

We are too late ! I see advance
 Yon sober couples to the dance ;
 And thus, with slow and mirthless measures,
 They ever end their weekly pleasures.
 How very odd those looks severe,
 Mingling with light pursuits, appear !
 On each dull front seems written '*pastime,*'
 '*To be partaken for the last time :*'
 So Spartans, sworn to die, prepare,
 By dressing carefully their hair.
 It is a strange and solemn round ;
 No fairy-feet upon the ground
 Light traces of their passage leave,
 But well mark'd foot-prints we perceive :
 Which in the dancers indicate
 If not good *measure*, ample *weight*.
 In one great circle, hand in hand,
 They move like Shakspeare's weird band ;

At intervals a shout, a bound,
The stranger-audience astound,
And serve to show the leader's grace,
Ere to the next he cedes his place.

The sacks which here neglected lie,
Have shared a destiny more high :
Lately with human passions swelled,
By pride, ambition, hope, impelled,
They sought the honor of contention,
Where fame and spoils were in suspension.
Seeing their efforts these to reach,
Some thought there was a man in each,
As in the automaton at chess ;
Indeed the doubt was somewhat less :
First, because parties here contract
That men, not cities, shall be *sacked* ;
And next — which seems quite fairly said —
Because the man displays his head.
High hung a cake, a round temptation,
And cause of anxious emulation,
To bagg'd competitors beneath,
Who strove, despite each others' teeth,
To fix their *own* upon the prize,
And bear it off, midst envious sighs.
I know not the victorious sack,
Now 'fallen from its high estate ;'
Perhaps least noticed of the stack,
Although, like 'Darius good and great,'
Most worthy of a better fate.

That none to-day might lack enjoyment,
Blithe Woman, too, has had employment ;
In a small fragile vase enclosed,
Which on its mother earth reposed,
A kerchief lay : 'Such merchandise'
Did she 'adventure for : ' her eyes,
Deprived of office, are denied
The right their mistress now to guide ;
While a stout staff her hand displays,
Designed to crush the guardian-vase,
Whose 'whereabout' she must attain,
The victory and prize to gain :
Since even the gods, bereft of sight,
Are seldom thought to judge aright,
How should a mortal meetly move,
When blind as Fortune, or as Love ?
Embarrassed by the silent crowd,
(No guiding whisper is allowed,)
She falters, strays, with shame profound,
Wide of the mark she strikes the ground,
Then tears the bandage from her eyes,
And anxiously from notice flies.

Fortune (though to her sex it is
In general sweet to cause perplexities,)
Sometimes grows tired of playing tyrant,
And therefore favors the aspirant :
Then, though the blind conduct the blind,
The treasure she is sure to find :
Her steady hands the blow prepare,
The jar in fragments cleaves the air,
And on the staff the kerchief spread,
Is waved in triumph o'er her head.

Sport follows sport, till day's declining
Reminds the sated throng of dining ;
'T is then their closing dance they lead,
And to their mountain lodges speed.

And now, I 'seriously incline,'
Like these good mountaineers, to dine:
At my hotel you will discern
The merits of 'les frères Tavernes ;'
On which I will not now descant,
Nor library, nor larder vaunt ;
But at their board we 'll means embrace,
Our appetites too fierce to chase :
Though there some soul-subduing sauce
May teach us to regret their loss :
And if you be disposed at eight
Among the gay to circulate,
You 'll find in our saloon, I wean,
A sprightlier dance than we have seen.

From 'to-morrow and to-morrow'
Hours for new pursuits we 'll borrow ;
For full many a morrow's sun
Shall beam on our delights at Bonne.

Bonne, September, 1839.

MESMER AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

IN TWO PARTS: PART ONE.

OF the early history of ANTHONY MESMER we know nothing, save that he was born in Switzerland, and that after arriving at man's estate, he went to Vienna, in very destitute circumstances, to study the science of medicine. After having attended the lectures of Van Swieten and De Haen, the great medical luminaries of the time, and gaining an M. D., which was the acmé of his ambition, he launched at once into active life ; not neglecting, however, before setting out on so eventful a voyage, to ballast his ship with the florins of a wealthy young widow, who was sufficiently ambitious to change her money for the honor of being called 'Frau Doctorin.' Thus fortified against physical want, Mesmer indulged his favorite passion, namely, the study of the mystic authors of all ages, on all sciences. He had always been addicted to studies of this sort, an early fruit of which was, the dissertation published by him while graduating, in the year 1766, entitled, 'The Influence of the Planets on the Human Body.' The principal theory advanced in this dissertation was, that all space was filled with a *something*, which he supposed to be electricity. The public, however, did not share Mesmer's partiality for the occult sciences. He was generally ridiculed, and looked upon as a dreamer, and protected from contempt only by pity for his folly. But he was not to be deterred by scorn from his beloved studies. His zeal appeared to increase with the stubbornness of those whom he labored to convince ; and when he found that his theory of Electricity was not borne out by experiments, after much fruitless speculation, he in 1773 substituted in its place Terrestrial Magnetism.

Mesmer is said to have been led to this discovery by the astronomer Hell. The latter prepared artificial magnets of different sizes for him, which in his medical practice he applied to the diseased parts of his patients, and it is declared with eminent and unexpected success. In 1775 he published, in the form of a letter, the results of his

experiments, referring to Hell for the truth of several astonishing facts. The latter flatly denied ever having seen any such phenomena; and it was only after having interchanged several public letters, that the disagreement was found to have been caused by a mere misunderstanding; whereupon a mutual reconciliation took place.

This new method of curing diseases, however, found little favor in the eyes of the learned disciples of Hippocrates of Vienna. Although several distinguished patients of Mesmer had published accounts of their diseases, and speedy cure, and although a number of physicians had successfully adopted the artificial magnet in their practice, yet Mesmer was forced, by various and not always very delicate persecutions, to leave Vienna. During the next two years, 1775-6, we find him travelling through Germany and Switzerland, where he performed, as we are told, sundry very remarkable cures, both in private families and public hospitals, winning, meanwhile, numerous proselytes to his system. In 1776, he returned to Vienna, which appears to have occupied a great share of his affections, and opened there his house as an infirmary for all those who might desire to be treated according to the principles of his new system. Until now, Mesmer did not know of, nor use, any other magnetism than terrestrial; but soon after his return to Vienna, he stumbled on ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

From the moment of the discovery, Mesmer was an altered being. Happy in the idea of the magnitude and importance of his secret, he appears to have trembled lest it might escape him, and by falling among the profane, be the means of destroying in the bud a science which, young as it was, promised to furnish the key to the most hidden arcana of nature, and to place the name of Mesmer side by side with those of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton! Henceforth he grew daily more mysterious. His experiments, says a learned German professor, were shrouded in a sacred obscurity. He spoke of nothing but animal magnetism: his body was the reservoir of that power; and he pretended to communicate by touch, and even at a distance, by an exertion of his mere will, with other individuals.

No one being able to penetrate the mystery, it was at first supposed that Mesmer made use of artificial magnets, concealed in the sleeves of his coat. Some philosophers endeavored to show the futility of his experiments. Several of his friends, who till now had clung to him, not only apostatized, but even joined the ranks of his opponents; and he was generally deemed an impostor, or one self-deceived by his own enthusiasm and diseased imagination. To obviate this suspicion, he wrote a letter to the most celebrated academies, containing an account of his magnetic cures, and the principle on which they were based. The Royal Society of Berlin was, however, the only one which condescended to answer his letter. Beside openly stating its doubts, the society put a number of questions to Mesmer, which the latter thought best *not* to answer. This course gave a new impulse to the prejudices against him. Persecuted and scorned by the public, starvation stared him in the face; and he was again compelled to leave Vienna.

One circumstance particularly tended to lower his character in the eyes of the public. This was the nonfulfilment of a promise to cure the celebrated singer, M^{re} Paradis, of *amaurosis*, with which the latter

had been afflicted since her third year. Mesmer always pretended to have cured her ; but with every assertion, his character necessarily sunk a step lower. For several years succeeding, we hear nothing of Mesmer. Suddenly, in February, 1778, we find him in Paris. Here he met at first with but little encouragement from the French physicians ; and it was not until the autumn of the same year, that he made a proselyte of note. This was Dr. D'Eslon, Member of the Faculty of Medicine. In him Mesmer found an ardent disciple, who was not afraid publicly to defend his theories, and who prevailed on him to publish an apology for his behavior in Vienna, with an exposition of his new system. This system, founded as it was partly in truth, and partly in fiction, was considered the offspring of an enthusiast, and was treated with great coldness and contempt. The Faculty of Medicine deprived Dr. D'Eslon, for one year, of his vote ; and if after that time he had not recanted, he was to be expelled from the Society.

But though the physicians were thus opposed to Animal Magnetism, they could not prevent the public from regarding it with favor. Men of rank published accounts of diseases of which they had been cured by Animal Magnetism, and lauded Mesmer and his system to the skies. It was no difficult matter at that time to excite the enthusiasm of the Parisians in favor of any thing, provided it was new, and bordering on the mysterious. The reader will perhaps recollect, that at this time Count Cagliostro, the Great Magician, had just turned the brains of a great majority of the French people ; and in soil thus carefully prepared, the seed sown by Mesmer could not fail to find a favorable reception. He was looked upon as a man full of Egyptian wisdom ; as the benefactor of mankind ; as a being, indeed, gifted with more than ordinary human power.

It must be admitted that Mesmer's method of cure looked somewhat mysterious. He operated not only by direct manipulation, but with an iron rod, which he waved at a distance, with great solemnity, toward the patient. He also magnetized trees, and by strings connected his patients with them ! At other times, he directed the magnetic fluid from concealed tubs to his patients, who were ranged in a circle around them. During this process, a profound and solemn silence reigned in the room, (*curseal*,) which, to heighten the effect, was kept in a kind of twilight, and furnished with an abundance of looking-glasses. This silence was occasionally broken by the sounds of an harmonicon, which Mesmer himself played in a masterly manner, or by that of a piano-forte. That he worked his miracles to some purpose, is quite evident from an opinion then prevalent, that in a short time he had amassed a fortune of four hundred thousand livres.

Many and influential as were the friends of Mesmer, the number of his opponents was yet larger. All scientific journals in particular were opposed to him and his doctrines ; and although they readily published any attack upon him, they yet, as Mesmer alleged, invariably declined to insert his defence. Of the various causes which obliged Mesmer to leave Paris, we shall mention but one ; and this was the defection of his disciple D'Eslon. This gentleman, after having toiled conscientiously for three years in the service of his

master, severed the leading-strings, and founded in his own house a rival institution, where the operations were carried to a still more extravagant extent than in that of Mesmer. This, however, tended only to increase the zeal and patronage of the public. Mesmer, opposed to any improvement on his system, attacked D'Eslon, and thus the friends soon became the most violent enemies.

After leaving Paris, Mesmer resided for some time in Spa: he was soon recalled, however, by his friends, among whom were the two Counts Chastenot, Maxime de Puysegur, the Marquis de Puysegur, M. de Barre, Kornmann, and Father Gerard. And now was he guilty of a step which degraded him in the eyes of every honorable man. He sold that secret, for the revelation of which the French government had formerly offered him an annuity of twenty thousand livres — but which he refused, with the plea that the publication of his art would be the cause of great abuses — for one hundred Louis d'or, to any one willing and able to pay that sum. He founded a secret society, under the name of *Harmony*, where every one, after having paid the above-named sum as a fee, and after having taken a solemn oath to preserve inviolable the secret, was initiated into the arcana of Animal Magnetism. This speculation is said to have brought him the respectable sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This society included many of the noble and wealthy, but only four physicians.

Animal Magnetism, having now become the property of the public, was soon practised by clergymen, chevaliers, ladies, and, as a German writer on Animal Magnetism indignantly observes, 'brainless coxcombs.' As an instance of the different modes in which it was made use of by these practitioners, it is mentioned, that in Charenton, *horses* were magnetized, and we are told, *actually thrown into convulsions!* Many of those to whom Mesmer had imparted the secret, began now to exhaust their ingenuity in enlarging his system: others, not content with this, overthrew the whole, and reared such a structure as best suited their fancy. Another portion of Mesmer's friends made a different use of Animal Magnetism. They founded in 1789 branch societies in the different provinces of the kingdom, Versailles, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, etc., which corresponded with each other, and these put themselves under the direction of Mesmer. The purpose of these societies was to treat diseases conformably to the principles of Animal Magnetism, and to communicate to each other and to the public their respective experiences. In France alone we find thirty of these societies, and there were at least as many in the French colonies.

It would seem strange that the medical faculty did not pay more attention to Animal Magnetism. It is true, that in 1778 the society had appointed several physicians a committee of investigation, at the suggestion of M. Le Roux, a friend of Mesmer. The latter, however, was opposed to any investigation, because, as he alleged, this would give him the appearance of a quack. In place of this, he proposed to the faculty that they should select twenty-four patients, one half of whom should be treated according to the common principles of medicine, the other according to those of Animal Magnetism. The result, he said, would prove which method was the best. This offer was re-

jected by the faculty. All they consented to, was, to order two members to ascertain by experiments the effects of the artificial magnet on the human body. The experiments proved beyond a doubt the existence of such an influence. And here rested the matter for the present.

This apparent indifference of the scientific institutions had caused so much abuse and imposition, that at last the government took the matter in hand; and on the 12th of March, 1789, the king ordered the Medical Faculty to appoint a committee of investigation. Two committees were accordingly appointed, one of which consisted of members of the Royal Institute, the other of members of the Medical Faculty. The result of the labors of this committee, with the farther history of Mesmer's career, will be given in another and concluding number.

S T A N Z A S .

'THEN take thy rest in that shadowy hall,
In thy mournful shroud reposing;
There is no cloud on the soul to fall,
No dust o'er its light is closing.'

W. G. CLARK.

DUST unto dust! — we have left her sleeping,
The green-wood above her its calm watch keeping!
'T was meet that beneath its softened shade
The grave of that slumberer mild was made.
Its stillness and beauty, so like her life,
Serene and unruffled by worldly strife;
A life like the flow of some hidden stream,
On the careless eye that may never beam,
But stainless and bright on its bosom bearing
Forever the brightness the sky is wearing!
Flashing to sunlight no foam-wreaths leap
From the waters which move, though they seem to sleep,
And the sweet wild flowers by its side which grow,
Alone of its cherishing kindness know.

She hath passed from among us in beauty and youth,
But her memory lingers, a witness for Truth;
Turning meekly aside from the world and its dross,
In the by-paths of Duty still bearing her cross;
A home-flower, unfolding its richness alone
Where the warmth and the light of home-kindliness shone!
We toil on our way, wearing fetters of sin,
Seeking joy from without, while its fount is within;
The ear that is turned to the world and its strife
May not hear the sweet flow of the waters of life;
We may toil on forever, yet never may find
In the deserts of earth the Shiloah of mind!
Unsatisfied, sad and bewildered we roam,
In this wilderness world, still away from our home;
And those who have wandered the least from their rest,
Are sometimes, in mercy, the earliest blest;
Having kept though but briefly the faith that was given,
Are gathered like lambs to the true fold of Heaven!

'T was the will of our Father! — and gathered to-day,
We saw her, the loved, borne forever away!
But stillness and faith came as comforters there,
And the mourners were bowed in the utterance of prayer;
The broken heart leaned on the promise of God,
And the bruised spirit kissed, in submission, the rod.

THE LONE WIDOW.

A LAMENT.

SHE WAS A LONE WIDOW. What words more expressive of utter desolation than these? What more adapted to elicit the sympathy of a cold, heartless, unpitiful world? The oak tree may spare the ivy, and the elm the vine, yet is not their strength diminished, though they have lost the ductile foliage, and the rich and purple grape. But you may not reverse the case, or the fragile plants are shorn of their comeliness; they languish, they droop, they are trodden on the cold earth.

She was a LONE WIDOW. Her staff, her support, on whom she had leaned so long and so constantly, in storm and in sunshine, was taken away, and she was left to battle with the world's sorrows, and deceits, and vanities — alone! Her 'gude man' was her elder, by a score of summers. He was not made of iron, though some folks might have thought it. He had his own troubles, and he sank beneath them at a good old age. It was a sad scene presented at his death-bed. Not a child looked on to witness the last moments, or to receive the last blessing, of a parent. But she alone, the wife of his bosom, hung over his pillow, convulsed and sobbing. He grasped her hand—he raised his eyes imploringly—his lips moved—they uttered a few words almost inarticulate—and they were burdened with a *request*—— that she would never be married to another. He essayed yet again to speak. To her he gave all his worldly goods, and they were many; to her his possessions, without division or reserve; and the condition was, that she should never be married to another.

She consented, with a hesitancy occasioned only by choking sobs. For the last time, he looked up inquiringly, and he asked, 'Never?' And she answered, 'NEVER!' So she closed her good man's eyes in peace. And she arrayed herself in the deepest mourning, followed him decently to the grave, and having watered it with a flood of the bitterest tears, returned to her desolate house —— A LONE WIDOW.

It was the winter time; but not more cold is the earthy clod, than the heart bereft of its beloved. She remembered often the words which her good man had spoken, and oh, she thought it was a crying sin, that widows should be prevailed on to depart from widowhood, forgetting who lies cold in the sepulchre, and to whom they had pledged their early love; that they should exchange their weeds for the gorgeous colors and butterfly robes of vanity, and go forth brides—yet not brides—a spectacle to the world. It was unseemly, it was immodest. But she would never, never lay aside *her* robes of mourning; she would go down weeping to the grave —— A LONE WIDOW!

Her neighbors felt for her forlorn estate. They came to console her, and to mingle their tears with hers. Their efforts were well-meant, but unavailing. They could not stay the torrent of her grief. They said that time would 'do wonders,' so they let it have full sway. But they spoke of all the good deeds of her good man. Pleasing, yet

melancholy reminiscence! She loved to allude to the words which he spake, and to all the dear works of his hands. There he first courted her, beneath the shade of the old elm-tree; there they first walked in the sweet season of youth; there he used to sit when he played on the viol. Oh! how sweet were the tunes which he played on the viol! But he was gone, the best of men, and she, she was — A LONE WIDOW!

When the man of God spake of the bereaved, in the sacred desk, or when in social intercourse he clasped her hand, and besought her to forget her sorrows; (for he was kind, and affectionate in his nature, middle-aged, and unmarried;) when he told her that He who fed the ravens, and did not let a sparrow fall to the ground without his knowledge, would take care of the fatherless, and the lone widow, she wept with redoubled violence; and in the midst of quick-coming sobs you might have heard the echo of those words of bitterness — A LONE WIDOW.

She lived in her desolate house, without a friend to fill up the blank which her good man's death had occasioned. It was a pleasant house, and looked upon a pleasant garden. There herbs, and salubrious plants, and flowers, grew in profusion: but what is all the luxury of sweets, to those who mourn for the departed? Who planted the fragrant catnip, and the thyme? Who kept those beds so clean, that not even a weed intruded? Her good man. Now she had only left her her ancient cat, which followed her steps when she walked in that pleasant garden. There were those who thought that she needed a protector and a friend; and when they cast in their minds the many who could supply her need, they could not forbear at last remarking among themselves, that it was very queer she should remain — A LONE WIDOW!

She had a heart which was kind and benevolent, and was not unmindful of the poor and friendless, nor did she ever send the needy from her door until they carried with them the mite of a lone widow. She was not parsimonious in any of her ways. Her robes were dark, but of the finest texture; her caps were made of costliest lawn; for caps became her matronly face right well, and were not unbecoming to the peach-like bloom that lingered on the cheeks of that — LONE WIDOW!

Year after year passed away, and time had indeed wrought wonders. But although the rank grass waved over the grave which had been watered with plentiful showers, she had not forgotten 'the vow interrupted only by sobs,' and she still remained — A LONE WIDOW!

Many suitors came to solicit her hand. They made *honorable* offers. They would take care of her property, they would love, honor, and cherish her forever. But she drove them all, all into — despair, and told them (they could hardly credit her words) that she should remain — A LONE WIDOW!

But who can foresee the course of events which mock even the art of divining? At last a skilful lawyer aspired to her hand, and wished to make her his fair client. He came, he saw — and he CONQUERED. He came — as soon as he heard that in such a place there lived such a lone widow. He saw — that report had spoken only the truth of her charms; and he conquered her remaining scruples. 'T was

in the 'merry month of May, when blithe birds are singing.' They sat together in the fragrant porch, the skilful lawyer and that lone widow. A sweet briar strayed near, with its branches ; a honeysuckle mingled its odors. He preferred his suit in soft accents, she listened with an attentive ear. He pleaded eloquently at the bar of her heart. She was his indulgent judge and jury. He waited patiently for a VERDICT. She said — NOTHING. He pressed her hand warmly in his, and with a most wooing look, gazed up into the dark eyes of that lone widow ! She sighed. He asked her why heaved her bosom with that sigh ? She spake of her good man, of his lands and tenements, which would be forfeit. He told her that he would take care of that, and he was a skilful lawyer. Then the dark clouds were put to flight which hovered over her brow, and the sun shone brighter, and the birds sang sweeter, and the budding spring broke out into blossom. She followed him shortly to God's altar, and with all her worldly goods did him endow. He was unlike her good man ; but I throw the veil over her story. For having forgotten the vow which was 'interrupted only by sobs,' she had taken that skilful lawyer, for better, for worse, and was no more — A LONE WIDOW !

THE OCEAN TIDE TO THE RIVULET.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

My voice is hoarse with calling to the deep ;
 While, as I bore me on with measured sweep,
 To where beneath the jutting cape I rest ;
 The warring night-winds smote upon my way,
 And the fierce lightnings joined in wild affray,
 And hurled their fiery javelins at my breast.

Night ! — and abroad there moves no living thing ;
 Sunk on her nest the sea-bird folds her wing,
 The bearded goat hath left the cliff on high ;
 Of thy fair feet the parched sand bears no trace :
 Listen ! I wait thee at our meeting place —
 I call, but echo gives alone reply.

To what far thicket have thy light steps won ?
 Shunning the rude gaze of the amorous sun,
 In what dark fountain doth thy sweetness hide ?
 No star shines through the rift in yonder sky,
 None may behold thee, as thou wanderest by,
 Bound from thy lurking forth, my woodland bride !

Sadly the flowers their faded petals close,
 On thy scorched banks they weep them to repose,
 Waiting in vain to hear thine onward press ;
 And their fair sisters by thy margin-side
 Have languished for thy coming, drooped, and died,
 For thou hadst left them to their loneliness.

Hasten ! Beloved ! here 'neath the o'erhanging rock !
 Hark ! from the deep, my anxious hope to mock,
 They call me backward to my parent main ;
 Brighter than Thetis ! thou — and how more fleet —
 I hear the rushing of thy fair white feet !
 Joy ! — joy ! — my breast receives its own again !

IS THE LATIN A LIVING LANGUAGE?

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It may be considered a question of considerable curiosity, and of general doubt, whether the Latin language is the vernacular tongue, or spoken language, of any modern nation. It is the purpose of the present short essay, to maintain the affirmative of the proposition. I shall endeavor to show, from the observations of travellers, and by comparison and analogy, that the language among the common people of Wallachia is the Latin. We may in the first place, however, refer to a French writer by the name of Rivet, who, in speaking of the Romaunt, or court language of France, in the tenth century, says that 'the Latin was then of the common people, though vitiated by their corruptions, or an intermixture with that of the Franks and Burgundians.' The same may be observed of the language of Spain and Italy, about that period, although corrupted with an intermixture of the language of the Visigoths, the conquerors of the former, and of the Goths and Vandals of the latter. The pure Latin was still preserved by the Catholic priesthood of both states; and although it is still used by them as a learned language, and one of considerable use to the brotherhood, in their travels through foreign countries, it is not pretended to be the popular tongue of either nation.

The first modern traveller who has brought to our notice the curious fact of the existence of the Latin language as a vernacular tongue of a whole nation, of considerable extent, is the Rev. Doctor Walch, in a journey from Constantinople to England, through Roumelia, over the Balkan or Mount Hæmus, through Wallachia and Hungary, across the Danube, in 1826 and '27. On his entrance into Wallachia, he observes: 'About eight o'clock, we arrived at the village of Prepona, where was a post-office situated under a lofty mountain, called Rosay, among the Carpathians. The man who came to wait on me, had an immense tumor under his jaw, apparently ripe for lancing. I naturally shrunk back when the Keaya or agent, said to the man, in distinct Latin, '*Sepone!*' and the man stood on one side. He then said to me: '*Tumor non est pesti, domne gunsha.*' I now found not only that the peasants spoke Latin, but that they were afflicted with tumors on the neck, like goîtres. A very little dwarf now came up to me: I inquired if there were many such dwarfs here. The Keaya answered: '*Sunt multi, innumerabile.*' Their language must have been the remains of that phraseology which the Romans left the Dacians sixteen hundred years before. In fact, the words *domine* and *uxor* are not Italian words; and people living in the East, who derive their language from the Italian, say *seigneur* and *moglie*.

'But the dress of these peasants is a farther confirmation of their origin. It consists of a tunic or shirt, which comes down to their knee, hanging outside, confined in the middle by a zone or girdle of leather. The feet are enclosed with sandals, tied over the instep with thongs, and a pallium or cloak is carried over the shoulder, which, when the weather is cold or wet, is wrapped around the body. I took

leave of these descendants of the Romans, with the word *Valete*, which they repeated. Trajan invaded this country, Dacia, governed by their King Decebalus, and threw a bridge over the Danube, (some of the piles still remain,) and conquered it. He planted a colony of thirty thousand persons, and it remained in possession of the Romans for three centuries. The present name of Wallachia is said to be derived from Flaccus, a celebrated Roman proprietor, which was afterward called Flaccia. The better and instructed part of the people adhere to the Roman origin, and call themselves Romans. The Doctor, as a farther illustration of their Roman descent, gives a vocabulary of several words in the Wallachian language, by which its similarity to the Latin will be apparent. It may have arisen from some Roman legions having been stationed there, when it was overrun by the Goths and Huns, and by their intermarriage, gave their language to the people. The following are a few of their words :

WALLACHIAN.	LATIN.	ENGLISH.
<i>Alb.</i>	<i>Albus.</i>	<i>White.</i>
<i>Ap.</i>	<i>Aqua.</i>	<i>Water.</i>
<i>An.</i>	<i>Annees.</i>	<i>Year.</i>
<i>Acro.</i>	<i>Acris.</i>	<i>Acrid, sour.</i>
<i>Accit.</i>	<i>Acetum.</i>	<i>Vinegar.</i>
<i>Aur.</i>	<i>Aurum.</i>	<i>Gold.</i>
<i>Argent.</i>	<i>Argentum.</i>	<i>Silver.</i>
<i>Bacca.</i>	<i>Vacca.</i>	<i>A Cow.</i>
<i>Bon.</i>	<i>Bonus.</i>	<i>Good.</i>

And *Boo*, *Bos*, an ox ; *Bené*, *bene*, well ; *capri*, *caper*, a goat ; *capo*, *caput*, the head ; *com*, *cum*, with ; *cetate*, *cevetat*, a town ; and many other words, which it would be extending our remarks to too great length to repeat. Enough are quoted, however, to show a most wonderful correspondence between the two languages ; much more so than between the Latin and the Italian itself ; in fact, with less change or variation, than is found in the English language, in a period of three hundred years.

The next traveller who noticed the remarkable circumstance, and who found his knowledge of the Latin language a great convenience to him, is Bishop Heber, who returned through that country and Hungary from the Caspian, shortly afterward. He says : 'The post-master, at a village where we stopped, spoke Latin fluently, though in rags. At the village Szerenz, we met with a peasant who spoke Latin fluently, and who corrected one of our phrases.' . . . We had a long conversation in Latin with an old man and his brother, who had studied at Erslaw, in Hungary. Both were very profuse in their civilities, calling us *magnificensia et excellentia*. While we were with them, we observed how much Latin was used in Hungary. A servant of the archbishop of Erslaw, in addressing himself to the post-master, ordered, in very fluent Latin, horses for his master the next morning. Our host's principal cause of complaint against government was, that '*rex Hungariæ Germaniam habitat*,' with which, said he, '*degustata est natio*.' The Bishop farther remarks, that among the better and middling classes, it is the most usual language, and even many of the peasants speak it fluently. We were generally called,' says he, '*Domini*'

nationes vestrae,' and were once desired '*dignabunter sedere magnificentiae vestrae*;' 'Will your magnificences deign to set down?'

These extracts are sufficient to establish the point that I have assumed in the beginning of this essay, namely; that the Latin is the vernacular language of at least *one* state of modern Europe, and is generally used in the one adjoining. There is but little doubt, that national pride will cooperate in diffusing and keeping it in use, and in improving and purifying it from the dross of its barbarian dialect. As education is extended, the higher ranks in Wallachia and Hungary will use a more classic style, derived from their collegiate learning; and the common people, as in other fashions, will follow the example of their superiors: and in a few years we may calculate to find those two nations using, in colloquial discourse, the chaste dialect of the Augustan age. They pride themselves upon being the descendants of the old Romans. They despise the idea of their intermixture with a barbarous race; and they will more and more cherish a language which is the best criterion of their superior distinction. As it is, however, a learned stranger will find no difficulty in travelling through those countries, and making known his wants, without the aid of an interpreter.

LESSONS OF THE FOREST.

BY CLARENCE HERBERT.

Solemn and deep, the forests old,
Mid the thickening homes of men,
Still hide beneath their leafy fold
Rough hill and rocky glen:
Many a haunt where the Indian's tread
Hath startled the stately deer;
Whose home the arching green wood made,
Now his sole memorial here.

Still by the lonely stream and lake
They rear their trunks on high,
Twin'd by the laurel's tangled brake,
And the wild vine's wreathing tie.
And dear to me are those forest shades,
Where Nature dwells alone,
Free can I roam their shadowy glades,
While the deep mysterious tone
Of the wind-swept branches swells on high,
The forest's murmuring song,
Like the ocean's ever-mournful sigh,
As it breaks the beach along.

And here are Freedom's palace halls!
The earth's warm life is bursting here,
Free from the painful chain which thralls
Her solitudes, where man is near;
Here the expanding soul can hold
With Nature's self-communing high;
Her works a priceless lore unfold,
Her boundless love is ever nigh.

Pride, avarice, envy, can they bide
Within yon quiet, half-lit glen?
That lowly flowret, pale, pink-eyed,
How shames it all the pomp of men!
The solemn pine, the monarch oak,
Beneath whose boughs the Indian trode,
Yon maple springing from its rock,
The stately brethren of the wood:

How can man 'know unrest' with them?
How can he rove the wood, nor feel
The life that fills each branch and stem,
Through his sick soul with rapture steal?
The sunlight on the pine's dark green,
Its glimmering in the chequer'd shade;
The glancing brightness o'er the scene,
The mystery of each twilight glade;
The wild birds' varied tones, the fear
Of the fleet tenants of the wood,
The ever-murmuring whisper near,
As if a spirit nigh thee stood:

Speak to the heart's divinest sense;
'Tis Nature's language to her child,
The soul, entranc'd, will bear far hence
The memory of those 'wood-notes wild.'
Seek ye the deep, dim forest old,
If thou wouldst calm thy spirit's stir,
Thee to her breast let Nature fold,
For peace and joy dwell aye with her.

L I N E S .

'SHE came like a dream in the dawn of life,
 She fled like a shadow before its noon;
 She is gone, and my peace is turn'd to strife,
 And I wander and wane like the weary moon.'

SHELLY.

I.
 THERE was an hour — remember'd well!
 An hour of dark despair to me;
 When o'er my Mary's spirit fell
 Thy shade — ETERNITY!

II.
 I clasp'd her wasted hand in mine,
 And felt its pulses faintly play;
 I saw the light of life decline,
 With pale and quiv'ring ray.

III.
 Her mournful glance — on me it turn'd,
 As if 't were mine to heal and save;
 As if the love my bosom own'd,
 Could shelter from the grave.

IV.
 Upon my breast her head repos'd,
 And fainter heav'd the lab'ring breath;
 In seeming sleep her bright eyes clos'd —
 I knew that sleep was DEATH!

V.
 And yet I clasp'd the lifeless form,
 In madness to my bursting heart,
 With the wild hope that heart so warm,
 Its warmth might yet impart.

VI.
 Ah! what is now life's scene to me,
 Its joys or sorrows, smiles or tears?
 Unfelt, since MARY ceas'd to be,
 Vain hopes, and vainer fears!

J. K. A.

T H E E C C E N T R I C .

BY A L A D Y .

IN lounging recently through a polite assemblage of high fashionables, I was struck by the singular appearance of a dashing woman, who seemed to imagine herself a privileged belle, if not a beauty. 'Who is that?' I inquired, 'moving amidst this smiling throng, so *outré* in appearance, with an air so unaccommodating?'

'Oh, that is one of the would-be Eccentrics,' replied an accurate observer of human nature; 'one,' he continued, 'who seems wilfully blind to the effect produced by her passion for singularity. She deviates from the prescribed rules of society barely for the *sake* of deviating. Her vanity renders her insensible to the animadversions which eccentricity is sure to elicit.'

'There is another, at a short distance from her, with a scarlet turban,' I rejoined, 'whose appearance is equally singular, though of a different cast.'

'Ah yes!' my informant sighed, '*that* lady is indeed of a different cast. In her, eccentricity is a constitutional defect. She is the talented Mrs. Bunn, of whom you have doubtless often heard, and she is as amiable as she is intellectual.'

'I doubt it,' I replied.

'You would not if you knew her,' responded her admirer. 'She unfortunately yields to the evil spirit that so deranges her fine qualities as to render them almost useless for the purposes for which they were bestowed.'

'Then permit me to doubt the amiable principle of one who does

not call forth the powers of an intelligent mind to conquer this evil spirit. What sort of a head to a family must such an individual prove ?

‘ I am sorry to add,’ he returned, with an expression produced by a mournful conviction of its truth, ‘ *that* is not the sphere in which her superior intelligence is most manifest. Her husband admits and admires her various talents, and fine qualities of the heart ; but his home is seldom what is termed *comfortable*. There is no regular domestic arrangement. Mrs. Bunn seems to despise, or is regardless of, any thing like method. She lives without rule or compass. Every thing about her is deranged. Having no method for herself, she renders her methodical husband literally unhappy — a mere fidget. He appears always restless and uneasy, in the apprehension that others should discover the disorder to which he is compelled to submit. Mrs. Bunn is not insensible to the effect produced, yet while she laments it, she is too indolent to remedy it.’

‘ Then you cannot deny that such a woman is any thing rather than a blessing as a wife ? Where there is no order, there can be no neatness, and where there is no neatness, there can be no regard to the domestic comfort and simple elegance, which we find in the mansions of even those who have little pretension to affluence.’

‘ Still Mrs. Bunn is, I must think, more a subject for pity than reprehension,’ replied her vindicator.

‘ Pho ! pho !’ I indignantly exclaimed ; ‘ I can admit of no such soft extenuation of offences proceeding from an intelligent individual, which involve the happiness, or even the immediate comfort, of others. If the lady really possesses an uncommon portion of intellect, how can she witness the effect produced by a selfish disregard of all that renders the domestic hearth a blessing, without seeking the remedy so fully within her power ? For what purpose was her intellect bestowed ? Surely not for her transient trifling amusement. As to her amiability, no very favorable conclusion could be drawn of any quality that does not lead to a due regard for the accommodation of those around us.’

‘ It is to be lamented !’ he ejaculated, in a tone of commiseration, which indicated the interest the superior endowments of Mrs. Bunn had excited.

‘ It is indeed to be lamented,’ I responded, ‘ that the intellect and the good qualities of Mrs. Bunn are of so little avail to herself, or to others.’

My companion, being too well-bred to enter into farther discussion in a ball-room, moved off to enjoy the varieties that such brilliant scenes usually afford ; and I was left to the contemplation of the evil as well as the ridiculous effects of eccentricity, which we too often find a subject for regret in man as in woman, particularly when accompanied by superior qualities, or talents. It is not easy to decide in which form its effects are the most pernicious. Whether the self-sufficient, the careless, the sullen, or the noisy eccentric ; the poetic eccentric, or the eccentric devotee ; the weak or the mad, are the most to be shunned and condemned. But however the term may be applied, as an apology for the irregular wanderings of the gifted and otherwise amiable, yet much more frequently does the perversity

of a selfish, unaccommodating spirit seek to reconcile its infirmities to the eye of a scrutinizing world, by sheltering them under the convenient term of *eccentricity*. If the heart in its bitterness, or in its selfish negligence of a due consideration for others, refuses to yield to the usual forms imposed for the best security of the amiable courtesy of social intercourse, it is sheltered under the pretext of *eccentricity*; and with this idea, the catalogue of petty absurdities, to which unfortunately even the most richly gifted in intellect may not be exempt, are indulged. Of what avail then is the boasted brilliancy of talent? Where there exists a total negligence of the principle that should regulate it, as in the instance of Mrs. Bunn, for usefulness and durability, we had better, as far as a moral effect is concerned, mourn over its deficiency, than so reckless a perversion of its powers; the rational exercise of which is often vaunted as a crying duty to the laws of religion and morality; but surely we may add, that the laws of reason and common sense point out the necessity, for the honor and happiness of human nature, from the highest to the lowest station in life.

Some of the most gifted writers, unfortunately, have not been exempt from eccentricity. Dean Swift, it is well known, was a reckless eccentric; and he died, in consequence, an eccentric idiot! Lord Byron likewise fell a victim to the presumptuous indulgence of his bad passions; upon the evident plea, to his own feelings, that his extraordinary poetic genius gave him the privilege of indulging in a wayward eccentricity. Neither of these, however, were amiable men. On the other hand, we may perceive the most devoted pursuits of science and literature among those who are governed by a uniform practical good sense in the rational concerns of life. The greatest geniuses of this, and indeed of every age, have not been more remarkable for their genius, than for the good judgment with which it has been regulated and appropriated, for the benefit of mankind. Sir Isaac Newton, although an absent man, was not an eccentric. He was too amiable, too highly gifted, to deviate from the light that so faithfully guided him. But not to go beyond our own time, Sir Walter Scott, the Shakspeare of the age, with probably a better regulated mind, whose equal may never again appear on earth, was no eccentric. It would be difficult to trace any tendency to eccentricity in any action, any more than in the character of his genius. His domestic life gave frequent proofs of this. It was particularly amiable. He drew around him his cherished family and dependants as promptly and as benignantly as the remotest admirers of his genius. He never played the hero at the festive board. He had none of the arts of the eccentric, who seeks to place constantly within view the exclusiveness of a fame which he imagines is to dazzle by the meteor-like flashes which eccentricity is too apt to exhibit, to the annoyance of the rational and the less selfish.

As Sir Walter's well-balanced mind insured to him a clearness of judgment, an acute penetration into character, it placed at his command its widest range for his rich imagination to portray. Among the variety of its productions, his high estimation of the female character, exhibited in his many beautiful views of its individual elevation, was a convincing proof of the moral grandeur which it was his

aim to throw around his best delineations. Wherever he has represented it as eccentric, he has rendered it the effect of education, or peculiar circumstances, as in Di. Vernon, etc. His Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*, is a rich example of the elevation and strength of the human mind; which he so well knew how to portray, to the highest honor of the sex, and to their most flattering advantage. While this gives an additional influence and interest to his genius, will any deny that it indicates the moral tone, and refinement of a mind that could so well discern the superior attributes of woman, when events call for their exercise? Although Sir Walter has not denied them their acknowledged privilege of beauty, he has rendered it of such minor importance for effect, as it should ever be, that the beauty is almost forgotten in the heroine. A woman indeed, whose feelings are under perfect control through every trying event, whether she be gifted or not, will command something more than the mere homage produced by personal beauty. It gives her an influence in affairs of consequence as well as in trifles. We have perceived the effect in women of even very limited intellect. It is this accurate view of character, so attractively prominent amidst all the varieties of Sir Walter Scott's extraordinary genius, that we think will render his fame as lasting as it is admitted to be extraordinary.

If eccentricity were rightly viewed, few would be disposed to cherish it as a darling sin. We will venture to assert that it is seldom if ever indulged, where there exists true greatness and elevation of mind. Was Napoleon Bonaparte a *truly* great man? After weighing impartially the qualities of which his selfish mind was composed, we may pronounce him an eccentric, but *not* a great, hero. His nature was a singular compound of heterogeneous mixtures, which could not fail to render him eccentric. A spirit brave, and cowardly; magnificent, and mean; daring, and cunning; ferocious, and partially merciful; with one hand dispensing his capricious favors, and with the other dashing to destruction the bounties of nature, and of civilization: seldom disinterested, never unshackled by a selfish view, in even the most trifling action of his extraordinary career, he finally perished, as he had lived, the victim of a selfish eccentricity.

What a relief to turn from the contemplation of such a character, to our own exalted WASHINGTON!—that name so dear to every American heart, and never mentioned without emotion. Free from every species of eccentricity, each point of his character assisted to build up a never-dying fame, which his glorious and useful life established for the happiness and honor of his beloved country. He was like a rock, against which the storms might rage, and the sun blaze in all its brightness, without changing its aspect or its nature.

REVENGE.

REVENGE to his dread purpose flies, but faster flies Remorse;
As the fell tigress of her whelps bereft, o'ertakes the horse:
Remorse! that on revenge attends, to accuse, not curb the hand,
And bring us, while on earth, the vain repentance of the damned.

L I N E S

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM MARS' HILL, ATHENS,

BRIGHT flower of the Orient, bathed in the dews
 That crimson the vault of Hellenic skies ;
 Fanned by zephyrs which over Pentelicus blew,
 And nurtured by drops of Hymettean dew ;
 Or by vapors perchance on the breeze wafted o'er,
 From the Hieron Elies of old Epidaure !
 Bright jewel of Flora ! with gladness I gaze
 On thy lustre, still bright as in earlier days ;
 For thou bringest to mind, and I live it anew,
 The hour when I stood where thy frail stem grew ;
 On the stern Areopagus, gazing around
 On the relics of Attica's time-honored ground,
 From the mountain-perched Parthenon, down to the tomb
 Which saved Philopappus from Lethe and gloom.

But chiefly I prize thee, anemone sweet,
 That the good man who learned at Gamaliel's feet,
 From his country and friends far wand'ring exiled,
 To proclaim the religion of Bethlehem's child,
 Revealed, where thou bloom'dst, to minds darkened and dim,
 The truths shown in glorious vision to him.
 On that rock-circled summit methought I beheld
 The apostle, surrounded by throngs, as of old :
 Ha ! who cometh now, that inquisitive one,
 With lantern and staff, walking sadly alone,
 His brethren regarding with critical eye ?
 'Tis the cynical leader who thus passeth by.

From the banks of Ilyssus, the classical river,
 In the annals of history now hallowed forever,
 With a legion of youth who his students appear,
 Aristotle, the Stagyrice, cometh to hear.
 And Zeno comes next, with stern lip and eye,
 And feelings which life's every trial defy.
 Now, forth from the bowers of the old Académie,
 Bowers bright as the scenes of a mid-summer dream,
 By disciples surrounded, and walking in state,
 As a leader of armies, comes Plato the great.

But who is yon father, with lineaments grave,
 And a brow as the heathen to Jupiter gave ?
 'Tis the Attican sage, who, in long after days,
 When Athena and Sparta reëchoed his praise,
 By a jealousy venom'd, was sentenced to die ;
 And when sun-set was gloriously bright in the sky,
 (Apollo's last beams on the mountains of Greece,)
 Drank the Conium cup, and departed in peace.

The concourse assembled ; th' apostle stood forth,
 The disciple and champion of Christ upon earth :
 He spoke of the star, the bright-beaming one,
 Which directed the magi to God's chosen Son ;
 Of the marriage at Cana, the water made wine,
 The multitudes healed by his fiat divine ;
 The whirlwind and tempest that ceased at his word,
 And the billows which stilled when his mandate they heard :
 Of his transfiguration, his passion, and death,
 And the prayer for forgiveness that closed his last breath ;
 Of the sepulchres opened, the veil which was riven,
 With his triumph o'er death, and ascension to Heaven.

When thus spake th' apostle, the great and the good,
 In what deep, death-like silence that multitude stood !

And when he pursued, and portrayed to the mind
 The 'Comforter,' sent as a guide to the blind,
 And exhorted, entreated the listening crowd,
 Who to divers strange gods in idolatry bowed,
 To abandon their altars, their temples forsake,
 And the thirst of the spirit at Siloam slake,
 Awe, amazement, delight, in each countenance beamed,
 And the stern old philosophers thunder-struck seemed.

Diogenes cried : 'Ye've confounded the wise :
 This alone can instruct us the world to despise.'
 And Zeno, the stoic, delighted exclaimed :
 'Behold the perfection at which I have aimed !'
 The peripatetic, with figure benign,
 Cried, 'Athena is vanquished by old Palestine ;'
 While Socrates turned his Herculean head,
 With a smile of delight, to his neighbor, and said :
 'Is not this the completion of that which I taught ?
 This the fire, a bright beam of whose radiance I caught ?'
 Plato gathered his students, and declared that each theme
 Of philosophy taught in his famed Académie,
 Compared with this system of truth and of right,
 Was a star to the sun, or as darkness to light.

Thus were called up before me, regardless of time,
 The Immortal Renowned of that glorious clime :
 'T was a picture of Fancy, but, beautiful flower !
 Bright memento, endowed with a magical power,
 I shall cherish thee long, as a talisman true,
 These pictures of mem'ry to bring to my view.

THE GREAT SELF-REGULATING STEAM-BALLOON.

'RACE with the winds impetuous o'er the sky,
 Teach birds by steam a modern way to fly.'

THE world teems with deception. From the time that Satan consummated the humbug recorded by Milton, in the ninth book of *Paradise Lost*, down to the forty-first year of the nineteenth century, the page of history presents one long series of perversions of truth to sinister purposes ; some of such unprecedented audacity and magnitude, that at the record mankind shudder ; and others so shallow and clumsy, that it would require a pretty large assortment to form a circumstance. But the small must be taken with the large.

Among the many panics incident to a mercantile life, none are more startling, or occasion more sudden quaking and trembling, than the unexpected explosion of some great speculating scheme. The unlucky wight who has had the misfortune to be 'bitten,' makes up his mind that he is irretrievably ruined ; talks of gunpowder and suicide ; and denounces the whole concern as a downright swindling machine ; while others, who may be fortunate enough to possess no stock, tremble for the credit of the community. Business of all kinds stagnates ; each loses for the time all confidence in the other, and every one is possessed with the idea that all with whom he deals are bent upon cheating him. England has been convulsed with the effects of its South Sea Bubble, and the throne of France itself trem-

bled at the Mississippi Scheme. Historians have recorded the details of these famous money-making projects, and have related their speedy downfall; but while these two cases of unprecedented humbug stand isolated upon the chronicles of by-gone times, no pen has, until now, dared to trace the rise and progress of another speculation, scarcely less extensive in its operations than either of the others, and equally disastrous and astounding in its explosion.

The GREAT SELF-REGULATING STEAM-BALLOON BUBBLE was a vast chimera, which at one time so inflated the brains of the inhabitants of 'all down East' with the idea that every living thing was sure to make its eternal fortune, that when they began to open their eyes and look about them, when the concern grew into disrepute, they found to their great dismay, that in their over-anxious desire to 'make money,' they had overlooked every thing else, even the tilling of the ground. Mr. JEREMIAH DUX, the originator of this noted speculation, was a perfect anomaly, and withal a cosmopolite, in the literal sense of the term. Although a Yankee born, he owned no particular spot in all New-England as his home, but was continually shifting his quarters, like a wandering Arab. From his earliest youth he had been made to understand, that 'the world owed him a living,' and that he must get it out of it; honestly if possible, but at all events somehow or other. Having imbibed it in infancy, it naturally grew with his growth; and when arrived at that period which has been designated the 'years of discretion,' it became the pivot upon which every event of his life revolved; the main-spring and regulator of all minor actions.

Mr. Dux was a decided *Yankee genius*. He was continually rack-ing his brain to discover some new invention, for which he might obtain the right of monopoly. The back room of the little house which he occupied, and which he had converted into a work-shop, was crowded with his patent machines, models, and 'improvements.' Improved coffee-mills, rat-traps, half a dozen different kinds of perpetual motion machines, models of hanging bridges, steam-engines, horse-boats, horse-shoes, corn-grinders, 'patent self-acting horse-persuaders,' and a thousand other half-completed plans, all prepared for patents, were mingled in inextricable confusion.

'Away down East,' in the state of Maine, buried in the deep wilderness of pine trees and timber, once stood a small but thriving village, known upon the maps as Pocahontasville; cut off as it were from the rest of the world by its secluded situation, it being full forty miles from any other town or village, and by the almost impregnable defence with which Nature had surrounded it, in the shape of bogs and morasses; but notwithstanding the inhabitants were thus left entirely to themselves for amusement and instruction, they were undoubtedly a happier people than those of any other town in Maine. And although it might seem, by its solitary and almost unattainable position, that the most indefatigable land-surveyor or speculator (although the latter is supposed to be possessed of the gift of observation to such a degree as to enable him to discover towns and cities where there really never was any,) would be puzzled to find it, unless guided directly to it, it was not unknown in the sea-board towns. The whole country, for a hundred miles round, was entirely dependant upon this

little place for its thanksgiving pumpkins and squashes, and many other little articles of essential importance to the comforts of house-keepers. The male portion of the community, beside raising pigs, pumpkins, and potatoes for the neighboring markets, when not otherwise engaged, were continually seeking how they might honestly increase their profits, and at the same time confer benefits upon themselves and — their neighbors. It required but little tuition and small practice, to impart to all who felt disposed, the art of manufacturing broom and axe handles, tubs, buckets, and wooden ware, of every description; and each article being stamped with the maker's name and residence, by a large iron burner, the little town of Pocahontasville soon obtained the celebrity not only of raising the fattest pigs, the largest pumpkins, the finest potatoes, and the prettiest girls, but of making the best wooden ware, woollen stockings, shirts, and drawers, in North America. Mr. Dux had been born and 'raised' in this place, and he determined that it should be the theatre wherein should be acted that 'grand movement,' which was to make every body's fortune.

One fine afternoon in September, Mr. Dux, having been actively but unsuccessfully engaged, for several hours, in an attempt to improve upon a new-fashioned warming-pan, for which a neighbor had recently obtained a patent, placed his hat on his head, with a sudden jerk, and walked hurriedly down to the Black Bull Tavern. His arms were buried to the elbows in his capacious pockets, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his brain revolving a thousand schemes for money-making, or adding one more to his already long list of patents.

'Let me see!' he cogitated; 'what *else* is there that I can turn, in my way? I reckon I've worked up e'en-a'most every thing, 'cept chain lightning, or perpetual motion. Steam-engine patents has got to be a dreadful drug; and as to horse-boats, they aint wo'th makin'. If it was in the dead o' winter now, I'd have a new warmin'-pan, that should heat itself by steam, and then cool off so gradual, that there would n't be no kind o' danger of its bu'stin' its b'iler. That would cut out Hodges' patent all hollow!'

Here Mr. Dux's argument was suddenly broken off by his bringing up against one of the pillars of the portico of the 'Black Bull,' which in his deep abstraction had entirely escaped his observation. A host of little suns and moons danced for a few seconds before his eyes; but recovering presently from its effects, he entered the house. Having called for a stiff glass of brandy-and-water and a 'long nine,' he took possession of the latest metropolitan newspaper, and seated himself in a large stuffed rocking-chair, which stood in the corner, with his feet cocked upon the table. The brandy remained untouched; the cigar unsmoked, rested by its side; for Mr. Dux appeared to have discovered something so extremely interesting, in the columns of the paper he was perusing, as entirely to absorb his attention. And such was the fact. During the short time he had 'occupied that chair,' his mind had conceived and matured an unequalled project. No one, looking merely at his clumsy and ill-proportioned figure, and his still more unsightly and awkward position, would have dreamed, that beneath that old and greasy hat, enclosed within a bullet-shaped head, a MIND was working which was destined to fill whole nations with wonder.

As Mr. Dux spread open the mammoth sheet, his eyes had fallen

upon a large, coarsely-executed wood-cut, which, with the aid of an advertisement beneath, was intended to notify the world, that on a certain day, if nothing prevented, 'Mr. P. HAZARDOUS RISKY would ascend as near to the skies as he could get, in his beautiful parti-colored balloon COLUMBUS, manufactured expressly for him, and to be used on this occasion only.' It was Mr. Dux's invariable custom, whenever he heard or read of any thing new, to ask himself the question, 'Can I improve it any?' In this case, while his mind was preparing an answer, his observant eyes, which never in his waking moments rested for a second's space, fell upon the wood-cut and advertisement of the 'Maine and Georgia Destruction Railroad Company.'

Like as the flash is evolved, when during a thunder-storm one cloud rushes into the embrace of another, so two ideas in Mr. Dux's brain encountered each other, and concentrated their respective properties in one grand focus. A self-regulating steam-balloon, with a train of safety-valves, pistons, 'and all complete;' its flags and streamers flying, and its decorations flashing in the sun; its band of music and shrill steam-whistle; its steam-pipes, chimnies, and air-paddles; all stood before him, an embodied reality! So pleasing was the vision, that he remained in a deep reverie, gazing fixedly at the two cuts of the balloon and rail-road-cars, which were placed in juxtaposition, until the voice of the landlord sounded in his ears, requesting him to 'drink down the brandy, as he wanted to wash the tumbler.' Mr. Dux mechanically did as he was desired; and paying for the liquor, left the house to return home. He was well aware that the success of his scheme depended in a great measure upon the amount of stock which would be taken up; for Fancy had already granted him an act of incorporation; but he had determined that whether success crowned his efforts or not, he would 'make a spec out of it, *any-how*.'

So judiciously did Mr. Dux set himself to work, and so completely did he envelope all his actions in a thick web of mystery, that in less than a week he had completely stimulated the curiosity of every human being in Pocahontasville. Having decided what course to pursue, he collected all the old machinery and tools he could find, and displayed them ostentatiously in front of his work-shop, where they remained for a day or two, the wonder of all who saw them. This feint having worked to his satisfaction, he at day-break the next morning knocked loudly and repeatedly at the door of the village deacon, who had an old barn to let, in a remote quarter of the place. Mr. Dux was perfectly aware that he had timed his visit well, as the deacon was not out of bed, and it was his object to make as much noise as possible, in order to arouse the attention of the neighbors, and give them an idea of the importance of his business; at the same time, maintaining a show of great secrecy, that the little insight which he permitted, might stimulate a desire to know more.

It was full ten minutes before the deacon was awakened from his slumbers, and he required as much more time to recover the use of his faculties; and even then he continued to lie for some minutes, undecided whether to answer the summons or not. During this time, however, Mr. Dux was by no means idle. He continued steadily

plying the knocker, until at last the deacon, in absolute despair of obtaining farther repose, hopped out of bed, in a towering passion, with a somewhat un-deacon-like denunciation upon his tongue, and thrust his night-capped head out of the window. Every door and window in the neighborhood was wide open, and ears close by them open quite as wide, curious for an explanation of this unusual disturbance.

'Hello! Mister! — I say, down there!' shouted the deacon, as if through a speaking trumpet, for he had once belonged to the Pocahontasville fire department; hallo! what's the matter? What the dev — I say, what's all this row about? Is the town a-fire, and the engine broke down? or is ——'

'Good morning, Deacon Hobbs!' interrupted Mr. Dux, in quite as loud a voice, without paying the slightest attention to these reiterated inquiries; 'how's your wife and family? pretty well?'

'What do you want of me, at this time in the morning?' continued the deacon; 'speak quick, man; I'm half freezin' while you're a-talkin'.'

'Well — I don't know,' slowly replied Dux; 'I heerd you'd got a barn to let down town, and I thought pr'aps if you did n't calculate to git a thousand dollars a year for it, like enough I'd hire it, may-be.'

It would be difficult to describe the appearance of the deacon, as he listened to these words. Surprise, anger, and rage, were alternately depicted in his countenance. To be drummed out of bed at such an hour, on a cold morning, merely to answer a few questions touching the hire of an old barn that was hardly fit for fire-wood! It was outrageous! Dux, mean time stood leaning against the door-post, with his arms folded, patiently awaiting an answer.

'Is that all you want of me?' demanded the deacon.

'Well, deacon, I calculate it is.'

'Then let me tell you, you're an impudent ——'

'Hold on there, deacon!' interrupted Dux; 'no callin' o' names, if you please. Folks that lives in glass houses should n't throw stuns. If you do n't *want* to let that darn'd old ricketty barn o' yourn, for a good round price, jest shet up. Enough said. Good mornin' to you, deacon.'

Dux turned away, and the deacon half closed the window; but his avarice got the better of his wrath, and he called after him to return.

'Just stop a moment, till I can put something on, and I'll be down to see you,' said he, as Dux returned to the door. The deacon was presently on his way to the door, half dressed, and putting on his coat and vest as he came down stairs. Dux observed that young and old, far and near, were at the street windows, and on the tiptoe of expectation.

'Good mornin', deacon!' repeated Dux, shaking his hand heartily. 'How's your wife and ——'

'You said that once afore, Dux,' interrupted the deacon; 'now let's proceed to business.'

'Well, but deacon, you did n't answer me,' replied Dux; 'how-s'ever, ta'nt no matter; let's to business, as you say. I've hearn

tell that you've got a barn to let,' said he, raising his voice to the highest pitch.

'Well, so I have, if I could find a good man like you to take it off my hands. But then you need n't holler quite so loud; I aint deaf.'

'Well, what do you tax for that 'ere barn? Now take care what you say; for if it's too much, accordin' to my notion o' things in gineral, I 'm off.'

'Well, Dux, you may have it at the rate of forty dollars a month. That's 'mazin' cheap.'

'Forty dollars!' exclaimed Dux, echoing the deacon's words. 'Forty little devils! I tell you what, deacon, you must take less. Now try.'

'Not a mill.'

'Deacon, that's an *awful* price; but I guess I won't stand about it. Are you sartain it's all tight? No cracks or knot-holes that any one can peep through?'

'You must take it, Dux, just as it is: I do n't warrant it in the least,' said the deacon.

'I s'pose, deacon, if I should want to take the roof off, I can, by paying for putting it on ag'in.'

'Take the roof off, Dux!' echoed the deacon, in astonishment: 'why what on 'arth do you want to take the roof off for?'

'That's none o' *your* bread and butter; I 'll pay all damages,' answered Dux. 'But you must take a little less; say thirty-nine dollars and a half ——'

'No.'

'We 'll split the difference, and call it seventy-five cents.'

'Not a cent less.'

'Well, you 're a terrible hard customer, you are, deacon. Would n't you take your pay in Steam-Engine-Balloon Stock?'

'In *what*!'

'In Steam-In —— But no matter; I forgot myself,' exclaimed Dux, musing, as though he had unconsciously revealed more than he had intended.

'Good mornin', deacon; the barn's mine. I 'll pay you the cash.'

'Here, stop; what kind o' stock was that?'

'Nothin' Deacon, nothin'; I 'm in a 'mazin' hurry. Good mornin'!'

The Deacon remained for a few moments rooted to the spot, gazing after the receding figure of Dux; then with the air of one endeavoring, but in vain, to comprehend something very mysterious, he entered the house, and shortly after the doors and windows in the neighborhood were also closed; and the listeners resumed their customary occupations.

'Thus far we run before the wind!'

Mr. Dux might have said, but that he was ignorant of even the slightest scrap of poetry.

Having hired the barn, and made an ostentatious display of boarding over knot-holes and cracks, and puttying up crevices, he painted or rather chalked upon the door, in letters of rambling proportions: 'NO ADMITTANCE, EXCEPT ON BUSINESS: All visitors requested to

knock.' To make the matter doubly sure, he hired a huge mastiff of one of the inhabitants, and chained him in front of the door.

His next movement was, to purchase an old copper boiler, once the property of the distillery, which had been for a long time condemned as utterly worthless. Having engaged a teamster to cart it slowly through the principal street, with a still-worm twisting itself mysteriously out of one end, he gave him secret directions so to contrive it that his cart should break down in the most populous part of the street, promising him ample remuneration for all damages. He had the satisfaction of seeing the whole *ruse* performed exactly as he desired. Trifling as these little things may appear, they had not been executed without a motive. Dux soon found that he had not miscalculated a single figure. Such an extraordinary proceeding could not fail to attract attention; and it was but a very few days, before the whole population of Pocahontasville, men, women, and children, were all striving to discover what new project Mr. Dux had on foot: that it was something of great magnitude, no one pretended to doubt; for he had long enjoyed the reputation of not only being the shrewdest fellow in the whole village, but one whose schemes and projects were as magnificent and extensive — as his failures were generally 'tremendous smashes.'

At length, so universal was the desire to fathom the mystery, that it even took possession of the deacon; who, on pretext of wishing to ascertain whether the barn needed any repairs, took a walk that way during the afternoon. But he was content to make a precipitate retreat, without propounding a single inquiry; for having knocked repeatedly without answer, he raised his eyes, and then made a sudden spring backward; for he perceived the barrel of an old ducking-piece protruding from a knot-hole immediately over the door, the muzzle about six inches from his head; while a voice from within exclaimed in no dulcet tones: 'Make off with ye, darned quick, if you do n't want to be blowed to thunder!'

The next morning a new wonder took possession of the people. During the night the roof of the barn had been removed, and in its place they could just perceive the upper surface of what appeared to be an exceedingly large circular body. The climax was now attained. Curiosity had reached its highest altitude; and the observing mind of Dux could not fail to perceive that matters were fully ripe. He accordingly resolved upon announcing his scheme to the public.

In the columns of the 'Pocahontasville Broad Banner of Liberty' of the next morning, appeared a flaming advertisement, announcing 'to the enlightened inhabitants' of the place, that having at an enormous expense completed his arrangements, and taken out a patent, Mr. Jeremiah Dux had opened books for the stock of a new company, to be incorporated under the name of the 'Grand North-American Self-Regulating Steam-Balloon Company.'

This news occasioned a greater excitement than was known to 'the oldest inhabitant.' In less than an hour after the issue of the paper, the old barn was surrounded and thronged by a prodigious crowd; all anxious to have something to do with the speculation that was to create fortunes out of nothing. There was infinite fighting and kicking,

screaming, jostling, and pushing, around the door, until Mr. Dux announced, in a squeaking voice, which sounded amidst the boisterous commotion like a boatswain's whistle piping all hands in a hurricane, that the original stock was all taken up; but he added, that for the express accommodation of the public, he would go to work and manufacture enough to supply all demands; and he begged the crowd of gaping listeners to bear in mind that 'there wa 'nt no other place on the face of the globéd airth, that he would do it for.' So saying, he closed the shutter of the barn-window through which all the business had been transacted. A series of bickering controversies now ensued without, between those who had succeeded in obtaining stock, and those who had not.

The next movement of Dux, was to call upon the selectmen, who had 'dipped in' his scheme pretty extensively, for funds to prosecute his plans; assuring them, that on or before the first of December, only a month or two, they would all be completed. Having obtained this, and received the cash for his stock, he gave out that he was busy with his machines, which certainly would be finished at the time appointed. It was, however, but a week or two, before he made another demand upon the selectmen for money, which after a little hesitation was granted.

But matters were rapidly approaching a crisis. Whether the inhabitants of the village had diminished confidence in the scheme, or whether they had begun to doubt Dux's honesty, I know not, but certain it is, he was now watched with the utmost vigilance. Every action was reported and commented upon, and every word he uttered formed the subject of a spirited debate. Things remained in this state, until one day, about a week before the appointed time for the completion of the balloon, when the scheme received its death blow. Dux had demanded more money, and had been refused. In return, he had addressed a letter to the honorable body of selectmen, the contents of which were deemed of so much importance, that public notice was given by means of placards, and the town crier, calling upon all the stockholders to meet at seven o'clock that evening, at the Black Bull Tavern, on business of importance.

Long before the appointed time, the tavern was surrounded by clamorous crowds; some who owned stock and some who did not; one portion coming with fear and trembling, to find out the cause of this unusual call, and the other ready to laugh and jeer at any misfortune that might befall the scheme. Shouts and huzzas, groans and cheers, rent the air. The door was banged and re-banged; windows were broken, and all the signs of a miniature riot began to develope themselves. The door was at length opened, and the room was filled in an instant; but the confusion was by no means abated. Those outside who had in vain endeavored to get in, now seemed determined that those within should be no better off than themselves, and accordingly filled the air, for a great distance round, with piercing cries, whistles, cat-calls, and the various other noises by which the feelings of mobs are generally expressed.

The chairman at length opened the meeting, and restored order. He explained the object of assembling. Dux wanted more money:

the town was poor; had supplied him with as much as they could spare; and were determined that they'd 'see him to Jericho' before they would give him any more. He must, however, have money, or they would in all probability lose what they had already advanced; and he begged leave of the honorable company the privilege of reading a letter, which had been received that day:

'TO THE SELECTMEN OF POCAHONTASVILLE:

'GENTLEMEN: I received your answer to-day, and don't like it. I must and will have more money, or else my name is Walker. If I do n't receive the sum I named by to-morrow, I'll smash my balloon, and clear out with what I've already got.

'Yours,

'JEREMIAH DUX.'

'Now gentlemen,' said the chairman, as he concluded, 'you see what a pretty fix we're in. More money must be raised to keep him in tow, or those who are interested in his scheme must abide the consequences—that's all. Now, gentlemen, taking all things into consideration—that we have no surplus revenue—I have come to the conclusion to submit this proposition. You are aware that thanksgiving will be along in about a month, and I therefore propose, that to Mr. Dux be granted the entire right to vend pumpkins and squashes in this village, from this time until Christmas. Gentlemen, what say you? Shall I put it to vote? Hesitate not; something must be done to raise money, for we're all ashore. Is the motion seconded?

As the chairman 'paused for a reply,' one simultaneous murmur of indignation arose from the assemblage. It was carrying the joke rather too far. They could bear to be cheated in every form; to be gulled by every new humbug, seven times a week; and to be imposed upon at all hours of the day; but to be made to pay a tax for the privilege of obtaining their anniversary pumpkins and squashes, *that* was a thing which no Yankee could endure. All who listened to the worthy selectman's proposition, were not slow in expressing their feelings upon the subject.

'Where's Dux? Tar and feathers!' cried one.

'Ride him on a rail!' shouted another.

'Hang him!' said a third.

'Burn him!' 'Shoot him!'

'I move, gentlemen,' squeaked a diminutive tailor, 'that Mr. Dux be indicted by the grand jury for swindling, and that ——'

A roar of laughter, which at that moment interrupted the speaker, so abashed him, that he was forced to close.

'Bring Dux here and *we'll* try him!' shouted one.

'Hobbs's barn!' echoed a deep sonorous voice in the crowd.

Instantly the room was deserted. With loud menacing shouts, they rushed to the barn. The door was locked. In a twinkling it was burst from its hinges, and the crowd poured in like a turbulent river escaped from its embankments, with threats and imprecations ringing upon their lips.

The barn was as empty as a miser's garret; and Dux was among the missing; and from that day to this, his whole proceedings, his strange departure, and '*unnaccountable absence*,' remain, as the newspapers say, 'involved in impenetrable mystery!'

A F R A G M E N T .

YEs! there are moments when from far
 Reflected gladness warms the breast,
 Pure as when Evening's lonely Star
 Brings back the beam that sank to rest.
 When Memory, as she wanders o'er
 The ways of life we pass no more,
 Gathers its flowers — brings back again
 All that we loved so fondly then;
 The smiles, the hopes, the angel forms,
 That gave to earlier life its charms;
 All in one moment, bright and gay,
 Rise as at Being's dawning day;
 And playful round the bosom move,
 In one bright cluster, all we love!
 The spell is o'er! though bright, though fair,
 The fading vision yields to care:
 Yet oh! how many a darken'd gem
 In that dear vision shone awhile!
 How many an eye that now is dim
 Smiled as when last we saw it smile!
 And many, *many* a wish to bless,
 Was in that dream of tenderness!

D R E A M O F T H E W I L D E R N E S S .

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

'And I was in the wilderness alone.' — BRYANT.

I ENTERED the forest just as the glorious summer sun was sinking behind the far-off hills. The evening star rose in the west, and in a little while from the zenith a thousand other bright constellations looked smilingly down upon the earth. Something whispered me that I must spend the long watches of that night in wandering in the wilderness; and I departed with the silence of a shadow, and the speed of an antelope. Strange, and wild, and beautiful, were the scenes I beheld.

The mighty trees — pine, oak, ash, maple, walnut, and bass-wood — which rose on every side, seemed like the columns of a vast temple, whose mysterious winding aisles, overhung with a multitudinous foliage, were deserted and desolate. No moving objects met my eye, save the fire-flies that darted in all directions, floating and sinking like burning flakes of snow. The gloomy silence was broken only by the drone of the beetle, the chirp of the cricket, and the song of the katy-did. At intervals, too, the clear soothing voice of the whip-poor-will would echo far and near. The huge masses of foliage above, reminded me of thunder clouds, and like them oppressed my spirit:

'O what a still, bright night! the dropping dew,
 Woke startling echoes in the sleeping wood.'

My pathway was not smooth, for I was forced to leap, now over some dead tree, and now over a pile of brush; and again over a mossy

hillock, or some gurgling brooklet. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of the deep blue sky; but in a moment it was lost to view, and I was in total darkness. My vision was wonderful. I saw all surrounding objects with intense clearness; for to me, 'the darkness was as the light of day.' At times I paused to listen, startled by some distant sound; the howl of a wolf, the hooting of an owl, or the 'trumpet tone' of a flying swan; and as I listened, it would become a murmur, then a whisper, and at last die into a breathless stillness.

At the foot of a gnarled and stunted oak, I saw the manly form of an Indian, wrapped in his scarlet blanket, and extended upon a bearskin. He was fast asleep. On one side of him, and within his reach, lay a bundle of arrows and an unstrung bow; on the other, a knapsack of provisions, and a wolfish-looking dog. But this guardian of the slumbering savage was also fast asleep. As I looked upon this simple picture, the feelings of my heart responded to my thoughts, and I exclaimed, though there was no echo to my words: 'Poor lone Indian! Is that dog thy only friend? Art thou indeed alone in the wide, wide world? Hast thou no wife to sympathize with thee, to love thee, in hours of disappointment and trouble, incident to all human life? No children to play around thy knees, and make thee happy in some comfortable wigwam, when the blue and scarlet birds make melody in summer, and the wind Euroclydon howls and roars among the forest trees in winter? Hast thou no daughter to protect and nourish, that she may be the bride of some future warrior? No son to listen, with flashing eye, to thy hunting-lessons, to smite his breast with pride and anger, as thou tellest him of the bravery and wrongs of thy ancestors? O that I knew thy history! But I will not disturb thy slumber. May thy dreams be of that land beyond the sunset clouds, where perpetual summer reigns — the land of the Great Spirit — the God of thy fathers.'

How vividly do the scenes and incidents of that night rise before my vision! I see them *now* with the same distinctness that I beheld them *then*. I stand upon the shore of that dark stream, rolling through the dense woods, where the full blaze of day-light has not rested for centuries. I hear that uncouth but solemn funeral hymn, and see that band of stern in heart and strong in hand,

'Come winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.
A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt, of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud,
Asked for his rider in the crowd.*

They buried the dark warrior; and beside his grave they loosed his noble steed; and swiftly an arrow cleared its way to his stern heart. One bound, one piercing neigh, and on a prairie in the spirit-land,

‘The rider grasps his steed again.’

Not less sudden than varied are the scenes I behold. On that high dry limb, under a canopy of leaves, a flock of turkeys are roosting. They are all asleep save one, and he is acting the part of a sentinel, darting out his long neck, now this way, now that, as if he beheld an enemy. Fat, sleepy fellow! There was a time when it would be temerity to look at me thus. I am not a hunter *now*, else would I bring you down from your lofty resting place!

My course is onward. Hark! I hear a yell and a rushing sound. Two wolves are chasing a beautiful doe. Poor creature! Its strength is already lessening, its race is run. The wolves have seized it. There is a struggle; the blood issues from its graceful neck; one gasp more, and the tender mother of two sweet fawns lies dead. Its bones will moulder and mingle with the earth, giving nourishment to that cluster of hazel-bushes, which stand beside her mossy death-bed. Awakened by the scent, a croaking raven is wheeling in the distance. Its wings flap heavily — and there are two — and still another!

See! we come to a kind of opening — a place where the trees grow less closely together. A cloud of thin white smoke is rising, as if from yon pile of underbrush. It is an Indian encampment; a dozen bark wigwams, shaped like a sugar-loaf. But why this bustle, at so late an hour? The braves have just returned from a three-days’ hunting tour, and they are now releasing their pack-horses from their loads of spoil. The blaze from a fire gives all surrounding objects a rudy glow. In dire confusion upon the ground lie haunches of venison, red and gray squirrels, and raccoons; turkeys, grouse, ducks, pheasants, and many other lesser birds, mingled with guns, bows and arrows, shot-pouches, powder-horns, skins, halters, brass kettles, and the like. The men are busy, and the women too. Roused from a four hours’ nap, several children are coming out from the huts, rubbing their eyes. They seem to be the only playmates of the whining dogs.

Lo! what a beauteous sight! A herd of deer, reposing like a family of wood sprites, near yonder clump of young maples! There are three bucks, five does, and two lovely spotted fawns. Upon that decayed ‘stump’ beyond, a solitary American nightingale is resting. It is my favorite bird. Would that I knew the cause of its complainings and chastisement; for every now and then it utters forth the cry: ‘*Why whip poor Will?*’

What silver rays are those darting down through the leafy boughs? The moon! — the moon! High in heaven she sails, in queenly beauty. The very heart of the forest is not beyond her vivifying influence. Festoons of creeping plants hang from the surrounding limbs; and the ivy and grape-vine have twined themselves so closely around the ash, as entirely to hide from view the bark of the trunk. I thrust my hand against a bush, and a thousand dew-drops fall to the earth, glit-

tering in the moonbeams. If my lady-love were with me, what a gorgeous wreath could I now weave for her beautiful brow ; of the purple and scarlet iris, the blue larchspur, the moccasin-flower, and the crimson and green lichen, and other mosses, flowers, and vines, too delicate to have a name !

A gentle breeze is stirring. The tops of the trees are moving to and fro with the strong but gentle motion of a ground-swell. Soothing is the music of the leaves ; they seem to murmur with excess of joy. Another sound echoes through the listening wilderness. It is but a scuffle between a panther and bear. Let them growl and fight ; who cares ? How like two hot-headed politicians do they seem !

Again are the trees becoming thinner, and my steps are tending downward. The green-sward I press is without a single stick or bramble. Here am I upon the brink of a little lake of the very purest water ! The breeze has spent its force, and every thing is still. It is 'the bridal of the earth and sky !' What a perfect mirror is this liquid element ! The counterpart of two willows, a grass-grown rock, tall reeds, and beyond all, a row of slender elms, and a lightning-shivered pine, are distinctly seen, pointing *downward*, downward to the moon and stars, in the cerulean void beneath. And in yon deep shadow a flock of ducks are floating silently, amid the sweet perfume of the wild lotus and white water-lily, which are growing near. One or two have wandered out into the lake, making no ripple, but moving as if lured away by the glossy loveliness of their shadows. The same mysterious influence which has brought me thus far, will transport me to the opposite shore.

I am there ; yet still my course is 'onward.' I am come to a little lawn, so smooth and beautiful that it seems a fit play-ground for the fairies. Perhaps it is here the water-sprites and wood-nymphs are wont to meet, to revel and rejoice at midnight, 'the dawn of the fairy day.'

What sound is that ! — so like the far-off tones of an hundred musical instruments, faintly murmuring ? Ah ! I thought so ! Here they are :

'They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest —
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast
Have slumbered there till the charmed hour ;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the trickay pomp of fairy pride !'

That was but a flight of fancy. I look again, and instead of the fairies, I behold a myriad of fair flowers, peeping at the sky from the green luxuriant grass.

But see ! I have reached — surely it can be none other — *a prairie*. What dark cloud is brooding over this motionless ocean ? — a mighty

flame bursting from its centre? It comes! it comes! The prairie is on fire! The wind is swelling, and swift as the wind speeds the flame. Maddened by fear, the buffalo, the wild horse, the wolf, the deer, all birds and living creatures, are fleeing for their lives. Roaring and hissing, the fire-flood rolls on, swallowing up every thing in its course. And now it has gone, leaving behind it a wide path of blackness. The smoke obscures the moon and stars. 'Far off its coming shone;' the incense of a sacrifice offered to the great God by the Earth, for some enormous sin. But it is gone; and I resume my journey.

I am now in an open country of hills and dales. A narrow but deep river is gliding by me, in its pride and beauty. Now it is lost to view by some abrupt headland, and anon it makes a long sweep through a plain or meadow, its ripples sporting in the moonlight. I hear the splash of fish, leaping from their watery bed. I hear the measured stroke of a paddle. It is an Indian in his birch canoe, passing down the river. He has startled a loon from his wavy cradle below the rapids, whence comes the sound of a waterfall. A mile away there is a precipice, where the river gathers all its strength for a fearful leap. Here its surface is without a wrinkle; but a moment more, and it plunges down among the rocks, and the waves struggle, and leap, and rise and sink, like demon-spirits in agony.

I am standing on a hill which overlooks a glorious landscape of woods and lawns, streams, hills, valleys, and cultivated fields — farm-houses and church steeples. In the distance sleep the deep blue waves of a fresh-water sea. A streak of daylight is in the eastern sky. The spell is broken: my dream is ended.

S O N G .

WHEN spring, arrayed in flowers, Mary,
Danced with the leafy trees;
When larks sang to the sun, Mary,
And hummed the wandering bees;
Then first we met and loved, Mary,
By Grieto's loupin' linn,
And blither was thy voice, Mary,
Than lintie's i' the whin.

Now autumn winds blaw cauld, Mary,
Amang the withered boughs;
And a' the bouny flowers, Mary,
Are faded frae the knowes:
But still thy love's unchanged, Mary,
Nae chilly autumn there,
And sweet thy smile, as spring, Mary,
Thy sonsie face as fair.

The early lark nae mair, Mary,
Trills on his soaring way;
Hushed is the lintie's sang, Mary,
Through a' the shortening day;
But still thy voice I hear, Mary,
Like melody divine;
Nae autumn in thy heart, Mary —
Thou 'rt truly, only mine!

The Crayon Papers.

DON JUAN : A SPECTRAL RESEARCH.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

'I HAVE heard of spirits walking with aerial bodies, and have been wondered at by others; but I must only wonder at myself, for, if they be not mad, I 'm come to my own buriall.'

SHINLEY'S 'WITTY FAIRIE ONE.'

EVERY body has heard of the fate of DON JUAN, the famous libertine of Seville, who for his sins against the fair sex, and other minor peccadilloes, was hurried away to the infernal regions. His story has been illustrated in play, in pantomime, and farce, on every stage in christendom, until at length it has been rendered the theme of the opera of operas, and embalmed to endless duration in the glorious music of Mozart. I well recollect the effect of this story upon my feelings in my boyish days, though represented in grotesque pantomime; the awe with which I contemplated the monumental statue on horseback of the murdered commander, gleaming by pale moonlight in the convent cemetery: how my heart quaked as he bowed his marble head, and accepted the impious invitation of Don Juan: how each foot-fall of the statue smote upon my heart, as I heard it approach, step by step, through the echoing corridor, and beheld it enter, and advance, a moving figure of stone, to the supper table! But then the convivial scene in the charnel house, where Don Juan returned the visit of the statue; was offered a banquet of skulls and bones, and on refusing to partake, was hurled into a yawning gulf, under a tremendous shower of fire! These were accumulated horrors enough to shake the nerves of the most pantomime-loving school-boy. Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere fable. I myself thought so once; but 'seeing is believing.' I have since beheld the very scene where it took place, and now to indulge any doubt on the subject, would be preposterous.

I was one night perambulating the streets of Seville, in company with a Spanish friend, a curious investigator of the popular traditions and other good-for-nothing lore of the city, and who was kind enough to imagine he had met, in me, with a congenial spirit. In the course of our rambles, we were passing by a heavy dark gate-way, opening into the court-yard of a convent, when he laid his hand upon my arm: 'Stop!' said he; 'this is the convent of San Francisco; there is a story connected with it, which I am sure must be known to you. You cannot but have heard of Don Juan and the marble statue.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied I; 'it has been familiar to me from childhood.'

'Well, then, it was in the cemetery of this very convent that the events took place.'

'Why, you do not mean to say that the story is founded on fact?'

'Undoubtedly it is. The circumstances of the case are said to have occurred during the reign of Alfonso XI. Don Juan was of the noble

family of Tenorio, one of the most illustrious houses of Andalusia. His father, Don Diégo Tenorio, was a favorite of the king, and his family ranked among the *veintecuatros*, or magistrates, of the city. Presuming on his high descent and powerful connexions, Don Juan set no bounds to his excesses : no female, high or low, was sacred from his pursuit ; and he soon became the scandal of Seville. One of his most daring outrages was, to penetrate by night into the palace of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, commander of the order of Calatrava, and attempt to carry off his daughter. The household was alarmed ; a scuffle in the dark took place ; Don Juan escaped, but the unfortunate commander was found weltering in his blood, and expired without being able to name his murderer. Suspicions attached to Don Juan ; he did not stop to meet the investigations of justice and the vengeance of the powerful family of Ulloa, but fled from Seville, and took refuge with his uncle, Don Pedro Tenorio, at that time ambassador at the court of Naples. Here he remained until the agitation occasioned by the murder of Don Gonzalo had time to subside ; and the scandal which the affair might cause to both the families of Ulloa and Tenorio had induced them to hush it up. Don Juan, however, continued his libertine career at Naples, until at length his excesses forfeited the protection of his uncle, the ambassador, and obliged him again to flee. He had made his way back to Seville, trusting that his past misdeeds were forgotten, or rather trusting to his dare-devil spirit and the power of his family, to carry him through all difficulties.

‘It was shortly after his return, and while in the height of his arrogance, that on visiting this very convent of Francisco, he beheld on a monument the equestrian statue of the murdered commander, who had been buried within the walls of this sacred edifice, where the family of Ulloa had a chapel. It was on this occasion that Don Juan, in a moment of impious levity, invited the statue to the banquet, the awful catastrophe of which has given such celebrity to his story.’

‘And pray how much of this story,’ said I, ‘is believed in Seville ?’

‘The whole of it by the populace ; with whom it has been a favorite tradition since time immemorial, and who crowd to the theatres to see it represented in dramas written long since by Tyrso de Molina, and another of our popular writers. Many in our higher ranks also, accustomed from childhood to this story, would feel somewhat indignant at hearing it treated with contempt. An attempt has been made to explain the whole, by asserting that, to put an end to the extravagancies of Don Juan, and to pacify the family of Ulloa, without exposing the delinquent to the degrading penalties of justice, he was decoyed into this convent under false pretext, and either plunged into a perpetual dungeon, or privately hurried out of existence ; while the story of the statue was circulated by the monks, to account for his sudden disappearance. The populace, however, are not to be cajoled out of a ghost story by any of these plausible explanations ; and the marble statue still strides the stage, and Don Juan is still plunged into the infernal regions, as an awful warning to all rake-helly youngsters, in like case offending.’

While my companion was relating these anecdotes, we had entered the gate-way, traversed the exterior court-yard of the convent, and made our way into a great interior court ; partly surrounded by cloisters

and dormitories, partly by chapels, and having a large fountain in the centre. The pile had evidently once been extensive and magnificent ; but it was for the greater part in ruins. By the light of the stars, and of twinkling lamps placed here and there in the chapels and corridors, I could see that many of the columns and arches were broken ; the walls were rent and riven ; while burnt beams and rafters showed the destructive effects of fire. The whole place had a desolate air ; the night breeze rustled through grass and weeds flaunting out of the crevices of the walls, or from the shattered columns ; the bat flitted about the vaulted passages, and the owl hooted from the ruined belfry. Never was any scene more completely fitted for a ghost story.

While I was indulging in picturings of the fancy, proper to such a place, the deep chaunt of the monks from the convent church came swelling upon the ear. 'It is the vesper service,' said my companion ; 'follow me.'

Leading the way across the court of the cloisters, and through one or two ruined passages, he reached the distant portal of the church, and pushing open a wicket, cut in the folding doors, we found ourselves in the deep arched vestibule of the sacred edifice. To our left was the choir, forming one end of the church, and having a low vaulted ceiling, which gave it the look of a cavern. About this were ranged the monks, seated on stools, and chaunting from immense books placed on music-stands, and having the notes scored in such gigantic characters as to be legible from every part of the choir. A few lights on these music-stands dimly illumined the choir, gleamed on the shaven heads of the monks, and threw their shadows on the walls. They were gross, blue-bearded, bullet-headed men, with bass voices, of deep metallic tone, that reverberated out of the cavernous choir.

To our right extended the great body of the church. It was spacious and lofty ; some of the side chapels had gilded grates, and were decorated with images and paintings, representing the sufferings of our Saviour. Aloft was a great painting by Murillo, but too much in the dark to be distinguished. The gloom of the whole church was but faintly relieved by the reflected light from the choir, and the glimmering here and there of a votive lamp before the shrine of a saint.

As my eye roamed about the shadowy pile, it was struck with the dimly seen figure of a man on horseback, near a distant altar. I touched my companion, and pointed to it : 'The spectre statue !' said I.

'No,' replied he ; 'it is the statue of the blessed St. Iago ; the statue of the commander was in the cemetery of the convent, and was destroyed at the time of the conflagration. But,' added he, 'as I see you take a proper interest in these kind of stories, come with me to the other end of the church, where our whisperings will not disturb these holy fathers at their devotions, and I will tell you another story, that has been current for some generations in our city, by which you will find that Don Juan is not the only libertine that has been the object of supernatural castigation in Seville.'

I accordingly followed him with noiseless tread to the farther part of the church, where we took our seats on the steps of an altar, opposite to the suspicious-looking figure on horseback, and there, in a low mysterious voice, he related to me the following narrative.

‘ THERE was once in Seville a gay young fellow, Don Manuel de Manara by name, who having come to a great estate by the death of his father, gave the reins to his passions, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. Like Don Juan, whom he seemed to have taken for a model, he became famous for his enterprises among the fair sex, and was the cause of doors being barred and windows grated with more than usual strictness. All in vain. No balcony was too high for him to scale; no bolt nor bar was proof against his efforts; and his very name was a word of terror to all the jealous husbands and cautious fathers of Seville. His exploits extended to country as well as city; and in the village dependant on his castle, scarce a rural beauty was safe from his arts and enterprises.

‘ As he was one day ranging the streets of Seville, with several of his dissolute companions, he beheld a procession about to enter the gate of a convent. In the centre was a young female, arrayed in the dress of a bride; it was a novice, who, having accomplished her year of probation, was about to take the black veil, and consecrate herself to heaven. The companions of Don Manuel drew back, out of respect to the sacred pageant; but he pressed forward, with his usual impetuosity, to gain a near view of the novice. He almost jostled her, in passing through the portal of the church, when, on her turning round, he beheld the countenance of a beautiful village girl, who had been the object of his ardent pursuit, but who had been spirited secretly out of his reach by her relatives. She recognized him at the same moment, and fainted; but was borne within the grate of the chapel. It was supposed the agitation of the ceremony and the heat of the throng had overcome her. After some time, the curtain which hung within the grate was drawn up: there stood the novice, pale and trembling, surrounded by the abbess and the nuns. The ceremony proceeded; the crown of flowers was taken from her head; she was shorn of her silken tresses, received the black veil, and went passively through the remainder of the ceremony.

‘ Don Manuel de Manara, on the contrary, was roused to fury at the sight of this sacrifice. His passion, which had almost faded away in the absence of the object, now glowed with tenfold ardor, being inflamed by the difficulties placed in his way, and piqued by the measures which had been taken to defeat him. Never had the object of his pursuit appeared so lovely and desirable as when within the grate of the convent; and he swore to have her, in defiance of heaven and earth. By dint of bribing a female servant of the convent, he contrived to convey letters to her, pleading his passion in the most eloquent and seductive terms. How successful they were, is only matter of conjecture; certain it is, he undertook one night to scale the garden wall of the convent, either to carry off the nun, or gain admission to her cell. Just as he was mounting the wall, he was suddenly plucked back, and a stranger, muffled in a cloak, stood before him.

‘ ‘ Rash man, forbear!’ cried he: ‘ is it not enough to have violated all human ties? Wouldst thou steal a bride from heaven!’

‘ The sword of Don Manuel had been drawn on the instant, and furious at this interruption, he passed it through the body of the

stranger, who fell dead at his feet. Hearing approaching footsteps, he fled the fatal spot, and mounting his horse, which was at hand, retreated to his estate in the country, at no great distance from Seville. Here he remained throughout the next day, full of horror and remorse ; dreading least he should be known as the murderer of the deceased, and fearing each moment the arrival of the officers of justice.

‘ The day passed, however, without molestation ; and, as the evening advanced, unable any longer to endure this state of uncertainty and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Irresistibly his footsteps took the direction of the convent ; but he paused and hovered at a distance from the scene of blood. Several persons were gathered round the place, one of whom was busy nailing something against the convent wall. After a while they dispersed, and one passed near to Don Manuel. The latter addressed him, with hesitating voice.

‘ ‘ Señor,’ said he, ‘ may I ask the reason of yonder throng ?’

‘ ‘ A cavalier,’ replied the other, ‘ has been murdered.’

‘ ‘ Murdered!’ echoed Don Manuel ; ‘ and can you tell me his name ?’

‘ ‘ Don Manuel de Manara,’ replied the stranger, and passed on.

‘ Don Manuel was startled at this mention of his own name ; especially when applied to the murdered man. He ventured, when it was entirely deserted, to approach the fatal spot. A small cross had been nailed against the wall, as is customary in Spain, to mark the place where a murder has been committed ; and just below it he read, by the twinkling light of a lamp : ‘ Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God for his soul !’

‘ Still more confounded and perplexed by this inscription, he wandered about the streets until the night was far advanced, and all was still and lonely. As he entered the principal square, the light of torches suddenly broke on him, and he beheld a grand funeral procession moving across it. There was a great train of priests, and many persons of dignified appearance, in ancient Spanish dresses, attending as mourners, none of whom he knew. Accosting a servant who followed in the train, he demanded the name of the defunct.

‘ ‘ Don Manuel de Manara,’ was the reply ; and it went cold to his heart. He looked, and indeed beheld the armorial bearings of his family emblazoned on the funeral escutcheons. Yet not one of his family was to be seen among the mourners. The mystery was more and more incomprehensible.

‘ He followed the procession as it moved on to the cathedral. The bier was deposited before the high altar ; the funeral service was commenced, and the grand organ began to peal through the vaulted aisles.

‘ Again the youth ventured to question this awful pageant. ‘ Father,’ said he, with trembling voice, to one of the priests, ‘ who is this you are about to inter ?’

‘ ‘ Don Manuel de Manará!’ replied the priest.

‘ ‘ Father,’ cried Don Manuel, impatiently, ‘ you are deceived. This is some imposture. Know that Don Manuel de Manara is alive and well, and now stands before you. I am Don Manuel de Manara !’

‘ ‘ Avaunt, rash youth!’ cried the priest ; ‘ know that Don Manuel de Manara is dead ! — is dead ! — is dead ! — and we are all souls

from purgatory, his deceased relatives and ancestors, and others that have been aided by masses from his family, who are permitted to come here and pray for the repose of his soul !'

'Don Manuel cast round a fearful glance upon the assemblage, in antiquated Spanish garbs, and recognized in their pale and ghastly countenances the portraits of many an ancestor that hung in the family picture-gallery. He now lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself, but in the fixed and livid lineaments of death. Just at that moment the whole choir burst forth with a '*Requiescat in pace*,' that shook the vaults of the cathedral. Don Manuel sank senseless on the pavement. He was found there early the next morning by the sacristan, and conveyed to his home. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for a friar, and made a full confession of all that had happened.

'My son,' said the friar, 'all this is a miracle and a mystery, intended for thy conversion and salvation. The corpse thou hast seen was a token that thou hadst died to sin and the world : take warning by it, and henceforth live to righteousness and heaven !'

'Don Manuel did take warning by it. Guided by the councils of the worthy friar, he disposed of all his temporal affairs ; dedicated the greater part of his wealth to pious uses, especially to the performance of masses for souls in purgatory ; and finally, entering a convent, became one of the most zealous and exemplary monks in Seville.'

WHILE my companion was relating this story, my eyes wandered, from time to time, about the dusky church. Methought the burly countenances of the monks in the distant choir assumed a pallid, ghastly hue, and their deep metallic voices had a sepulchral sound. By the time the story was ended, they had ended their chaunt ; and, extinguishing their lights, glided one by one, like shadows, through a small door in the side of the choir. A deeper gloom prevailed over the church ; the figure opposite me on horseback grew more and more spectral ; and I almost expected to see it bow its head.

'It is time to be off,' said my companion, 'unless we intend to sup with the statue.'

'I have no relish for such fare or such company,' replied I ; and, following my companion, we groped our way through the mouldering cloisters. As we passed by the ruined cemetery, keeping up a casual conversation, by way of dispelling the loneliness of the scene, I called to mind the words of the poet :

——— 'The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart !
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, speak — and let me hear thy voice ;
Mine own affrights me with its echoes.'

There wanted nothing but, the marble statue of the commander, striding along the echoing cloisters, to complete the haunted scene.

Since that time, I never fail to attend the theatre whenever the story of Don Juan is represented, whether in pantomime or opera. In the sepulchral scene, I feel myself quite at home ; and when the

statue makes his appearance, I greet him as an old acquaintance. When the audience applaud, I look round upon them with a degree of compassion: 'Poor souls!' I say to myself, 'they think they are pleased; they think they enjoy this piece, and yet they consider the whole as a fiction! How much more would they enjoy it, if like me they knew it to be true — *and had seen the very place!*'

THE WARNING.

AFTER THE MANNER OF BERANGER: BY R. M. CHARLTON.

I.

MAIDEN of the blooming age,
O'er whose path the sunlight lingers,
O'er whose brow despair and rage
Ne'er have swept with loathsome fingers!
Virgin! pure in heart and mind,
Shun the spot where Love reposes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

II.

Damsel! thou whom Time hath kiss'd
Slightly on thy lips of coral,
By the charms that thou hast miss'd,
Learn, oh, learn my simple moral:
Time may seem to thee unkind,
Love a brighter fate discloses;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

III.

Warrior, from the battle-field,
With thy laurel wreath around thee,
Arm thyself with sword and shield,
Fly, ere yet the foe hath bound thee!
Love for thee a spell hath twin'd,
Where the eye of Beauty closes,
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

IV.

Father! thou whose tottering gait
Tells of lengthen'd years and sorrows,
Tells what soon will be thy fate,
Ere the sun brings many morrows;
Love will seek e'en thee to bind,
Ere Death's portal o'er thee closes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

V.

Maiden, damsel, warrior, sire!
Shun the spell of this enchanter;
Come not near his hidden fire,
Heed ye not his idle banter:
He is fickle, false, and blind,
He the source of all our woes is;
Oh, beware! or you will find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GOD'S HAND IN AMERICA. By the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER. With an Essay, by Rev. Dr. SKINNER. pp. 168. New-York: M. W. DODD. London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE have found in this little book excellencies both of matter and style, which we cannot pass without a word of commendation, at a period when it is *unusually* usual to throw 'pulpit efforts' before the public, which are not only efforts, in the poorest sense of the term, but the cause of effort in others—the effort of perusal. The volume before us contains the substance of two sermons, one delivered on Thanksgiving day, and the other on the evening previous to the 'day of prayer for the world's conversion,' presented in two parts. The general propositions traced in the first division, are: that God is governor among the nations; that he deals with nations on the same principles as with individuals; that the responsibilities and duties of nations as individuals, are commensurate with their capabilities, opportunities, and mercies; that the disregard and violation of this principle will be followed with the divine retribution, and if persisted in, must result in national degradation and ruin; and that in the light of these principles, an enumeration of the elements of national gratitude is an exceedingly solemn and admonitory service. The main subject to which these propositions are introductory are then discussed, viz: the opportunities and responsibilities of *this country* for its own and the world's evangelization: and here opens that most striking aspect of providence and duty, to which the writer has referred in the general title of his volume; a title which it is well claimed may be pardoned for its apparent singularity and quaintness, in consideration of its condensed expression of a most comprehensive and important theme. We agree with the author of the essay, prefixed to the volume, that the writer has well treated relations and responsibilities of infinite moment, involving every interest of his readers and their posterity; 'and while he has enlarged their view of the ulterior influence of the country, on the welfare of the world, he has added new and overpowering force to every other motive to the discharge of all individual and national obligations.'

The subjoined eloquent passage, upon the retributive rewards of Providence, in the career of nations as well as individuals, will sufficiently enforce the praise we have awarded to the style of this performance:

"God's retributive providence may be invisible as the angel of death, and gradual as the remorseless tide that steals its march for centuries, or the malaria that depopulates cities, and makes the very sight of them the dread of the traveller. One might, with almost as much impunity, go into the tomb of a plague-stricken mortal, as linger among the beautiful remains of some of those buried cities, whose inquest would rightly be written, **DIED BY THE VISITATION OF GOD!**—and yet that visitation unknown and unacknowledged even by the sufferers. Sometimes a series of retributive providences is unfolded, no one of which, by itself, excites alarm or surprise, till in the lapse of ages the solemn work is done, the nation has passed from existence, and historians write its epitaph, and philosophize upon the causes of its fall. A lingering decay may be far worse than a sudden overthrow; so that, in such a case, the common lamentation of mankind may be deeper for the degradation that remains, than the glory that has departed. It is the same with individuals. And this perhaps was the meaning of that melancholy breathing of the poet:

'Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.'

A nation dies when the spirit of every thing good and noble dies in it. The name may live, when the elements of life and beauty have departed. God may suffer the sins which a nation is cherishing to consume its energies, till the gangrene becomes incurable, and then his abused mercies work their own revenge. How solemn, in such a case, are the records and the proofs of the divine indignation; the prediction and the fulfilment seen and read together!"

"I have stood beneath the walls of the Coliseum in Rome, the Parthenon in Athens, and the Temple of Karnak in Egypt; each of them the mighty relic of majestic empires, and the symbol of the spirit of the most remarkable ages in the world. The last, carrying you back as in a dream over the waste of four thousand years, might be supposed to owe its superior impressiveness to its vast antiquity; but that is not the secret of the strange and solemn thoughts that crowd into the mind; it is the demonstration of God's wrath fulfilled according to the letter of the Scriptures! No ruins of antiquity are so overwhelming in their interest as the gigantic remains of that empire, once the proudest in the world, and now, according to the very letter of the divine prediction, 'the basest of the kingdoms.' From the deep and grim repose of those sphinxes, obelisks, and columns—those idols broken at the presence of God—as the mind wanders back to the four hundred years of Israel's bondage in Egypt, methinks you may hear the wail of that old and awful prophecy, with the lingering echo of every successive prediction: *THE NATION WHOM THEY SHALL SERVE WILL I JUDGE!* Who would have believed it possible, four thousand years ago, amidst the vigor and greatness of the Egyptian kingdom, that after that vast lapse of time, travellers should come from a world then as new, unpeopled, and undiscovered, as the precincts of another planet, to read the proofs of God's veracity in the vestiges at once of such stupendous glory and such a stupendous overthrow! And now, if any man, contemplating the youthful vigor, the energy, the almost indestructible life of our own country, finds it difficult to believe that the indulgence of the same national sin, under infinitely clearer light, may be followed with a similar overthrow, let him wander on the banks of the Nile, and think down hours to moments in the silent sanctuaries of its broken temples."

Of the same felicitous character are the remarks upon our cause of gratitude as a nation, for the great freedom of opinion which we enjoy, as compared with other countries; the surest index and the most important result of civil and religious liberty:

"We can scarcely appreciate this blessing in our own country, for, like the air that we breathe, it has been round about us from our infancy. But the pages of history are a perpetual record of wars and persecutions on account of opinion. Political opinions, religious opinions, and even philosophical opinions, when they have been supposed to run counter to the tenets of the Church, have been prosecuted as crimes. Our discourse would be filled with names only, should we attempt to enumerate even a small part in the list of the martyrs of opinion. But are not all men free to think? it may be asked. Yes! as much as a prisoner in his cell is free to go the length of his chain, or to walk from one wall to the other. But can outward shackles or threats of persecution stop the freedom of opinion? Most assuredly. They induce the habit of slavish thinking; they make the mind's habitual state a state of bondage; they make it think, not freely, but according to received rules and dogmas, and paths traced out. The interdict against the free publication of opinion is an interdict also upon the formation of opinion, for it is as true, as it is beautifully expressed, that

——— Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened, to the sun:

and so, in a very short time there will be no wholesome thought at all. The mind suffocates in such a prison, just as a light, put beneath an air-tight receiver, is extinguished. Even in this country, free as it is, there is yet the element of bondage and of persecution. Even here there are so many adverse influences, that in making your investigations in dark quarters with the torch of truth, you need to have a safety lamp, like Sir Humphrey Davy's invention, which you may thrust, with its light, into the midst of the impurest gases, or the moment it touches them they will blow you up. Still, there is a freedom of opinion in this country greater and more absolute than any where else in the world."

We make room for one more extract, setting forth the influence of our common language upon the destiny of our country, as an agent in the designs of Providence:

"We speak a language containing vast treasures of religious wisdom, and vernacular, more or less, over a large portion of the globe, and for this and other causes, perhaps destined to become an organ of international communication more universal than any other tongue. The students at the missionary seminary at Basle in Germany, well denominated the English language the missionary language. It might almost be called the language of religion, in reference to the vast treasures of theological science, the mines of religious truth, and above all, the inestimable works of practical piety, of which it furnishes the key. There is in it a capital of speculative and practical theology, rich and deep enough for the whole world to draw upon. From time to time, God himself has especially honored it, and prepared it more and more for his glory, by giving to the world, through its medium, such works as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Paradise Lost*. It is the language of Protestantism, the language of civil and religious freedom, the language of commercial enterprise, the language spoken by the greater portion of seamen in the world. It is the language of the two freest, most enterprising, most powerful, and so far as the appellation can at present be admitted in a national sense, most truly Christian nations on the globe.

"The English tongue owes so much of its power and beauty to the Scriptures, that for this reason alone it is almost a sanctified instrument for the Church to work with. The common translation of the Bible, both in Germany and England, exerted the most beneficial influence in moulding the language, as well as the mind and morals of the people. Perhaps it has done more in the formation of our language, and the preservation of its purity, than all other causes. Bunyan is the most remarkable example of its agency in the development of genius. It was his intense study of the English Bible that gave him the command of a style of such native, idiomatic simplicity and beauty. For him the Scriptures were his mind's sole store-house, both of words and images, and his sensibilities

opened beneath their influence, as the flowers open to the sun. To the same ennobling inspiration the greatest of the English poets were indebted almost as much as he. So were the best prose-writers. Their minds were all baptized in the same cloud of glory, and all passed through the same invigorating, shining sea. And indeed, if we could suppose the whole of that part of British literature drawn away, which, in thought and imagination, in feeling and energy, sprung from the same fountain, there would remain hardly the skeleton of its living beauty. It would be like the lifeless, inexpressive canvass of a vast painting, from which you have destroyed the whole perspective, and blotted out the imaginative lights and shades.

"Taking all these influences into consideration, there is not another language in the world so sacred, so connected with holy associations, and, for the treasures of religion which it embalms, so important to man's highest interests, as the English language. We therefore cannot but regard its increasing prevalence as a great and special indication of the providence of God. The time is not far distant, other causes being supposed to maintain their influence, when this language shall have become an organ for the world's literature; and in addition to this, if we mistake not, the world's religious book-mart, and most elevated and important literary centre, will be found in America."

We hope to see this volume widely disseminated. It is free from that limited arrogance which so often mistakes a sect for a world; its inculcations are good; its religious views enlarged; and its tendency altogether patriotic and noble. We should not omit to add, that the printer, Mr. Osborn, has imparted to the work a typographical character somewhat in keeping with its internal excellence; it being remarkably clear and neat in its execution.

NIGHT AND MORNING. A Novel. By the Author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE bore of the church, whose numbers he thins, is in our view the man who labors through a long discourse to *prove* that which every body knows to be true; and who goes with tedious deliberation over ground which all his hearers have explored before him, in company with better guides. Something kindred with such a teacher, is the reviewer who sits down, when a popular novel is at its zenith, to inform his readers what sort of a work it is, and what are its attractions. We shall in the present instance avoid the latter category; not because we have not read the novel whose title stands at the head of this notice, for we have perused it with unabated interest to its close; but for the reason that we are not ambitious to promulgate 'Johnny Thompson's news.' Mr. BULWER, as it strikes us, has to a less degree in this than in any previous novel from his pen, lent his fine genius to the sanctification of what the world must deem vice and crime, however gilded; and yet 'Night and Morning,' full of power and genius as it is, will be found, we fear, something more than mischievous in its influence upon many minds. Those portions which depict the *passions* of his personages, are unsurpassed. These are recorded in that brief, rapid, familiar manner, which are the characteristics of *real* life and natural emotion; a style as different from that of many modern novelists, native and foreign, as night is from day. We hope Mr. BULWER will hereafter leave it to his immediate contemporary romancers, of the AINSWORTH school, to shed a halo round the path of crime, and to enlist the sympathies of the public in the interesting misfortunes of noble-minded murderers, and warm-hearted, affectionate adulterers; and himself employ his powers for the entertainment of the public, under a full sense of the truth, that no work of fiction can retain a reputation worth a just ambition, that has not for its end the inculcation of virtuous principles. We quite agree with the *London Examiner*, that 'the sudden in-pouring of romance upon the natural current of a natural and common life tale, carries away with it some sympathies that refuse to return, and vexes others with a shade of doubt as to their entire and perfect truthfulness. The hero never quite recovers his position after he has been connected with the man of crime who figures in the second volume, and in whom the limits between good and evil are scarcely marked throughout with sufficient clearness and precision.' Upon these points there should be no possible doubt, for they imply the extreme danger of suggesting a false sympathy with crime. Any tendency to a moral miscarriage of that kind will be the more severely judged in a book of the power and genius of this, where the high standard by which it is tested and condemned, is set up by the writer himself.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ALCÆUS REDIVIVUS. — About six years ago, if we remember rightly, a complaint was made in behalf of an elderly Greek personage, little known here, though formerly of some note in his own country, against a southern member of Congress, for petty larceny. The offence consisted in stealing a Summer Rose, wrapped up in white paper, an object certainly intrinsically of no great value; but then it may have been a memorial of the Greek's mistress, and his particular friends resolved to prosecute the matter with the utmost rigor, from a pure love of justice. We forbear to mention the name of the supposed culprit, from evident motives of delicacy; but it was not the first time he had been arraigned on such charges, a similar one having shortly before been preferred against him, on the part of an Irishman named O'Kelly, as well as we remember.

The topic, like all others, was much discussed in the newspapers; the editors all taking sides, for politics ran high at the time — a very unusual thing in the United States; and those of the congressman were not considered orthodox by General Jackson, and a large majority of the people. Many of the circumstances have escaped our memory; but we have a distinct recollection that an English gentleman, well known for his knowledge of Greek, came forward to bail the accused, which though, it did not occasion a town meeting, was regarded by public sentiment as an unjustifiable interference with our republican institutions.

The Greek claimant, however, never appeared in proper person, nor was any thing farther heard of the Irish one, unless he may have been referred to in a paragraph which appeared in Major NOAH's paper about that period, announcing a new work on the classics, by Alcæus Blair O'Kelly. The whole affair, considered from the first a very strange one, was rendered still more mysterious, when Captain Basil Hall's 'Schloss-Hainfeldt' came out, wherein he assured us that the true and only proprietor of the identical Rose in question was neither Alcæus nor O'Kelly, but his distant relation, the Countess Purgstall, lady of Hainfeldt Castle, of which the Captain and his readers have so many agreeable recollections. So long a time has elapsed since Alcæus has been heard of, that he is presumed dead; and as the Countess of Purgstall, poor lady! has also descended to the shades, they can amicably discuss and settle their respective claims together, in a country where there are neither politics, newspapers, nor public opinion to disturb them. How the matter ended here, in respect to the ex-member of Congress, we do n't profess to recollect precisely, nor is it material to our story; but he went abroad shortly afterward, which is certainly a suspicious circumstance. Returning very recently, after a long absence, his luggage, we understand, attracted much curiosity at the custom-house, especially certain odd-looking trunks, with two enormous locks, and clasped all over with iron, as if intended to hold the sub-treasury, though evidently not of American manufacture. Some of these, it was ascertained, were filled with outlandish parchment-backed port-folios, of extraordinary dimensions, 'contents unknown,' which provoked much speculation. It was shrewdly conjectured, by very well-informed persons, that he had brought over a large number of designs for the ground-plans and elevations of 'log cabins,' with sections of cider barrels, on a new and improved prin-

ciple; while others imagined such huge receptacles could contain nothing less than another Bank of the United States, or some equally dangerous and stupendous monster. The custom-house officers were too polite, of course, to examine farther than merely to satisfy themselves that the articles were not dutiable; and though the vessel in which they came had been boarded by all the news-boats, nothing transpired to satisfy public curiosity.

Recently, however, an accidental fire in the neighborhood where they were stored, which luckily was extinguished before it burned over forty acres of our city, occasioned sundry property, suspected of being stolen, to be brought to the police office. Among the rest were several of the above packages. They proved on examination to contain miscellaneous papers, labelled, it would seem, with the names of their former owners, such as Dante or Durante Alleghieri, Francisco Petrarca, Torquato Tasso, Ludovico Ariosto, Victor Alfieri, and others, all believed to be foreigners, since none of them were known by any of our most vigilant police men. As nobody has appeared, to claim the goods, it is thought the theft, if they were stolen, may have been committed in Europe, and the effects brought to this country to escape detection. That the owners may be enabled to identify them, a specimen belonging to JUAN MELENDEZ VALDES, supposed to be a Spaniard, has been left at our office. The rest remain in the hands of the magistrate, by whom, if not claimed in due season, they will be sold to the trunk-makers, unless some of our distinguished American publishers can be prevailed upon to enter into competition with them; and in either event, the proceeds will be forthcoming, whenever the owners prove property and pay charges.

A N A C R E O N T I C .

FROM THE SPANISH OF JUAN MELENDEZ VALDES.

I APPLIED myself to science,
To be free from care and strife,
Thinking WISDOM bade defiance
To all the ills of life.
Alas! what silly fancies!
I could not nurse them long;
Give me music back, and dances,
Love, friendship, wine, and song!

Has life so few vexations,
That we increase our store?
Or so many recreations,
We need not wish for more?
Fill the cup! let's drain a measure
To my own Dorilla's eyes;
Till Wisdom teaches pleasure,
'T is no pleasure to be wise.

What heed I if the sun
Be a fixed star or no?
What time the planets run
Their course, why need I know?
Is the moon peopled, land and flood?
What millions may be there?
They never did us harm or good —
About them need we care?

Away with each historian!
And the chiefs whose deeds they tell;

Roman or Macedonian —
What matter where they fell?
While our sportive lambs may wander
In this green valley free,
What's CÆSAR, ALEXANDER —
King or Khan, to you and me?

The law protects our fold —
I speak the word with awe;
If it's safe, need I be told
Of the 'wisdom of the law?'
The men who study, suffer
Trouble, and toil, and care;
Each midnight taper-snuffer
Has a sad and solemn air.

What gains the sallow student?
To doubt his studies tend;
Doubt makes new studies prudent —
In doubts new studies end.
So passes life away
In jealousy and strife,
Disputing night and day —
O enviable life!

Bring wine! my girl, bring wine!
With LOVE, and SONG, and JEST,
While there are eyes like thine,
A fig for all the rest!

In the foregoing pleasant sketch, for which we are indebted to a lively correspondent, who assumes the manner editorial with an unwonted ease and grace, the reader will recognize the history of a literary stratagem, in the issue of which, it was said at the time, 'somebody had been cozened; we name no parties.'

ARNOLD AT THE TOMB OF ANDRÉ IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — The following extract from a letter of a correspondent merits a place among the several interesting reminiscences and anecdotes of the Traitor ARNOLD, which have recently appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER: 'During PETER VAN SCHAAK's stay in London, which embraced the greater part of the time from January, 1779, to May, 1785, he was in the habit of frequently visiting Westminster Abbey. It accorded with his pensive state of mind — induced by a long series of domestic afflictions, by the prospect of total blindness, subsequently realized, and by a protracted exile, and separation from his native country, family, and friends — to hold frequent converse with the eminent dead, through the imposing monuments erected to their memory, in that time-hallowed edifice. In one of his solitary walks in the Abbey, some time after Arnold's treason, his musings were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, accompanied by a lady. It was General Arnold, and the lady was doubtless Mrs. Arnold. They passed to the cenotaph of Major André, where they stood and conversed together. What a spectacle! The traitor Arnold, in Westminster Abbey, at the tomb of André, deliberately perusing the monumental inscription which will transmit to future ages the tale of his own infamy! The scene, with the associations which naturally crowded upon the mind, was calculated to excite various emotions in an American bosom; and Mr. VAN SCHAAK turned from it with disgust.'

AN INCIDENT OF 1777. — The same correspondent who narrates with filial interest the above incident, has the following passage in a recent letter to the Editor, which we take the liberty of transcribing, for the entertainment of 'true American' readers: 'Magnanimity and a noble generosity were prominent traits in the character of PHILIP SCHUYLER. Upon no occasion were these enviable characteristics of that remarkable man and brave soldier — to whose memory, the literature of his country has not yet awarded the justice of a biography — more conspicuous, than when the fortunes of war had placed in his power an overbearing foe. Upon the surrender of BURGOTNE, and the royal army under his command, to the American forces at Saratoga, in October, 1779, General SCHUYLER made studious provision for the comfort of the distinguished captive, with some other British and German officers, under his own hospitable roof at Albany, whither they were conducted soon after the capitulation. These guests, it should be remembered, had but a few days before applied the torch to the valuable mills, country seat, and other buildings at Saratoga, of their now attentive host.' . . . The British General entered Albany in a very different manner from that which he had anticipated. Flushed by his early successes in his progress from the North, he had in his windy manifestoes proclaimed an easy victory; and boasted of his ability to secure 'elbow-room' for his troops, to the contemplated point of junction of the two royal armies. When he entered that city as a prisoner of war, instead of a 'conquering hero,' the progress of the procession was suddenly retarded in a confined passage of one of the streets, by the immense concourse of citizens who turned out *en masse* to behold the joyful spectacle. At this juncture, a spirited Dutch matron of Albany, standing at the door of her dwelling, and in hearing of the humbled Briton, called out to the crowd, with perhaps as much rudeness as severity, '*Make elbow-room for General Burgoyne!*' A little incident also occurred during the stay of Burgoyne and his officers at General Schuyler's, which is well worthy of mention. Major General the Baron de Reidesdel, one of those officers, was accompanied by his lady, and several young children. Not long after their arrival, one of Madame De Reidesdel's little girls, after frolicking about General Schuyler's spacious and well-furnished mansion, ran suddenly up to her mother, and with all the simplicity of youthful innocence, inquired, in German: '*Mother, is this the palace father was to have, when he came to America?*' The blushing Baroness speedily silenced her child. The teeming question, which was asked in presence of

some of General Schuyler's family, by whom the German was understood, as may well be imagined, was well calculated to disconcert her.'

We may add here, that we hope to be largely indebted to the gentleman from whom these paragraphs are derived, for copious selections from the unpublished writings of his father, which are thus commended by Mr. JARED SPARKS, the American historian, in a letter now before us: 'I think the manuscript life of your father not only a very curious and interesting piece of biography, but a valuable contribution to the history of the country, during the important period of the Revolution. Circumstances placed the writer in a situation to see and learn much in regard to the operations of both parties; and the results of his experience are stated in a graphic style, and with excellent sense, in his letters. His diaries while he was in England; his remarks on the public characters who were then the political leaders; and his descriptions of manners, and of the objects he saw, are such as to afford entertainment and instruction to every class of readers. The writer certainly possessed strong powers of observation, a mind cultivated by classical reading, and much skill in the use of language.' We can well believe, after commendation like the above, from so competent a source, that the accounts given in the journal and manuscripts, of the writer's visits to Pope's gardens and grotto, in 1779; to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in 1780; to Westminster Abbey, and other places and objects of curiosity in and about London, etc., etc., although written more than sixty years since, will be found to possess surpassing interest.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND HIS HACKMAN. — We derive the following translation of a pleasant anecdote from a late work by ALEXANDER DUMAS, from an accomplished friend, to whose kindness we have already been indebted for similar favors, which have been cordially welcomed by the public. We may hope to count the writer among our frequent contributors.

THE Ivoschicks, or Hackmen, of St. Petersburg, are generally serfs, who for a certain consideration, (*abrock*,) have purchased permission of their seigneurs to exercise their vocation in the capital. Stands for *kibisk* and *droschki* are established every where; and as the police has not prescribed a tariff of fares, each driver strives to underbid the other, and the passenger is often beset with clamorous offers of service. The vehicle is a sort of *traineau*, mounted upon four wheels, within the body of which a bench is placed lengthwise, astride which you are seated, as upon a velocipede. The horse attached to this rude machine, is no less savage than his master; both, in fact, having but recently quitted their native *steppes*, to traverse the streets of St. Petersburg. Nothing can exceed the paternal affection of the Ivoschick for his horse. Instead of lashing him, as is the practice elsewhere, he speaks to him with even more kindness than does a Spanish muleteer to his captain-mule. He calls him his father, his uncle, his little pigeon; he caresses him with songs, the words of which, as well as the airs, are extemporized for the occasion. Hopes and promises of future happiness in a better world are held out to the animal, in exchange for the misery he endures in this; and with such allurements, the credulous beast is encouraged into a trot throughout the whole day, only stopping now and then to eat a mouthful from troughs which are provided for him in every street. The driver places himself upon a narrow seat in front, with his number suspended from his neck, between his shoulders, so that in case of dissatisfaction, the passenger has only to seize upon it and lay a complaint before the police, which is certain of being promptly redressed. It is however seldom necessary to resort to such means.

'An anecdote is told of the Emperor Alexander, who in one of his accustomed walks

through the streets was overtaken by a shower. He entered a droschki from the stand, and ordered the driver to conduct him to the imperial palace. Arriving there, he fumbled his pockets in vain to find money to pay the fare; and in descending, directed the Ivoschick to wait until he could send it out.

'Ay, ay,' said the man; 'I know well enough how that will be!'

'How is that?' replied the astonished Emperor.

'Oh! I know well enough what I am saying.'

'Well then, let us hear what it is.'

'I say that just as many persons as I bring before houses with double doors, and who enter them without paying me, are just so many debtors, whose faces I am never to see again.'

'What, even before the palace of the Emperor?'

'Often there than elsewhere. Great lords have very short memories.'

'You ought to complain, and cause the cheats to be arrested,' said Alexander, amused with the conversation.

'Arrest a nobleman! Why your Excellency knows well enough it cannot be done. Were it one of *us*, nothing would be more easy to do,' added coachee, pointing at the same moment to his beard, 'for you know where to lay hold of *us*; but for you lords, who have your chins shaved, the thing is impossible. I beg, therefore, that your Excellency will search your pockets well: I am almost sure you will find enough to pay my fare.'

'Hark ye,' said the Emperor; 'here is my cloak; it is worth the fare, is it not? Now take it, and give it back to the person who shall bring you your money.'

'Agreed!' said the Ivoschick; 'you are a very reasonable person, indeed you are!'

An instant afterward, the coachman received a bill for one hundred rubles, the Emperor paying him at the same time both for himself and the courtiers who had visited him.

IRVING INSTITUTE. — We give elsewhere a correct and well-executed engraving of the IRVING INSTITUTE, an English and Classical Boarding-School for Boys, at Tarrytown, Westchester county, some two hours' steam-boat sail from the city. The principals are Messrs. WILLIAM P. LYON, A. M., and CHARLES H. LYON, A. M., two brothers, who have won an honorable reputation for their attainments as scholars, and especially for their abilities as teachers. The establishment is a handsome and commodious edifice of brick, constructed with entire reference to the convenience and comforts of the students; and, with its ample grounds, commands a prospect, far up and down the noble Hudson, of singular grandeur and beauty. The charming village of which it is a prominent ornament, is not less known for its healthfulness and beauty of location, than for the purity of its morals, and the peaceful spirit and unostentatious enterprise of its citizens. The English department is under the particular charge of the senior, and the Collegiate under the direction of the junior Principal, each assisted by able instructors. The course of study, in both departments, embraces all the branches, (including French, in each,) felicitously divided, which are taught in our highest and most popular institutions. The instruction is *thorough*, and the subjects *practically* treated. The establishment is supplied with a philosophical and astronomical apparatus, and with a cabinet of minerals, shells, coins, and other curiosities. 'It is designed,' say the Principals, 'not merely to advance and perfect the pupils in the branches studied, but to develope and instruct the judgment, to enlighten the understanding, to form the habits, and to give a moral and useful direction to the inclinations.' Reading the Scriptures, attending family prayers, and one of four Christian churches, are required; but there is no interference with the tenets of particular denominations. The discipline of the Institute is strictly *parental*; and in the domestic arrangements, the teachers and

pupils reside in the family of the senior Principal, eat at the same table, sleep under the same roof, and constitute in all respects one family. Our readers will perceive that we have described an efficient and admirable school; and such the Irving Institute will be pronounced to be, by any of the eminent gentlemen to whom the Principals refer, as well as by its pupils and their parents. There is a summer and winter session, with vacations of four and three weeks, in April and October. Terms for the first, \$100; for the second, \$105; including every thing save modern languages, music, and drawing, which are subject to an extra charge. We commend the Irving Institute cordially to public favor.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE. — We take blame to ourselves, that we have not heretofore *usurped* sufficient space in our pages, to express our high estimate of the character and execution of this monthly periodical, which, with the '*Spirit of the Times*,' has done so much for the turf, and the other objects to which it is devoted, within the last few years, in the United States. Our opinion of the latter journal has been frequently expressed; and of the '*Register*' we may now say, that in our judgment it has not its superior in *any* country, for various merits, sporting, literary, and pictorial. Many of its *collaborateurs* are capital humorists, and none of them but write pleasantly and well, while several are profound scholars; and with his accustomed tact, the editor selects and arranges the matter of each, taking good care, at the same time, to make his own as good as that of the best of them. The following extract from '*A Bear Story*,' in a late number, is but a fair example of the lighter reading of the '*Register*:'

'Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegian bays at the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornins, like great mountains o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layin at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, lookin for wales; all except the captin, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walkin' up and down, on deck, smokin' and thinkin,' I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears — polar bears, you know — big as thunder, with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em skulking along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up ag'in the bank. The old cap. wanted to kill one o' them varmints most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho' he thought the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at last, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layin' near the forc'tal, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and — here's luck — and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

'It wa'n't long fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrar piece o' water — not more than haaf a mile wide — and then he got out onto the ice. It was a smart cake, and the bear was 'way down to the t'other end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked first strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecornered-like — like's if he was drivin for a plain plover — so that the bear wouldn't think he was comin' arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big, the bear did, that the captain stopped, and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was a-goin' to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captain, and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captain said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack again under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captain was all the time, squat on his knees, with his gun p'inted, waitin' for the varmint to come up, and his knees and legs were mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice, as I was mentionin'. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captain *would* taste, and so he left off walkin' slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roarin' and his tail sticken out stiff. The captain kept still, lookin' out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, jist by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothin' standin' but his fore legs and his head riz up, a growlin' at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryin' to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ore creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him a long while, whilst he was waitin' for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayin', and you 'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep movin' about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained t'other, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint!' says the old man, as the bear swallowed along on his hinder eend, comin' at him. He kept gettin' weaker, though,

and comin' slower and slower all the time, so that at last he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the nose by reachin' forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughin, and clapped his hands down onto his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlin, that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiftin, and comin off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscuit, or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, jist so near that when they both reached forrarda, they could jist about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only exceptin his upper part and fore pawa.'

"By Golly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite naytr'l to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by bein so cloast to him, and breathin hard hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein' able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jist tuk his ramrod, and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pourin out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderat and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there s'nt much more on 't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on, until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon —"

"But, Venus, stop: tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost —"

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O — O —! Oh, I'd like to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's pawa, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's — what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they began to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know: and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, 'captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sittin, lookin at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppin' up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then, the captin said, he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinkin nothin o' them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fishes flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail eend, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear could n't say so much for himself."

"Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he began to show his naytural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captain's piece o' seal, but when he found he could n't reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big pawa and head upon the ice; till bye-and bye (jist as the captain said he expected,) the ice cracked in two agin, and split through between the bear and the captain, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he realy felt sorry at partin company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wan't enough for him, or else on account o' his feelin bad at the captain's goin, the beast would n't touch it to eat, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and t' other 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got cold, and felt mighty lonesome; and he said he realy thought he'd a gi'n in and died, if they had n't picked him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? — a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They did n't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingin up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off — expectin it was the sea-serpent, or an old maremaid. They would n't believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they did n't hardly believe it nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore they come to."

"Did n't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No, sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might 'spose: for you see he'd been stuck in so long that the circulatin' on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut it, it crack't off putty easy, and he come out whole like a hard biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Can't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varmint got along, right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all boys. How many's asleep?"

The engravings, in the last three numbers before us, are fine specimens of art. They are, 'A Winter Scene on the Kaaterskill;' portraits of Riddlesworth and Portsmouth; and an amusing group, called 'Settling for the Derby.' The 'Register' is published monthly from the office of the Spirit of the Times, by WILLIAM T. PORTER, editor and proprietor.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The unavoidable absence of the Editor, during a portion of the month, must be his apology for a brief delay of the number; for many 'short-comings' in his own departments; and his excuse also to many correspondents, for *seeming* inattention to their private and public favors. Among the papers on file for insertion, and awaiting consideration, in addition to articles mentioned in a previous issue, are the following: 'A Forest Fête,' by the author of 'A New Home;' 'A Story of La Morgue;' 'Aristocracy in America;' 'A Peep at my Neighbors;' 'Nature,' by 'W. W. M.;' 'New Classification of Temperaments;' 'Mesmer and Animal Magnetism,' Part Two; 'Shakspeare and the Greek Classical Poets;' 'A Fox Story;' 'The Lament of the Forest;' 'Criticism on the Second Book of the Æneid, and Remarks on Suicide, by NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,' now first rendered into English from the notes of a distinguished attendant of the Emperor at St. Helena.' . . . We respectfully decline the criticism upon '*Old Knick's Contemporaries*,' of 'C. X. L.' The author, or we are greatly mistaken, belongs to a species of querulous non-producers, who look over other people's affairs, and overlook their own, and whom we have come to regard, as a class, in the light of literary *Thugs*, or small assassins. These worthies are always of the *nil admirari* school; and while they are utterly incapable of interesting or instructing the public, yet fancy themselves critics, *par excellence*, general and particular. In the first branch, to be *sweeping*, is all that is necessary. For example: 'Why is it that we have no American authors, except Mr. COOPER or Mr. IRVING, whose works are destined to survive them two years? Why is it, that our Quarterly Reviews, and monthly and other periodicals, are so indifferent, and so inferior to the poorest of those of England and Scotland? In the transatlantic Reviews and Magazines, there is a unity, a breadth and a depth; a light and a shade; an all-powerful combination of intrinsic genius and masterly talent, calculated deeply to influence the public mind. But with scarcely an exception, how stands the contrast on this side of the water?' etc. This is a fair specimen of the vapid and acid criticism in *generals* of the *nil admirari* class; and these same would-be censors, in descending to *particulars*, are equally sensible and astute. A wag has illustrated to our hand their efforts in this department. The first comes exultingly forward with a volume of Shakspeare, and kindly finds out for us the true meaning of some choice passage, which not all the critics, commentators, and editors together, with the author himself at their head, ever had the sagacity to smell out: and thus he writes:

'MR. EDITOR: The commentators on Shakspeare, like careless or awkward reapers, have left much to be picked up after them by the gleaners. Among these, permit me to offer to your readers a specimen of my humble labors in our poet's inexhaustible field. Should you approve my first sample, I will continue to transmit others, till the critical sheaf which I have scraped together is exhausted.

'For the present, I shall content myself with producing a well known passage from Hamlet, (Act III. Scene 4,) which is usually, but most absurdly, printed and punctuated thus:

'An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;' etc.

'Now, were ever good sense, and good poetry, Mr. Editor, so insufferably distorted as here? 'An eye like Mars,' truly! An eye, Sir, might properly enough be said to be like *Mars's eye*, but what poet in his senses would have thought of comparing it to *Mars himself*? Or, if he had, what reader could have endured the comparison? Not I, for one, certainly. And then, Sir, what in the name of wonder, is 'a station like the Herald Mercury?' A station is a *post*, an *appointment*, a *commission of trust*, or *authority*, etc. Neither of these, in my poor fancy, very closely resemble a *man* (still less a *God*!) perched upon the top of a hill! No, Sir: we should undoubtedly, for reasons which will presently be given, read and point thus:

'An eye like *Marr's*, to threaten, and command
A station; like the Herald Mercury,' etc.

'Here we begin to see day-light; 'An eye like *Marr's*;' i. e. THE EARL of *Marr's*; as will at once be perceived by every reader who shall duly consider Shakspeare's favorite practice of flattering his royal mistress by allusions to the distinguished persons and events connected with her government. The warlike Earl of Marr, it will be remembered (see Hume, vol. v, under the year 1572,) was employed by Elizabeth to 'threaten' the Scots, in the character of Regent, at a very turbulent period of her reign; and in the execution of this high trust, he might, with the strictest propriety and truth, be said to '*command a station*;' while the heroism of Hamlet's father might, with equal truth and propriety, as well as with the happiest address, be illustrated by a comparison founded on that historical fact. After this, follows, as a detached clause of the sentence:

—— 'like the Herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;'

which words are evidently to be taken as nothing more than a sudden start, or rhapsody, without meaning, and thrown in merely by way of supporting the feigned madness of the character; such as, in a former passage, 'See yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel! — like a weasel — like a whale!' — with many similar instances.

'That, in the above observations, I have happily seized the true reading and meaning of this ill-used passage, I trust I need employ no other words to prove; but a commentator, Sir, by whatever unlucky chance, or destiny, is too apt to be *really* 'like a camel — like a weasel — like a whale;' I mean in his total want of taste, feeling, penetration, and good sense. I flatter myself that you will not, as yet at least, confound with this irrational herd, your correspondent,
LYNX.'

After this swaggering gentleman, says our authority, comes a minor critic of the same school, but of the *inquisitive* order, in a great bustle, with some musty old proverb or cant phrase on his mind, puzzling himself to death with twenty left-handed conjectures about nothing. Observe :

'Mr. Editor: Permit me to apply myself, through the channel of your entertaining Magazine, to any of your ingenious correspondents who may be able to inform me what might have been the origin, or latent meaning (if any such there be) of an expression very common in the mouths of the vulgar, who in speaking of an animal body without life, familiarly say, it is 'as dead as mutton.' Now, Sir, although I have for many years past, and with a sole view to this particular object, been in the constant habit of examining different butchers in most parts of the country, as well as of personally attending the slaughter of sheep, and anxiously watching their carcasses after the operation, I am hitherto wholly unable to discover that the vital principle is sooner or more effectually extinguished in the bodies of these, than of any other animals. The sheep is well known to be singularly patient under the knife: is this quiescence supposed to be so favorable to the right direction of the instrument, that it more readily reaches the vital parts in this, than in other instances? We know, at least, that the proverbial obstinacy of *the pig* rather increases than diminishes, when he is seized for execution; we likewise know that he resists death more pertinaciously than almost any other animal; and accordingly, we never hear the expression 'as dead as *pork*.'

'Apropos of pigs: while the pen is in my hand, I should likewise be greatly obliged to any gentleman, curious in these matters, who can inform me whether an attempt has ever been made (a very hopeless one as it should seem, and as the proverb I am going to mention describes it) to manufacture the ears of sows into money-bags of a silky texture? If not, what are we to understand by the well known vulgar saying, 'You can never make a silken purse of a sow's ear?' Perhaps, however, it is to be understood merely as a significant caution against the unpromising experiment of 'making Jack a Gentleman.' Quære, by the bye — who was Jack? Yours, etc.,

MICROSCOPE.'

'C. X. L.' will find his paper at the desk of the publication office. We are bound to thank him for his commendation; but his judgment of one or two of our contemporaries, convinces us that circumstances might have converted it into as cordial blame. In parting, let us advise him to cut loose from the *nil admirari* class of small commentators. The truth is, that they have not the slightest influence with the public, which of all things detests the *grumbler*, general or particular. . . . A very charming poet is 'F.,' with the modesty of true talent. Most heartily shall we bid him welcome, if his present productions compare with the printed 'samples' enclosed to us. . . . We laughed a good hour over the sketch by 'Mercutio;' and much regret that it is *inadmissible*. It is not too long, as the writer seems to fear, but it is a little *too broad*, for insertion; and moreover, we apprehend, might give serious offence in certain quarters. 'Mercutio's' simplicity in not taking the 'hint' of the editor to whom he offered his first production, reminds us of YELLOWPLUSH's obtuseness, in a kindred case: 'Get out, Sir!' sed Mr. Shum, as fiers as possbl; and I felt somethink (I think it was the tip of his to,) touchin' me behind, and the nex minit I found myself sprawlin' down stares. Ojus man — *what did he mean?* . . . We are rich in *Valentines* — indeed overflowing. One correspondent sends us four, 'written partly to amuse the author, while slowly recovering from a fit of sickness;' to whom we may say, in the words of another, that 'what his disease may have been, we know not; but it must have been a very ill one, to be worse than the remedy.' The following, which is fanciful, and not devoid of grace, is all for which we can find space:

A VALENTINE.

As the needle to the pole,
As the sunflower to the sun,
As the stars in order roll,
All around the glorious One;
As the rivers seek the sea,
As the billows seek the shore,
So my thoughts all turn to thee,
So they will, forevermore.

Should the stars forsake the sky,
Should the flowers desert the field,
Should the lovely birds all die,
Should the bright sun cease to yield
Light and heat upon our way,
Should the billow cease to play
Childlike with its beads of foam,
Should the lightning leave its home
In the sky, and dart in wrath
O'er our clouded earthly path:

None of these would trouble me
Half so much as losing thee!

As the wanderer in the plain
Of Arabia's desert sands,
Gazes o'er and o'er again,
Where he hopes the palm-tree stands;
As when howling winds are high,
And the bright foam crowns the wave,
Still the sailor turns his eye
Where the beacon shines to save;
And as breaks its gentle light
O'er the tempest-troubled sea,
The tired watcher's eyes beam bright
With a calm serenity;
As the palm-tree's cooling shade,
As the beacon o'er the sea,
So would be, my gentle maid,
Thy true love to me.

'The *Portrait of our Minister*' is not amiss, save that it is too *labored*, to be pleasant reading. We segregate an amusing anecdote, however, since we have 'leave to print or burn.' 'He was one day making a prayer at the funeral of our kind Professor G ———, to whom he was referring, in terms of deserved eulogy. 'In the institution,' said he, 'to which he was so devotedly attached, he

shone a star of — of the — of — (and here he reflected that our worthy President was in the room, and that it would not do to make the Professor the *first* magnate of the college; so, after a farther pause, he added, 'a star of — of pretty considerable magnitude!' . . . 'G.,' in a polite note, deprecates our remarks upon Mr. ALCOTT's '*Orphic Sayings*,' in '*The Dial*.' 'The author,' he says, 'is a kind-hearted creature, harmless as a lamb, and not considered as 'clothed in his right mind,' by those who know him best.' This fact we have recently heard also from other sources. Of course we are disarmed; and can now only wonder at the editors of '*The Dial*,' to whom we commend the following lucid sentence, which somebody — was it SHERIDAN or SWIFT? — once pronounced to a reporter, who was boasting that he could follow the most rapid and incoherent speaker: 'They all went down the garden to cut cabbages to make an apple-pie. A great she-bear ran through the village. What, no soap? So he died! And she very imprudently married the barber. There were present the Jamma-ninnies; the Pica-ninnies, the Dooboobies, and the Great Ram Jam Nam himself. With a little round button at the top. They all set to playing catch who can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots!' We have seen nothing more truly *Orphic* in a twelvemonth. It has as much 'connexion' as the story which the old dame read from the Dictionary.

THE 'APOLLO ASSOCIATION.' — The transactions of this Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States, for the year 1840, have been published. We are glad to perceive that the influence and prospects of the Association have proved to be in the highest degree praiseworthy and encouraging. The institution has in all respects, we believe, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders and friends. There is an enthusiasm and an *esprit du corps* among its members, which promise the best results. *Apropos* to this: we learn that the Association have taken the large and well-lighted exhibition-room in the granite building, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and are about opening their spring exhibition. This change of location is well considered; and we have little doubt that the present exhibition will receive, what it richly merits, abundant patronage. From a necessarily hasty glance at the *matériel* of the exhibition, previous to the opening, we are inclined to pronounce it a highly interesting collection. It is rich in fine landscapes, both by native and foreign painters; contains several valuable works by the old masters; together with an interesting display of the powers of our own artists, in various departments. We shall hope to do better justice to this exhibition in an ensuing number, should space and leisure serve.

VAGARIES OF INSANITY. — We have been struck, in looking over a recent English work upon Insanity, with the often trifling causes which prepare the superstructure of confirmed intellectual derangement. What is termed 'flightiness' in young girls, and which is often mistakenly commended by partial friends or relatives, as an evidence of innocent simplicity, or giddy artlessness, is sometimes, it should seem, when long unchecked, productive of the most disastrous consequences. On this point, Dr. JOHN STEARNS — in that thoughtful and well-reasoned essay of his, entitled a '*New Philosophy of Mind*,' in which the writer develops new sources of ideas, designates their distinctive classes, and simplifies the faculties and operations of the whole mind — has the following observations, which are worthy of attentive heed:

'The first symptoms which indicate the gradual approaches to insanity, are seldom observed: they are often denominated eccentricities of character, without the least suspicion of mental disease, and are characterized by a vacillating state of mind; a rapid transition of thought from one thing to another; an inability to confine the attention, for any length of time, to one subject. This disposition continues to increase, till it terminates in an incessant wandering of the mind.

'The imagination then usurps the place of the understanding, and presents to the mind a thousand fanciful paintings, which the fancy endows with life and animation, and which it occasionally converts into castles, animals, and armies. Those persons who are in the habit of permitting their thoughts to rove at random, with no fixed object on which to concentrate, and without exerting any efforts to arrest their unmeaning current, or to subject them to the control of the will, are always liable to become insane. It is therefore very obvious that the remedial means necessary to prevent this deplorable occurrence, in its incipient stage, must be sought for in an entire removal of the remote and exciting

causes. This habitual roving of the current of thought must be arrested, and brought, by habitual and strict discipline, into a regular train of moral reflections, steadily directed to one subject. The will must resume its authority, and exert all its efforts to control the attention, and to subdue all the faculties of the soul to its sovereign power. Such a course of remedial treatment, prudently and judiciously administered, will arrest the progress of the disease in its incipient stage, prevent its ultimate distressing termination, and restore to his anxious friends one who, without these precautionary measures, might have become a perfect maniac; a tenant of the asylum; an outcast from the world.'

All our reading and observation have confirmed the truth of these forcible remarks. Touching the cure of insanity, it is worthy of notice, at this period, that the influences of spring and opening summer are declared to be very beneficial. In the case of a man who made a codicil to his will, directing his intestines to be dried and converted into fiddle-strings, the writer alluded to contends, that summer weather would doubtless have contributed to remove this absurd notion from the monomaniac's mind, who had found little to divert the current of his thoughts, in a winter confinement to his mansion.

THE FINE ARTS. — We have been reluctantly compelled to omit notices of three or four productions of native artists, notes for which we had taken for this number. Of Mr. THOMPSON's *Dar-thula*, of Ossian, with her wildly-sad look and pale cheek; her tearless eye, and trembling lips, and dark hair streaming on the wind; we shall take occasion to speak hereafter; as well as of some excellent pictures in the studio of that promising young artist, Mr. GRAY; and particularly of an elaborate and successful effort of Mr. BRACKETT, the sculptor, in which he has depicted the Binding of Satan, as recorded in the 'Revelations.' The figure of the Old Gentleman is all that we have seen; but *that* we shall not soon forget. If the figure of the angel shall successfully 'define his position,' which even now seems any thing but comfortable, both will compose a production of which Mr. BRACKETT will have good cause to be proud. It struck us, on coming out of the studio, that we had met Apollyon's face before somewhere; and if so, he must sometime or other have assumed the shape of a 'Dancing Fawn.' We await the completion of the 'Binding of Satan' with no small interest.

'MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.' — We chanced upon an odd volume the other day, while 'filching amusement at a book-stall,' from which we shall select a few fragments for the entertainment of our readers. It is entitled 'The Miseries of Human Life, or the Groans of TIMOTHY TESTY and SAMUEL SENSITIVE, with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs. TESTY; to which are now, for the first time, added Posthumous Groans.' Of the 'groans,' we prefer those of Mr. SENSITIVE, some of which we subjoin:

'Toiling through a novel seven or eight volumes long, on the very strong recommendation of one whose judgment you had considered as an oracle, but which you now discover is so far from being infallible, that it is — not infallible: with this exquisite addition to your woes, that, when you have at last forced through it, you have become perfectly satisfied of a dreadful fact, which you had more than once suspected in the course of the book, that you had — read it before!'

'At the play, just as you are beginning to recover yourself, after a song of unequalled length and insipidity, to which the singer has added the deficiencies of taste, time, and tune, 'Encore! encore!' from every mouth in the house but your own, which is fully taken up with hissing.'

'The state of writhing torture into which you are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions or remarks of a child, before a large company; a little wretch of your own, for instance, that will run up to an unmarried lady, (one who would be rather thought a youthful sinner than an elderly saint,) and then harrow you by crying out, before you have time to gag it: 'Now do, Miss, let me count the creases in your face; there's one, there's two, there's three,' etc.; or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with, 'Why do you come here so often? for, do you know, my aunt always says she can't abide you; do n't you, aunt?' etc.'

'While you are busily leaning over your writing, drawing, etc., with two other persons in the room, a friend and an enemy; hearing the latter (as you have some reason or other for supposing) go out; then with your eyes still upon your paper, suddenly venting all your smothered spleen against the absentee to the remaining person, whose unaccountable silence in return induces you to raise your head from your employment, and — — —!'

'To be amused, all dinner-time, with hearing a hot-headed master abuse his silent servants.'

'Falling into a party who have lived so much together as to have a thousand topics, jests, allusions,

etc., in common, which are perpetually bandied from eye to eye, and from mouth to mouth; you quite abroad the whole time, and sitting like a foreigner among natives.'

'After eating mushrooms, the lively interest you take in the debate that accidentally follows, upon the question, 'whether they were of the right sort?'

'A pair of pantaloons so constructed with regard to what tailors call the *stride*, as to limit you to three or four inches per step. In these *straights*, having to keep pace in walking with a tall friend, all fork, who stalks along like one's evening shadow on a wall.'

'Hot curling-irons in the hand of an operator who, when he has twirled them up to your skull, there keeps them; obsequiously waiting every time for your roar, as his warrant for untwisting them.'

'To be perpetually visited with a charge of double postage for your single letters; leaving you no option but that of recovering your money by the sacrifice of your ease, or keeping your ease by the sacrifice of your money.'

There are some clever lessons conveyed in these 'groans,' which will not be lost, we are sure, upon readers who know the world.

HARVEY'S VIEWS OF AMERICAN SCENERY. — Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, A. N. A., has issued proposals for publishing, for subscribers only, a connected series of forty atmospheric or historic views of American scenery, from water-color drawings. The work will be comprised in eight numbers, one to be issued every three months. Each number will consist of five views, accompanied with a sheet of letter-press, descriptive of the scene and effect, revised by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING. The views consist of different atmospheric effects, at different times of day, beginning at day-break, and ending at midnight. We have seen the first number of this truly admirable work, and must pronounce the aqua-tint engravings to be beautifully and artistically rendered, and with great fidelity, from the pictures, which we had previously admired in the original designs. They are four wood scenes, of the primitive forest, as seen at the four seasons, and an emblematic title-page. We have not room for a description in detail of these views; and must therefore recommend our readers to call at Mr. HARVEY's rooms, as we have done, and examine them for themselves; and if they can leave them without subscribing for the series, they must have accustomed themselves to great self-denial. These views would form a most appropriate picture-gallery for an American. Many of them were greatly admired in London and Paris, by the highest authorities in art; and it was at the suggestion of General Cass, as we understand, that the work was finally commenced. In our own country, they are commended in the warmest terms by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, SULLY, MORSE, and others. The former eminent painter, in a voluntary note to our artist, remarks: 'As it is no less my pleasure than my duty to give praise where it is due, I am unwilling that you should leave Boston without knowing how much I have been gratified by your beautiful drawings of American scenery. To me it appears that you have been not only successful in giving the character of our scenery, but remarkably happy in clothing it with an American atmosphere, which you have expressed with equal truth and variety.' We cannot add, nor can any one among us, any thing to this high and deserved praise, save that the paper and letter-press of the numbers are really exquisite, and that each Part is afforded at the low price of ten dollars. Mr. HARVEY's rooms are in the new granite building, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway.

MR. DEMPSTER, THE VOCALIST. — This gentleman has been giving concerts, during the month, at Clinton Hall and the Stuyvesant Institute. We had the pleasure to hear him, on one occasion, at the former place, and must accord him our hearty approbation for the generally simple and artless manner in which he renders many of the most popular Scottish and Irish airs. He will pardon us, however, for finding fault with his *closing* notes, which he invariably elaborates, how unadorned soever may be the air, into what may be termed by professional musicians 'difficult execution,' but which we could wish, with Dr. JOHNSON, was not only 'difficult,' but impossible. With this single exception, Mr. DEMPSTER has our cordial suffrages in his favor. He has a pleasant organ, good taste, and — what is a rare merit in his class — is free from affectation.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D.

BRITISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN BOOKS. — MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have just issued an ample catalogue of British, French, and American Books, (including many scarce and valuable old works, of which there are no duplicates,) on the Arts and Sciences, History, Theology, and General Literature. The whole is arranged alphabetically, each department separate, with the prices annexed; and constituting altogether the best and most perspicuous catalogue we have ever seen, and we have encountered not a few in our time. It reflects the highest credit upon the compiler, Mr. PUTNAM. The entire collection has been carefully selected during the last two years, from the choicest stocks and library sales in Europe; yet the prices affixed are extremely moderate. The publishers observe:

'In the present system, or rather want of system, in the Book Trade in the United States, the difficulty of fixing and publishing a uniform List of Prices will at once be obvious. For on one hand, our brethren in the trade may complain that our prices are too low; and on the other, our customers may assure us they are too high, and these same brethren may regulate their own accordingly; of course rather to their advantage than ours. Hence it has not been usual heretofore to publish prices; and Book-buyers are thus always in the dark respecting the actual nett prices of books in the market. We venture, however, to risk both Scylla and Charybdis, and to give the prices for which we can supply in London and New-York, the most important Foreign and American Books now purchaseable, subject to a discount to the trade and to public institutions, according to the nature and amount of the books ordered.'

Since the above was placed in type, the publishers have laid before us the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Magazines for February, with the last Edinburgh and British and Foreign Quarterly Reviews: all damp from the trans-Atlantic press, and now passing swiftly, in various directions, to American subscribers, at a truly *republican* price.

THE 'ANTEDILUVIANS, OR THE WORLD DESTROYED:' BY DOCTOR M'HENRY. — Our readers will doubtless remember the caustic and tingling castigation which this volume not long ago received at the hands of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, in Blackwood's Magazine. It was that notice which induced us to take up the 'Antediluvians,' and endeavor to peruse it. We read the swelling preface, and onward to the middle of the third 'book,' and then gave it up in despair. We next sent the volume to a persevering friend, who explored it a 'book' farther, and then returned it, saying in a note, that on contrasting the performance in the text with the promise in the preface, he found it impossible to go on. 'I found myself,' he writes, 'drowning slowly in a quagmire of disgust!' Strong language, reader; but pray examine the provocation, as we have since done. We have read the book *through*; and intend hereafter to analyze it, for the benefit of the public, if not the author, of whose muddy brain it is the very dregs and squeezings. It may seem small game to the reader; but he has not perused the Doctor's preface, perhaps. He will there see, that the most common-place thoughts and meagre conceptions, huddled into halting blank verse, are considered as forming '*a school*' of writing, second only to MILTON! — all which, moreover, is covertly commended to young American writers. We propose, therefore, to attack this small game, for the *utility* of the thing, as a Dutch burgomaster hunts a *boring* rat in a Holland dyke, that he may execute summary justice upon the mischievous yet insignificant trespasser.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S TOUR IN AMERICA. — We acknowledge the receipt, from the author, of a 'Narrative of Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM'S Tour in America, addressed to the friends of Temperance in Great Britain;' and we are bound to say of it, that the exaggerated coloring and abundant egotism which pervade it, cannot but serve to convince its readers, that malgré his professions, the writer has much less at heart the welfare of his fellow men than *the display of himself*. Indeed, we have rarely seen a production more offensively egotistical. In every detail, circumstances and incidents are stretched to a tension that, were the matter of sufficient importance to attract attention, would create a laugh as from a 'universal mouth,' in this country; and all to develop the everlasting *ego*. It pains us to speak thus of our sometime correspondent; but such tumid and swelling self-conceit as is here displayed, demands the critical lash.

'THE KINSMEN, OR THE BLACK RIDERS OF CONGAREE,' is the title of the last new novel by Mr. SIMMS, author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' etc. Of its merits we are unable to speak, not having been favored with a copy by the publishers. The scene, as we learn, 'is laid in Carolina, at the fifth year of the Revolution; and the chief interest turns upon the deadly enmity subsisting between two brothers; the one an active, brave, and chivalrous adherent of the colonies, and the other, under an assumed name, the leader of a murderous band of robbers, known far and wide as the Black Riders of Congaree. There existed originally between them a feeling of hatred, and this is stimulated and embittered by the opposition of their political feelings, no less than by rivalry in love; both being enamored of the same lovely maiden. The story is occupied chiefly in developing the progress of their hate, and in depicting incidents connected more or less remotely with the marauding excursions of the 'Riders,' and their conflicts with the defenders of liberty.' We can but commend the work to the admirers of Mr. SIMMS's previous romances; and await an opportunity for personal judgment in the premises. We perceive, as we have more than once suspected, that the author of 'The Kinsmen' is identical with the author of 'The Border Beagles,' which has been noticed somewhat at large in the KNICKERBOCKER.

'WRITINGS OF CHARLES SPRAGUE.' — Welcome, *most* welcome, is this beautiful volume, from the press of Mr. FRANCIS, Broadway. It has long been demanded; and we are bound heartily to thank the publisher for presenting us, in a dress so beautiful, the many noble poems of our author which have become thoroughly 'endenized in the national heart.' Beside the more brief and familiar pieces, the volume contains 'Curiosity,' delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University; the memorable Fourth-of-July oration — the finest specimen extant of chaste *florid* writing — and an Address delivered before the Massachusetts Temperance Society. We may revert to this volume again, when our pages are less crowded.

'LEVIATHAN NEW WORLD.' — This Mastodon among the 'mammoth' sheets, just issued, is remarkable, not less for its enormous size, than for the beauty of its matériel, the neatness of its execution, the number and quality of its pictorial illustrations, and the immense amount and variety of its contents. Huge as was the journal and its edition, that great animal the public has already, as we learn, nearly the whole edition in its capacious maw. We do not, for our own part, greatly affect these mammoth sheets; but as our readers may not share our indifference, they will thank us for indicating the best of the class.

'SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES.' — Under this modest and pretty title, Mr. SIMMS is preparing for the press a second series, similar to the first already before, and favorably known to, the public. Judging from its predecessor, we can in this safely promise the reader a pleasant volume; one which will reflect credit alike upon the author, and the poetical literature of the South.

AMERICAN POETS. — Mr. R. W. GRISWOLD, Philadelphia, is preparing for the press a volume of poetry, by native writers; the specimens of each to be accompanied by a brief biographical sketch. A contemporary journal informs us that Mr. GRISWOLD has been for many years collecting his *matériel*, and that in quantity as well as in quality, his selections are unsurpassed.

NOTICES of the following works, although in type, are unavoidably omitted: Autobiography of Colonel TRUMBULL; Merry's Museum; Mr. POINSETT's Address; The 'Southern Magnolia'; The D'HAUTEVILLE Case; Memoir of OGLETHORPE; Libretto of 'Norma'; LA FONTAINE'S FABLES; New-York University; Dr. WEBSTER's Address; HARPER'S Family and School Libraries; 'The Analect'; 'The Future'; Publications of JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY; and WALDIE's Library.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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A CRITICISM

ON THE SECOND BOOK OF THE *ÆNEID*, WITH REMARKS ON SUICIDE.

BY NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE second Book of the *Æneid* is regarded as the master-piece of that epic. So far as style is concerned, this distinction is merited, but in regard to matter, it is very far from being deserved. The Wooden Horse may have been a popular tale, but the story is ridiculous, and utterly unworthy of an epic poem. We find nothing similar in the '*Iliad*,' where every thing is conformable to truth and the practices of war. How can the Trojans be imagined so imbecile as to have omitted to despatch a fishing-boat to the island of Tenedos, to ascertain whether the thousand ships of the Greeks had anchored there, or had departed in reality? But the harbor of Tenedos might have been seen from the top of the towers in Troy. How can we believe Ulysses and the flower of the Greeks to have been foolish enough to shut themselves up in a wooden horse? — in other words, to deliver themselves, bound hand and foot, to their implacable enemies? Supposing that this horse contained only a hundred warriors, the weight must have been enormous; and it is not probable that it could have been transported from the sea-coast to its position under the walls of Troy in one day, especially as there were two rivers to be crossed.

The whole episode of Sinon is improbable and absurd: the resources of the poet, the eloquence of the language which he puts into the mouth of Sinon, do not in the least diminish the absurdity. Yet the horse must have been admitted into Troy the very day of the Greeks' departure; otherwise it would be still more incredible that the thousand ships of the Greeks could have continued undiscovered at so short a distance from Troy.

The elegant and delightful episode of Laöcoon carries its own commendation along with it, but can in no respect lessen the absurdity of the conduct of the Trojans, since they might have left the horse

* For the origin of this remarkable paper, see the 'Editors' Table.'

several days in its place at the camp, and informed themselves whether the hostile fleet was removed, before beating down the walls to introduce it into the city.

The warriors enclosed in the wooden horse, whose barrier is opened by Sinon, do not come out until the Grecian fleet — which had set sail from Tenedos in the obscurity of night, while the Trojans were asleep — has debarked the army. This could not have been before one o'clock in the morning,* for it was only at that hour that the guards fell asleep, and Sinon was enabled to open the barrier. The whole second Book of the destruction of Troy comprises the interval between one o'clock in the morning and sunrise; that is to say, from three to four hours. All this is preposterous. Troy could not be taken, burned, and destroyed, in less than fifteen days. Troy had within it an army; that army had not withdrawn; then it should have defended itself in every place. Æneas, lodging at his father's palace, in a wood, half a league from Troy, learns only from the apparition of Hector the capture and conflagration of the city. Had the dwelling of Anchises been two leagues from the city, the tumultuous uproar of the capture, the heat from the conflagration of the houses first fired, would have awakened men and beasts. Ilion did not fall in a single night, still less in a night so short. And would it have been evacuated by the defending army, when physically the Grecian troops could not have taken possession of and destroyed the city in several days? Æneas was not the only warrior in Ilion, yet he speaks only of him. So many heroes, who perform such brilliant parts in the 'Iliad,' ought likewise to have defended each his own quarter.

A tower† whose height ascended to the skies, and whose summit appeared suspended in them, was doubtless constructed of stone. One cannot perceive how Æneas, in a few minutes, and with help of some iron levers, had the power to make it tumble on the heads of the Greeks. Had Homer described the capture of Troy, he would not have described it as the capture of a fort; he would have employed the necessary time — at least eight days and eight nights. In reading the Iliad, we feel all the while that Homer has been engaged in war, and has not, as the commentators assert, spent his life in the schools of Chio. In reading the Æneid, we feel that this work is the production of a college-tutor, who has never been in action. Indeed, one cannot conceive what could have induced Virgil to begin and finish the capture, conflagration, and pillage of Troy, in a few hours: in that brief space he even collects all the riches of the place into central magazines. The house of Anchises must have been very near Troy, since in these few hours, and in spite of the conflict which is going on, Æneas visits it a number of times. Scipio required seventeen days to burn Carthage, when deserted by its inhabitants; it required eleven days to burn Moscow, although built in a great degree of wood; and in a city of such extent, many days are required for the victorious army to take possession. Troy was a large city, for the

* Did not Napoleon overlook the lines:

'Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit?'

† TURRIS in precipiti atantem, summisque subastra eductam tectis, etc., etc.

Greeks, with their hundred thousand soldiers, never attempted to surround it. When Æneas returns that night to Ilium, he finds

'Custodes lecti, Phœnix et dirus Ulysses,
Prædam asservabant : huc undique Troia gaza :
Incensis erepta adytis, mensæque deorum,
Crateresque auro solidi, captivæque vestis
Congeritur.'

For this operation alone, more than fifteen days are indispensable ; and it is not in a moment of confusion, in a city taken by storm, that one is going to amuse himself with heaping up the spoils in central magazines :

'Sic demum socios, consumpta nocte, reviso.'

So, from one o'clock in the morning to four o'clock, that is to say, in three hours, Æneas has been to Troy ; has done all the fighting of which he gives the particulars ; has defended Priam's palace ; has returned to Troy, in search of Creüsa ; and has found the whole city subdued and unresisting, completely occupied by the enemy, entirely burned, and magazines already established ! It is not thus that the epic ought to march, nor is it thus that Homer marches in the Iliad. Agamemnon's journal would not be more precise in distances and times, and the *probability* of the military operations, than is that master-piece.

The third canto is absolutely nothing but a copy of the Odyssey ; and in the fourth canto, the narrative is not of the character of Homer's, where every day is *marked*, where all the actions have their beginning, middle, and end, and are not huddled together in one general account.

REMARKS ON SUICIDE.

BY NAPOLEON.

HAS a man a right to take his own life ? Yes, if his death will do no harm to any body, and life is a torment to himself. When is a man's life a torment to himself ? When it yields him nothing but suffering and pain : but as suffering and pain are varying every instant, there is no moment in life when he has a right to destroy himself. Such a moment could only occur at the hour of his death, for then only could the fact be decided that his life was a mere tissue of evil and suffering.

No man ever frequently had the desire to destroy himself, and resisted the temptation under the influence of his moral feelings, who did not, a few days afterward, in consequence of altered feelings and circumstances, rejoice that he had resisted. The man who on Monday would kill himself, might be anxious to live if he would wait until Saturday : but he can only kill himself once. Man's life is compounded of the past, the present, and the future ; it must be a torment to him, if not for the past, the present, and the future, at least for the present and the future, to justify self-destruction. But if it be a torment only for the present, by destroying it, he sacrifices the future. The evils of to-day do not authorize him to sacrifice his future life. The man to whom life is a torment, and who should be

certain — which is impossible — that it would always be so, and would never change in its condition or destiny, either under the modifying effect of circumstances and situation, or by habit and the lapse of time — which is likewise impossible — he only would have a right to kill himself.

The man who, bending under the weight of present evil, lays violent hands on himself, is the perpetrator of a crime against himself; obeys, from despair and weakness, a momentary freak, to which he sacrifices his whole future existence. The comparison of a mortified arm, which is amputated to save the body, is not just. The arm, if not amputated by the surgeon, would be fatal to the body: this is not an imagination but a reality: whereas, when the sufferings of life impel a man to kill himself, he not merely puts an end to those sufferings, but also cuts himself off from all the chances of future happiness. A man will never regret having caused an arm to be amputated: he might regret, and almost always would regret, having taken his own life.

The conduct of Cato was approved by his contemporaries, and has been admired in history. But to whom was his death of any utility? To Cæsar. To whom did it give pleasure? To Cæsar. To whom was it prejudicial? To Rome — to his own party. But, it is urged, he chose rather to die by his own hand than to truckle to Cæsar. But what obliged him to truckle? Why did he not follow either the cavalry or those of his party who escaped by sea from the port of Utica? They rallied the party in Spain. What results might not his name, his counsels, and his presence, have accomplished in the midst of the ten legions which the next year tried their fortunes on the battle-field of Munda! Even after that defeat, what would have prevented him from following by water the younger Pompey, who outlived Cæsar, and gloriously upheld, for a long time after, the eagles of the republic? Cassius and Brutus, the nephew and the disciple of Cato, slew themselves on the field of Phillippi. Cassius, from a misapprehension of facts, slew himself when Brutus was successful. By these desperate acts, inspired by false courage and false ideas of greatness, they gave victory to the Triumvirate. Marius, forsaken by fortune, was superior to fortune. Driven from the high seas, he concealed himself in the marshes of Minturnæ. His constancy was rewarded; he reëntered Rome, and became for the seventh time consul. Old, broken, and arrived at the highest pitch of prosperity, he slew himself to avoid the vicissitudes of fate, but at a period when his party was triumphant. Had the book of destiny been unfolded to Cato, and had he seen that in four years Cæsar, pierced with twenty-three wounds, would fall in the senate-house, at the base of Pompey's statue; that Cicero was yet to pronounce harangues from the rostrum, and cause his philippics to resound against Anthony; would Cato have stabbed his own bosom? No! He slew himself from madness, from despair. His death was the weakness of a great mind — the error of a stoic — a stain on his character.

It is said that Cæsar was on the point of slaying himself during the battle of Munda. The execution of this purpose would have been the ruin of his party: it would have been beaten, like Brutus and

Cassius. May then an officer of the state, the leader of a party, abandon his supporters of his own free-will? Is such a resolution an evidence of virtue, courage, and strength of mind? Is not death the termination of all evils, of all crosses, of all troubles, of all labors? and does not disregard of life constitute the habitual virtue of every soldier? Shall we or can we rightfully perish by our own hand? Yes, it is replied, when hope is fled. But where, when, how, can hope be fled, in this shifting theatre, where the natural or violent death of a single man changes at once the posture and aspect of affairs?

J. A.

N A T U R E .

'I love not man the less, but nature more.' — CHILDE HAROLD.

SWEET Nature! — hiding oft thy beauteous head
 With bashful violets 'neath their grassy screen,
 Half oped thine eyelid where in mossy bed
 The wilding wood-anemone is seen;
 Wreathing thy temples with the willow's grace,
 Smiling unto thyself in some still lake,
 Running with mountain rivulets a-race,
 Where, merry sun-lit things! over the cliffs they break.

Proud Nature! — on the mountain tops all day,
 In the broad sunlight revelling alone,
 Or folding round thy head the vapor gray,
 And speaking to our ears in thunder tone!
 Rocked in old Ocean's waves — amid the snows
 That thicken ceaselessly around the pole —
 Afar careering where the meteor glows,
 The whirlwind's hurtling breath, the earthquake's fearful roll!

Kind Nature! — binding to the human heart
 Thy simplest beauties and thy glorious scenes,
 Spells that no mortal hand can tear apart,
 And sunshine, when Grief's shadow intervenes!
 Affection's guardian, Faith's securest stay,
 Divinest teacher of unending Truth,
 In garb of purity enrobed alway —
 The calm, deep joy of Age, the ecstasy of Youth!

Dear Nature! — thus upon thy face I look,
 A wondering lover, with adoring eye!
 Full long I gazed, ere yet my feet forsook
 The witching paths of boyish memory:
 E'en then along the vale, beside the stream,
 In the thick wood, or on the mountain side,
 I sought thee, waking in the morning beam,
 And wooed thee till the day into soft evening died.

Then, mystic Nature! watched I by thy sleep,
 And heard thee whisper to me in thy dreams;
 Half-waking murmurs of the mighty deep,
 Low rustling forests, lit by starry gleams;
 The throbbing echoes of the deep ravine,
 Some distant water-fall's continuous sound,
 And countless tones unheard by day, I ween,
 That musically flow thy slumbrous pillow round!

A FOREST FÊTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A NEW HOME,' WHO'LL FOLLOW.'

IF there be any feeling in the American bosom which may be considered a substitute for that 'loyalty' of which the renowned Captain Hall so pathetically notices the lamentable lack, it is the enthusiasm which is annually rekindled, even in the most utilitarian and dollar-worshipping souls among us, by the return of 'Independence day.' The first sign of the dawning of this virtue is discoverable in the *penchant* of our younglings for Chinese crackers, and indeed gunpowder in any form, always evinced during the last days of June and the opening ones of July; a season in which he whose pockets will hold money, must be either more or less than boy. And as 'the child is father of the man,' the passion for showing joy and gratitude through the medium of gunpowder seems to increase and strengthen with every recurrence of our national festival, till as much 'villanous saltpetre' is expended on a single celebration as would have sufficed our revolutionary forefathers to win a pitched battle. The gentler sex, partaking, by sympathy at least, in the excitement of the time, yet exhibit their patriotism by less noisy demonstrations: by immeasurable pink ribbons; by quadruple consumption of sugar candy; by patient endurance of unmerciful spouting; by unwearied running after the 'trainers,' and shrill and pretty shrieking at the popping; and sometimes, in primitive and unsophisticated regions, by getting up parties of pleasure, with the aid of such beaux as they can inveigle from amusements better suited to the dignity of the sex, such as drinking, scrub-racing; firing salutes from hollowed logs, or blacksmiths' anvils; playing 'fox-and-geese' for sixpences; or shooting at a turkey tied to a post, at a shilling the chance.

One particular Independence day not many years *sinsyne* is memorable in our village annals. It was probably owing to the fact that gunpowder was not very abundant, that some of the *élite* of the settlement proposed a select pic-nic, to be held on the shore of a beautiful, lonely sheet of water, which having nothing else to do, reflects the flitting clouds at no great distance from our clearing. A famous time it was, and a still more famous one it would have been, but for an idea which sprang up among certain of our rural exclusives, that it was ungenteel to appear pleased with what delighted others. I say 'sprang up,' because I feel assured that our fashionables had never even read of the airs of their thorough-bred prototypes; and from a retrospect of the whole affair, I am convinced that the human mind has a natural tendency toward exclusiveism. This effort at superior refinement, with some slight mistakes and disappointments, clouded somewhat the enjoyment of the occasion; but on the whole, the affair went off at least as well as such preconcerted pleasures do elsewhere. Mr. Towson and Mr. Turner, to be sure — But let us begin at the beginning.

Nothing could have been more auspicious than our outset. All the good stars seemed in conjunction for once, and their kindly influence

lent unwonted lustre to the eyes of the ladies and the boots of the gentlemen. Every body felt confident that every thing had been thought of; nobody could recollect any body that *was* anybody, who had not been included in the 'very select' circle of invitation. Plenty of 'teams' had been engaged — for who thinks of ploughing or haying on Independence day? — all the whips were provided with red snappers, and cockades and streamers of every hue decorated the tossing heads of our gallant steeds. Indeed, to do them justice, the horses seemed as much excited as any body. Provant in any quantity, from roast-pig, (the peacock of all our feasts,) to custards, lemonade, and green tea, had been duly packed and cared for. Music had not been forgotten, for one of the party played the violin *à merville*, to the extent of two country dances and half a quadrille, while another beau was allowed to be a 'splendid whistler,' and a third, who had cut his ankle with a scythe, and could not dance, had borrowed the little triangle from the hotel, which we all agreed to look upon as a tambourine when it should mark the time for the dancers, and a gong when employed in its more accustomed office of calling the hungry to supper. So we were unexceptionably provided for at all points.

The day was such as we often have during the warm months — the most delicious that can be imagined. From the first pearly streak of dawn, to the last fainting crimson of a Claude sunset, no cloud was any where but where it should have been, to enhance the intensity of a blue that was truly 'Heaven's own' — inimitable, unapproachable by any effort of human art. A light crisping breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, whose shaded borders furnished many a swelling sofa of verdant turf for the loungers, as well as a wide and smooth area for the exertions of the nimble-footed. Here we alighted; here were our shining steeds tethered among the oak-bushes to browse, to their very great satisfaction; our flags were planted, and, to omit nothing appropriate to the occasion, our salute was fired, with the aid of what a young lady who went into becoming hysterics declared to be a six-pounder, but which proved on inquiry to be only a horse-pistol; our belle refusing to be convinced, however, on the ground that she had heard a six-pounder go off at Detroit, and certainly ought to know. '*Quelle imagination!*' — as a French gentleman of our acquaintance used to exclaim admiringly, when his children perpetrated the most elaborate and immeasurable fibs — '*quelle imagination!*'

When this was over, Mr. Towson, a very tall and slender young gentleman, who is considered (and I believe not without reason,) a promising youth, proposed reading the Declaration of Independence, and had drawn out his pocket-handkerchief for the purpose, observing very appositely that if it had not been for that declaration we should never have been keeping Independence on the shores of Onion Lake, when he was voted down; every body talking at once, to make it clear that a sail on the said lake ought to precede the reading. Mr. Towson assented with the best grace he could muster, to a decision that reduced him, for the present at least, to a place in the ranks, and offering his arm to Miss Weatherwax, an imaginative young lady, a belle from a rival village, he attempted with a very gallant air to lead the way to the larger of the two boats provided for our accommodation. Now it so happened that this said large boat, having a red handker-

chief displayed aloft, had been by common consent styled 'the Commodore;' and these advantages being considered, it may readily be inferred that each and every individual who meant to 'tempt the waves' had secretly resolved to secure a seat in it. But as the unlucky beau urged his fair companion forward, another, who had been deeply engaged with two of our own belles in the discussion of a paper of sweeties, observing a movement toward the beach, was on the alert in an instant, and with a lady on each arm, made first way to the Commodore; all scattering sugar-plums as they went, to serve as a clue to those who might choose to follow in their wake. Not among these was the spirited Mr. Towson. He declared that the other boat would be far pleasanter, and Miss Weatherwax being quite of his opinion, he led her to the best (*i. e.* the driest) seat in it, and procured a large green branch, which he held over her by way of parasol, or rather awning. The company in general now followed, taking seats, since the *ton* was thus divided, in either boat, as choice or convenience dictated. All seemed very well, though this was in fact the beginning of an unfortunate split, which from that moment divided our company into parties; the largest, viz., that which took possession of 'the Commodore,' claiming of course to be the orthodox, or regular line, while the other was considered only an upstart, or opposition concern. The latter, as usual, monopolized the wit. They amused themselves by calling the exclusives 'squatters,' 'præmptioners,' etc., and reiterated so frequently their self-congratulations upon having obtained seats in the smaller craft, that it might be shrewdly guessed they wished themselves any where else.

The sail was long and hot, especially to the excluded; for the Commodore having made at once for a narrow part of the lake, shaded by overhanging trees, and enjoying the advantage of a breeze from the south, dignity required that the other boat should take an opposite course. It accordingly meandered about under the broiling sun, until the reflection from the water had baked the ladies' faces into a near resemblance to that of the rising harvest moon; these very ladies, with the heroic self-devotion of martyrs, declaring they never had so pleasant a sail in their lives.

Meanwhile, those of us whom advanced years or soberer taste disposed rather to tea and talk than to songs and sailing, were busily engaged in arranging to the best advantage the variety of good things provided for the refreshment of the company. This proved by no means so easy a task as the uninitiated may suppose. Our party, which was originally to have been a small one, had swelled by degrees to something like forty persons, by the usual process of adding, for various good reasons, people who were at first voted out. No agreement having been entered into as to the classification of the articles to be furnished by each, it proved, on unpacking the baskets, that there had been an inconvenient unanimity of taste in the selection. At least one dozen good housewives had thought it like enough every body would forget butter; so that we had enough of a fluid article so called, to have smoothed the lake in case of a tempest. Then we had dozens and dozens of extra knives and forks, and scarce a single spoon; acres of pie with very few plates to eat it from; tea-kettles and tea-pots, but no cups and saucers. The young men with

a never-to-be-sufficiently-commended gallantry, had provided good store of lemons, which do not grow in the oak-openings; but alas! though sugar was reasonably abundant, we searched in vain for any thing which would answer to hold our sherbet, and all the baskets turned out afforded but six tumblers.

These and similar matters were still under discussion, and much ingenuity had been evinced in the suggestion of substitutes, when one of the boating parties announced its return by the discharge of the same piece of ordnance which had frightened Miss Weatherwax from her propriety, on our arrival. We now hastened our preparation for the repast, and some of the gentlemen having procured some deliciously cool water from a spring at a little distance, and borrowed a large tin pail and sundry other conveniences from a lady whose log-house showed picturesquely from the depths of the wood, the lemonade was prepared, and all things declared ready. But the other boat, the opposition line, as it was denominated in somewhat pettish fun, still kept its distance. Handkerchiefs were waved; the six-pounder horse-pistol went off with our last charge of powder; but the 'spunky' craft still continued veering about, determined neither to see nor hear our signals. It was now proposed that we should proceed without the seceders, but to this desperate measure the more prudent part of the company made strenuous objection. So we waited with grumbling politeness till it suited the left branch of our troop to rejoin us, which gave time to warm the lemonade and cool the tea. We tried to look good-humored or indifferent; but there were some on whose unpliant brows frowns left their trace, though smiles shone faint below. The late arrival laughed a good deal; quite boisterously, we thought, and boasted what a charming time they had.

'Had *you* any music?' asked Mr. Towson of Mr. Turner, the hero of the Commodore's crew, with an air of friendly interest.

'No,' said the respondent, taken by surprise.

'Ah! there now! what a pity! I wish you had been near us, that you might have had the benefit of ours! The ladies sang 'Bonnie Doon,' and every thing; and 'I See them on their Winding Way;' and —— It went like ile, Sir!'

'Winding way!' you might have seen yourselves on your winding way, if you'd been where we was!' said the rival beau, with an air of deep scorn. 'What made you go wheeling about in the sun so?'

'Fishing, Sir — the ladies were a-fishing, Sir!'

'Fishing! Did you catch any thing?'

'No, Sir! we did not catch any thing! We did not wish to catch any thing! We were fishing for amusement, Sir!'

'Oh! — ah! fishing for amusement, eh!'

But here the call to the banquet came just in time to stop the fermentation before it reached the acetous stage, and brows and pocketkerchiefs were smoothed as we disposed ourselves in every variety of Roman attitude, and some that Rome in all her glory never knew, reclining round the long-drawn array of table-cloths upon whose undulating surface our multitudinous refreshment was deployed. Shawls, cloaks, and buffalo-robcs formed our couches — giant oaks our pillared roof. We had tin pails and cups to match, instead of vases of marble and goblets of burning gold. But nobody missed

these imaginary advantages. Talk flagged not, as it is apt to do amid scenes of cumbrous splendor, and the merry laugh of the young and happy rang far through the greenwood, unrestrained by the fear of reproof or ridicule. Exclusiveism and all its concomitants were forgotten during tea-time.

When the repast was finished, the sun was far on his downward way, and the esplanade which had been selected as the ball-room was well shaded by a clump of trees on its western border. Thitherward all whose dancing days were not over, turned with hasty steps, and Mr. Kittering's violin might be heard in various squeaks and groans, giving token of the onset. But we listened in vain for farther demonstrations. No 'Morning Star'—no 'Mony-Musk'—no 'Poule,' or 'Frenise' delighted the attendant echoes. Debate, warm and rapid, if not loud and angry, seemed to leave no chance for sweeter sounds. The morning's feud between Towson and Turner had broken out with fresh acrimony, when places were to be claimed for the dance: Hard things were said, and harder ones looked, on both sides; and in conclusion, Mr. Towson again marched magnanimously off the field, and contented himself with the sober glory of reading the Declaration to a select audience; while the Commodore's crew, victorious as before, through superior coolness, got up a dance, and had the violin and triangle all to themselves.

The moon rose full and ruddy before we were packed in our wagons to return. The tinkling of bells through the wood, the ceaseless note of the whip-poor-will, the moaning of the evening wind, the chill of a heavy dew, all fraught with associations of repose, gradually quieted the livelier members of the party, and put the duller or the more fatigued fairly asleep. Some of the jokers remained untameable for awhile. The young ladies kept up a little whispering and a great deal of giggling among themselves, and the word 'Commodore' was so frequently audible, that one might have thought they were talking of the last war. Mr. Turner drove so closely upon the vehicle in which Mr. Towson occupied the back seat, as to bring his horses' heads unpleasantly near the new hat of that gentleman.

'Hallo! Turner! your horses will be biting me, next!' said Mr. Towson, rather querulously.

'Do n't be afraid; they do n't like such lean meat.'

'I should think by their looks they'd be glad of any thing to eat!' said Towson.

'Oh! you must n't judge them by yourself,' replied Turner, coolly; 'they get plenty to eat, every day.'

Even this sharp shooting subsided after a while, and before we alighted, unbroken silence had settled upon the entire *cortége*. But the pic-nic afforded conversation for a month, and every body agreed in thinking we had had a charming 'Independence.'

THE GRAVE.

'T is but a home where all must rest,
Change which to all must come;
A curtain, which o'er ALL must spread
Its deep unfathomed gloom!

THE APRIL SHOWER.

THE April rain ! the April rain !
I hear the pleasant sound,
Now soft and still, like gentle dew,
Now drenching all the ground.
Pray tell me why an April shower
Is pleasanter to see
Than falling drops of other rain ?
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 't is really so,
Or only Hope, the while,
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,
And Summer's coming smile :
Whate'er it is, the April shower
Makes me a child again ;
I feel a rush of youthful blood,
As falls the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb,
Within the darksome ground,
I should love to hear the April rain
So softly falling round ;
Or any tiny flower were I,
By Nature swaddled up,
How pleasantly the April shower
Would bathe my hidden cup !

The small brown seed that rattled down
On the cold autumnal earth,
Is bursting from its cerements forth,
Rejoicing in its birth ;
The slender spears of pale green grass
Are smiling in the light ;
The clover opes its folded leaves,
As though it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,
And upward turns his eye,
As if he loved to see the drops
Come filtering down the sky ;
No doubt he longs the bright green leaves
About his home to see,
And feel the swaying summer winds
Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,
And cheerful sounds are heard ;
The young girl sings at the merry wheel
A song like the wildwood bird ;
The creeping child by the old worn sill
Peers out with winking eye,
And his ringlets parts with his chubby hand,
As the drops come spattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky
The truant boy is out,
And hoop and ball are darting by,
With many a merry shout ;
Ay, shout away, ye joyous throng !
For yours is the April day ;
I love to see your spirits dance,
In your pure and healthful play !

ON SPIRITUALITY.

‘SHALL the departed gaze on thee again?
 Shall I glide past thee in the midnight hour,
 When thou perceiv’st it not? — or think’st perhaps
 ‘T is but the mournful breeze that passes by!’

JOANNA BAILLIE.

As I sit beside the fire of an evening in my roundabout chair, upon a solitary hearth, in a house where the unwonted sound of a footstep is to be heard only after the summons of a bell, Fancy often leads my thoughts to range over distant scenes, traversed or visited in younger days. At times, all that is spiritual within me stands in the Louvre, fronting the Venus of Milo; or gazing with rapture upon the neighbouring Polyhymnia; a statue, the very drapery of which speaks of the earnest and deeply meditative Soul within. At times, I pause, hesitating lest I should presume too far upon the threshold of that apartment of the Vatican devoted to the Apollo, and filled as with an atmosphere by his august, his godlike presence!

Or, at times, in my own country, I am once more on horseback crossing the Alleghany mountains from Tennessee into Carolina. The bright rays of the early morning sun are piercing the wintry forest of the South, and meet the traveller on the Eastern side of the summit of the pass; the rush, the roar of the ‘French Broad,’ noblest of green mountain streams, again fills the ear; and, at a short distance, the smoke of a fire that is to cook the wagoner’s breakfast before he begins the progress of the day, rises above us, like a small, unbroken, dove-colored shaft, one hundred and fifty feet against a perpendicular wall of rock; free alike of every vegetable impediment, and of every breath of wind, to intercept or vary the passage of the vapour upward to the cloudless sky — that arched sky of blue, filled with increasing day, that overhangs, and blesses with its deep and soothing influence, Forest, Rock, River, Mountain, Traveller, and all!

Long pendulous draperies of moss hang listless and undisturbed from the tall and silent pine trees, waiting to receive their graceful motion from the morning breeze, while the horses of the wagoner are tethered to the trunk of that bright green holly-tree, glorying in its scarlet berries, and are contentedly finishing their corn in the broad sound of the cheerful waters, without a single thought of whip or harness. And now, if I myself — I mean the immortal Soul that stirs within me — were not tethered to this body like the wagoner’s horses to the holly-tree, I had, even while writing this, revisited alike, in the essential person, Louvre, and Vatican, Mountain, River, Rock, Forest, and Sky! Such is that exquisite existence of the disenthralled Soul, for which I could find no other one Word than that at the head of this essay.

At times, still sitting here, I entertain a thought of Jupiter and his Satellites; or of that fervid Star in the right shoulder of Orion, where — in common I suppose with many others — I have an appointment with the dead; or of some unknown Star, perhaps of yet more ancient creation, upon the outskirts of the Universe opposite to those

in which we move, whose distance is so vast that its earliest beam of light has never yet reached earth : — and now, but for the impediments of this physical structure, this ‘body of death,’ as the blessed St. Paul says, I have had time while thou, dear Reader, hast accompanied me, to have met midway in Heaven the darting rays of the ancient Star ; to have hovered with joy around our favorite in Orion ; and then descended homeward, by way of the planet and his Satellites, to this my still house, and this my quiet, roundabout chair : — such is Spirituality !

Yes ! such is Spirituality. But the illustrations I have employed, how tame are they, how gross, how mechanical, when one would speak of the Soul, entirely detached as it shall be from the incumbrance of material existence ! — passing onward, in resurrectional beauty, where Hope is reality ; where Light is love ; and breath, Joy ; and Motion, Music ; and Thought, Truth ; and Heaven, in all ; and all is Heaven ! Passing onward, as near to the Eternal Centre as its inferior order may admit it’s approach ; and while floating on the boundary of the zone which it can never clear, shall call, by an aspiration known only there, upon a seraphic Intelligence of the interior Heaven, which shall approach toward it in unimagined purity and grace ; shall recognize it with an expression that indicates the appearance not unlooked for ; shall acknowledge in Heavenly words the affinities that on Earth were called Memory and Love ; and forsaking for a time by choice it’s higher destiny, shall rove with the celestial neophyte through states, which ‘the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive ;’ once more his guide, his counsellor, instructor, purifier ; the tutelary Existence that on Earth was about his pillow and his path.

All this is Truth ; incontestable, irrefragable, indeed in part revealed Truth ! Not mathematically demonstrated to us ; for if it were, the earth would in one revolution I suppose be depopulated of all who had ever lost a Friend ; but borne in upon the mind by the Healing Spirit that tempers our trials to our strength, and often causes to descend upon the wounded heart — the heart ‘not willingly grieved nor afflicted’ — a holy calm, a glad serenity, a soft and balmy restoration of delight. Then return, to the mourner, in vivid hues and living thoughts, long memories of happy life shared with the departed ; her unfailing sympathy ; her disinterested goodness ; her bright thoughts ; her sweet and cheery voice ; her alert yet graceful movement ; her gentle yet persuasive influence, and all her ‘virtuous beams.’ The Heart dwells on her, and is satisfied ; the Soul recalls her, and is answered — by her presence !

Is there any thing unreasonable in this ? ‘Are they not all ministering Spirits ?’ And shall we, seated here in our roundabout chair, have power, in the lightning of a thought, to visit remote regions of the globe, and starry passages of Heaven, with a freedom, denied, think you, to an ethereal Existence, upon the features of whose beatified countenance God has smiled ? — whose service has been made acceptable to Him ? — over whom even while on earth, there was ‘Joy in Heaven,’ and who now in some faint similitude even resembles Him, having ‘seen Him, as He is ?’ *Our* spiritual transitions beside

are merely for the gratification of momentary taste, or fancy; but the souls of 'the just made perfect' are with us, for the consolation, the refinement, the elevation of the one beloved on Earth, and now, with an enlarged and glorious capacity, beloved in Heaven.

T H E R E I S , T H A T C A N P A R T N O T .

I.

Nor lost art Thou to me,
Thou, the departed !
A presence, still, of Thee
Dwelleth instead.
I turn and Thou art not !
Yet art Thou near.
There is, that can part not ;
Absent, yet here.

II.

The blind, there is, heareth ;
The deaf, yet hath sight ;
Day, to one sense, appeareth ;
To one, is Night.
And a sense in my spirit
Liveth to Thee :
None other hath Merit,
Pleasure for me.

III.

Often, thou precious One !
Is thy shade near.
Oft, as I sit alone,
Doth it appear.
Not in Voice, not in form,
Gesture, or air ;
Yet the Life of thy being,
Thy presence, is there.

IV.

When riseth the full Soul
In anguish, on high,
Thou dost its grief control ;
Thou then art nigh.
In Hope Thou art o'er me !
And Sunset doth bring,
'Mid hues I've watched with Thee,
A violet wing.

V.

In Music descending
Thou comest to me,
Joys past with Thee blending,
Ah ! mournfully !
Yet Morning's glad brightness,
The Fountain, the Tree,
Clouds passing in lightness,
All these are Thee !

VI.

Not lost art Thou to me,
Oh, Thou departed !
A presence, still, of Thee
Dwelleth instead.
I look, and Thou art not,
Yet art Thou near.
There is, that can part not ;
Absent, yet here.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

CHAPTER THREE.

THE Higgins family was the most notable of any in the neighborhood in which I lived, by reason of wealth and splendor. They had begun life in a very small way, but some speculations had turned out well, and rendered them remarkable instances of the freaks of fortune. Nor did they suffer the change which they had experienced to be long unknown. They emerged forthwith from their low estate into the world of fashion and vanity. They possessed equipage; servants, and a house in town and country. Oh! how different was the latter, with its ample dimensions and Grecian architecture, from the little cramped domain in New-York, where the father and mother of the family in their younger and happier days used to attend to customers, and to deal out pins by the row and tape by the yard! But all that was now changed, and they would be considered people of quality. Old Mr. Higgins, it is true, was meek and lowly in his disposition, and if he could have had his own way, would have passed his days in rest and quietness. Nothing was farther from him than the bustle of pomp or fashion; but he had been dragooned by his wife and daughters to submit to an artificial life for which he had no relish, and which none of them knew how to maintain. Taking up their quarters in the country, where they did, they soon excited the attention and curiosity of their neighbors; and at the time when I first began to practice in their vicinity, the wealth, vanity, and arrogance of 'the Higginses' had become fruitful topics of conversation in all companies. For my own part, I paid no attention to the remarks concerning them, not yet having an acquaintance with them, and knowing that ill-natured reports are apt to gain ground in small communities. I was therefore ready to ascribe all which I heard to improper feelings, and jealousies, which the possession of wealth alone is sufficient to excite.

One morning I was sent for in hot haste to visit Mrs. Higgins, who had thrust a splinter into her little finger, to the very great alarm of herself and family. I made haste to obey the mandate, and soon entered the enclosures of the estate, and passing through a handsome lawn, arrived at the mansion. I saw a sleek footman eying my poor old horse around the corner of the house, with a sarcastic air, and impertinently criticizing him to his fellow servant. No doubt that CODGER (for such was the title of my drudge) presented a striking contrast with the well-curried carriage-horses in his master's stables. But then Codger was the only animal in the land that would have matched with Dr. Bolus's sulkey, and by some means or other I had begun to take a fancy to his very ugliness. I therefore did not care two straws what any one thought of him, but was determined to drive him through the country, and cherish him carefully unto his life's end. Leaving him standing before the door of the mansion, I ascended the high steps, and was presently ushered into rooms somewhat expen-

sively furnished. A Grand Piano was standing open, and music-racks, filled with the newest music, afforded presumptive evidence of the skill and accomplishments of the Misses Higgins. The portrait of a female, stiff, glaring, and vulgar, dressed in a span-new gown of the latest fashion, was suspended in a conspicuous place from the wall. I amused myself in examining it for a long time, while impatiently waiting for the original to arrive. At last, when wearied with waiting, and when necessity would soon have compelled me to retire, she came, uttering many apologies, and complaining grievously of her 'help.' The coachman had fought with the cook, and the chambermaid was in a fit of the tantrums. The rise, progress, and pacification of the quarrel were in turn alluded to, without any reference to the splinter in her little finger; and I was compelled to listen to the lengthened story, notwithstanding I was in a great hurry to be gone, being on my way to see a negro named Cudjoe, who had had his nose bitten off. Presently Master Higgins bounded into the room, in a terrible plight, his hands and face very much soiled, and the morocco belt which bound his tunic unloosed. 'Ma,' said he, 'Thomas's been throwin' dirt over me!'

'Wery vell; I shall vip Thomas for it. Come here, and speak to the doctor, my son.'

'Ne — o —! I wont!'

'What is his name?' said I.

'Tell the doctor what your name is, can't you, dear? He wont speak; he's lost his tongue. His name is States.'

'Ah, that is Dutch, I presume.'

'No, it's American. He's named after his grandfather, United States of America Higgins.'

'Bless him!' said I, snatching him with disguised affection.

'Ah! he's only one, doctor. I wish you could hear the noise that they make. There's another one playin' out in the alley-vay, and there's three to boardin' school, and one,' added she, gazing fervently upward, 'one is a angel in heving!'

'I think,' said I, pausing long enough to allow the pathos to subside, 'that you spoke of a *splinter* in your little finger, Madam.'

'Vy, yes, I don't know that I shall have the courage to have it drawed out. I got it in when I was trimming the Multy Flory, by the back basement vinder. But you may look at it, doctor. You'll see it just here, a leetle above the j'int.'

I took the hand which was extended, and holding it close to my eyes, scrutinized it narrowly, but had as ill success as my uncle Toby, when he searched for the speck in the widow Wadman's eye. I could discover nothing.

'Don't you see it, doctor?'

'Ah, I *imagine* that I see it now,' said I, straining my eyes, and gazing more intently than before. But at that instant I let the hand drop. For both Mrs. Higgins and myself were startled by a noise as of some heavy body falling, which shook the whole house, and was immediately succeeded by the most terrible screams and confusion, proceeding from below stairs. I presumed it was a continuation of the battle between the cook and the coachman, and was presently confirmed in that belief, by hearing the cry of 'Murder!' accompanied

by a great scuffling, and a crash and breakage of crockery, as if an earthquake was playing havoc on the dresser of the kitchen. I would have willingly made my escape, not wishing to be a spectator of domestic broils and quarrels, but the noise waxing louder and louder, and the ladies' pale and supplicating looks prevailing upon me, I was induced to step out into the hall, and resort if necessary to the scene of combat. It appeared to me that there were several parties to the strife, for I heard the screams of women, mingled with the hoarse objurgations of men.

Cursing my ill luck for bringing me so often into trouble, I opened the door which led into the kitchen, and was puzzled to know what sort of a game was going on below, for the smothered groans and snortings as of some large animal met my ear, and a tremendous struggling which caused the whole house to shake. I ran to the bottom of the stairs with full authority to put a veto on the proceedings, whatever they were.

I found the whole kitchen in an uproar. The three Misses Higgins were there, wringing their hands, and shrieking for help; the cook had thrust her face into the kitchen fire-place, and the other supernumeraries were standing around. But that which most astonished me, and challenged an explanation, was an extremely large HOG! — *immane dorsum*! — stretched at full length on a table, near an open window, kicking with all his might, and having his eyes bandaged in a singular manner. The truth of the matter was, that the Misses Higgins had gone down stairs to give some directions to the cook, and they were all standing around the table, where the former was employed in rolling out pastry. Just at this moment a porker, who had found his way through an open gate in the rear of the house, was regaling himself on the luxury of some potato-parings which were thrown into a small keg. Having consumed them all, what was his alarm, when he came to draw out his nose, to find that it was wedged fast above his eyes. In a state 'bordering on distraction,' he commenced backing, until at last he tumbled through the window; and when I saw him there, he lay with the keg over his eyes, kicking with his hind feet, and paddling with his front feet, and heaving and snorting, and twisting his tail into a knot, out of sheer distraction and agony. He had dashed down plates, roller, jaggings-iron, and every thing else on the table, and what he would do next was uncertain, as he was at present using all his energy to get upon his legs.

I was anxious to see what turn matters would take, and jumping upon a chair, begged the young ladies to run up stairs. But before they could move one step, or recover from their petrified state, the unwieldy animal made a tremendous effort, and rolled upon the floor, the whole company screaming simultaneously as he fell. Actuated by a blind fury, he first ran against the kitchen breakfast-table, which was not yet removed, and upset it, with all its furniture. Plates, cups, saucers, tea-urn, and every thing else, came down with a grand crash. '*Misericord! Misericord!*' shrieked the Misses Higgins, and ran to the foot of the stairs. The maternal feelings of Mrs. Higgins overcame her fears; she rushed down, and all flew into each other's embrace. '*My da-ä-ters! Matilda Jane! Dear souls!*' sobbed she, hysterically. The cook, gathering courage, attacked the porker with

a broomstick, which caused him to fall back against the chair on which I stood, and cast me down headlong on the floor, after which he ran raving about the room, grunting and bristling up, and putting all things in jeopardy. His small bleared eye waxed red with indignation, and he champed and bit whatever was thrust at him. 'Open the door!' shouted I, 'and give him vent! I really apprehended something serious. He was a powerful beast, fully fitted to be killed, and being shut up in a small space, capable of any ferocious attack. But notwithstanding the keg was removed from his eyes, when the door was open he could not be driven out, but owing to his perverse and obstinate nature, went groping about the sides of the room, panting, and out of breath. I suggested that we had better let him alone, and not attempt to urge him, which advice proved to be judicious, for in a few minutes he found the way out, and left the ground clear.

It happened very unfortunately that old Mr. Higgins, who was walking about the grounds at the time, entirely ignorant of what had just happened, seeing the animal approach the garden gate, stood with his arms and legs stretched out to impede his progress. Perhaps he was not aware of its enormous strength; for it brushed by without regarding him, tripping him up, and receiving him exactly athwart his back. Mr. Higgins being astride the wrong way, and having nothing with which to sustain himself, but the short, twisted tail of the animal, was carried a few yards into a patch of cabbages, where he fell off, and over come by fright and mortification, was carried into the house by one of the servants who had witnessed the event.

On joining the family again in the drawing-room, I beheld an affectionate reunion. Old Mr. Higgins sat panting on the sofa, his dress soiled, his wig displaced, his wrist sprained, and a long scratch upon his left cheek, while one of his daughters hung over him, chafing his eye-brows, and speaking in accents of tender solicitude to 'dear papa.' Mrs. Higgins sat upon a couch, smelling salts, ministered to by her other daughters, who wept, and feared it would be 'the death of her.' One of the sons carried his little brother Thomas in his arms, and attempted to soothe him, while the other managed the boy *States*, who set to, and bawled with all his might. The cook peered in at the door, with her sleeves rolled up, and the coachman looked over the shoulders of the cook. If it had not been that my professional attendance was proper, I should have retired immediately from such a scene of domestic affliction. But having remained long enough to do all that was in my power to alleviate their distress, and to assure them that nothing serious would accrue, I at last came away, musing on this remarkable incident.

I had advised the family to enter a complaint with the pound-master, which it appears was immediately done, for I had not ridden a great way, when I saw that personage driving 'our hero' with great pains, for the purpose of impounding him, and thereby securing his own fees. He had just succeeded in bringing him to the entrance of the enclosure, which was situated on the edge of a piece of boggy land, or common, when a large squat woman, who was lugging two pails of provant from a neighboring house, seeing what was going on, and recognizing her pet, put down her burden, and came running across the bogs, crying with all her might 'Here! zic, zic, zic!' The dull brute

sufficiently understood the voice, and shying off, ran toward his own pen with such speed that the pound-master struggled in vain to 'head him off;' and while he stood still, having given up the chase, the woman came up. She was a virago in appearance, nearly as broad as long, and her gray and yellow hair, which was cut square over her forehead, hung down in strings. She was in a great rage, and lifting up her brawny and massive arm, which was bare, she poured forth a volley of choice language, scarcely fit to be recorded. The pound-master was a tall, wiry man, and stuttered so prodigiously that he could ill express his mingled feelings of anger and disappointment; but I heard him say distinctly, 'Old lady! y-y-y-o-u shall *sweat* f-f-f- for this!'

As I jogged along in my sulkey, laughing at these manœuvres, he came running after me in a few moments, and having eagerly motioned me to stop: 'Doctor,' said he 'I-I-I want you t-t-to take n-n notice of this; f-f-for I'll make her hear f-f-from me again, I-I-I *swear* I will!' That very evening I had a subpoena served upon me to appear at a justice's court, to bear witness to what I had seen.

My next visit that morning was to the hovel of a person of color, named Cudjoe. I found it a very populous place. Fifteen or twenty flat-nosed, woolly-headed urchins were playing about, some of them on all-fours, rivalling babboons or monkies in their agility. They lived in a mud cottage, without chimney or windows, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. The patriarch of all this flock was sitting over the stones, which were erected into a rude fire-place in the centre of the hut, in rather low spirits. He had had a small difference with one of his friends, which they had tried to settle in a summary way, by butting their heads together. But as this proved futile, after several shocks they took to biting. The consequence was, that Cudjoe had his under lip (not his nose, as I had first been informed) nearly dragged off. It was an ugly wound, and I sewed it together as well as I could, although I thought that Cudjoe could dispense with a part of his under lip without feeling the loss. While engaged in the operation, I discovered a large scar not far from the present wound, and on inquiry I was informed that the lip had been bitten off once before by the same antagonist, who was notorious for such warfare.

'This biting off lips is a bad business, Cudjoe,' said I. The black gentleman fully assented to this proposition, and told me moreover that the quarrel was entirely unprovoked on his part, and that his enemy was a great 'racksell,' and had 'p'isoned several.' There is a common superstition among the negroes of Long-Island, and perhaps elsewhere, whereby they ascribe to some of the evil-disposed of their own number certain powers of witchcraft, which they exercise whenever they wish to take vengeance on their enemies. These persons, by the mere use of charms and incantations, with which arsenic has nothing to do, are enabled to diffuse a subtle poison through the veins of whomsoever they will. They suspend secret charms upon trees or door-posts, and then if the victim do but pass under the boughs or over the threshold, he is brought under those malignant influences which cause him to waste away and die. I have scarcely known a negro to die of a natural death, but it was whispered around,

and generally believed among his friends, that he had been 'p'isoned ;' and this superstition is so deep-rooted among the blacks that it cannot be eradicated. Cudjoe informed me that he expected nothing else than that on some day or other his enemy would 'p'ison him to death.'

Leaving the hovel, I proceeded on my morning tour, but had not advanced far, when I saw a man running across the fields, who intimated by signs that he had something to communicate. I pulled up, and presently he jumped over the fence, and stood before me with a countenance full of eagerness. 'Look a-there !' said he, stretching out his right arm ; 'do you see that ?'

I cast my eye in the direction to which he pointed, and saw a Methodist meeting-house which had been converted into a barn. It was a small building, situated in a dreary place, unpainted and without ornament. The windows were all taken out, and it was stuffed with hay, indicating pretty clearly that the temporal harvest was plenty, but the spiritual laborers were few. I wondered what bearing the question of the man could have, whose flushed cheek and sparkling eye bespoke some feeling in the matter which he had at heart. At last I replied, 'I see it, my friend. What of it ?'

'Is n't it a bom'nable shame !' said he.

'So it would seem ; but it looks more like a barn than a church, now that the windows are out. Is that all you want of me ?'

'Well, no.' He wanted 'to speak to me about it.' He thought it was a crying sin, and wished to know if something could n't be done, and said he never had his conscience so hurt. Finding that my road-side friend was very drunk, and inclined to be talkative, I declined to sympathize with him, and made an effort to proceed ; but he was not ready to have the 'conference' closed, and headed me off. As I persisted in going on, he seized the horse by the bridle, and it was not without difficulty that I forced myself away. I could not help reflecting on the contrary effects produced on the minds of men by drunkenness. For while its ultimate result is the same upon all, for the time being, according to the constitutions of men, it is equally the occasion of joy and horror ; of lamb-like gentleness and devilish ferocity ; of noisy sociability, and of silence and moping solitude. While some men become fiends, and beat their wives, and are without natural affection, in the case of others it is only when the fit is upon them that they become very religious, and are imbued with a warm and delightful piety. They have faith, hope, and charity. They are full of peace and of love toward all mankind. They have made their peace with God ; they have given their hearts away. I am acquainted with one man who always resorts to the minister when he is drunk, and with a face beaming with affectionate smiles, wishes to talk about the 'state of his mind,' and to take a pew in the church.

Perhaps it had been well for me if I had consented to talk a little longer about the desecrated Methodist church, as it might have saved me from an adventure shortly after, which might have proved the death of me. I will relate it here, for your amusement, my dear Saultz, and it will serve to show you what singular trials I have been

compelled to go through, and what a wonder it is that I still live, and am arrived at my present pitch of health and prosperity.

As I was passing through the hall of a large farm-house to visit an old lady who was quite nervous, and imagined that she had *fiddlers* in her head, I fell plump through a sort of trap-door, which happened to be opened, and went thumping down a half a dozen steps into the cellar below. A woman who was engaged in skimming milk, frightened out of her wits at my descent, dropped a ladle full of rich cream upon the ground, and uttering a piercing scream, ran up stairs and shut the trap-door after her. I was considerably bruised, and it was some time before I attempted to rise. At last I ventured to climb up the ladder, and lifting up the trap, and putting my head out was immediately recognized by a woman in the hall, who raised up her hands, and exclaimed in a tone of great surprise, 'Well, I declare, Sally Jane, if it is n't the Doctor!' The whole family immediately ran out and overwhelmed me with the kindest inquiries, and even brought out a bottle of patent opodeldoc, which they seemed to think would prove as healing as any thing I could find in my laboratory. But I made light of the whole matter, professing to be but little hurt, and promised to forgive the blooming dairy maid, who stood by, for leaving open the trap-door, if she would present me with a glass of rich cream out of those well-scoured milk pans. This requisition was cheerfully complied with. I drank the charming beverage, and after some pleasant conversation, hobbled away, and drove off at a smart pace in order to reach home at high noon. But the news of my accident had got before me, and I soon had a specimen of the kind solicitude of the people. For I was soon accosted by a man who asked me with much concern how I fared, for 'he heered that I had had a fall,' and had broken two of my fingers. Another person who came running out of a field where he had been mowing with his companions, and said that there was a story abroad that I had fallen down a pair of stairs, and broken my arm, and he wanted to know 'how true it was.' And finally, on arriving at the gate, I was interrogated with 'How do you do, doctor? Then it is n't true that you fell out of a second story winder, and put your collar-bone out?' I replied negatively to all these questions, rubbing my shins all the while; but what were my sensations, when I saw Squire Sharkey coming down the walk in front of the house, full of any thing but kind feelings toward me. Will it be believed that I had been so forgetful, when I went out, as to have turned the key of my office upon the Squire, not remembering that he was there, and he had been locked up for two hours without any means of escape? The whole truth flashed upon me the moment that I beheld him, and as he drew near, with towering form and long angry strides, I began to cast in my mind what kind of a case could be made out. There was little time for reflection; there were no excuses even plausible at hand; and I resolved to bear with philosophy the full weight of his displeasure. His brows were knitted when he came up, and a dark cloud was over his countenance. I stepped before him with alacrity, in order to speak first, and in an apologetic tone. Alas, alas, will it be believed, I laughed in his very face! Of course I thought it was all over with me, and an attempt to draw in the laugh, swallow it, and slur it over with a hacking cough,

amounted to nothing at all, and nearly choked me beside. I suffered that painful contradiction of the feelings which no doubt every one has at some time experienced, chuckling with merriment when all things depend upon sobriety; ready to die with laughter, yet as solemn as the grave. As might have been expected, the Squire became outrageous.

‘Do you mean for to insult me?’ said he, trembling violently. ‘Do you mean for to add insult to injury?’

‘Oh no, Squire, indeed I do not,’ replied I, almost strangling with emotion.

‘Yes, you do!’ rejoined he, with sudden energy; ‘you warn’t contented to go and leave me alone, but you must lock me in, eh?’ And he grasped the head of his whip, and shook it within an inch of my face.

‘You must excuse me, Squire, but I received a sudden call, and unintentionally forgot you.’

‘Forgot me! ha? You *forgot* me, did you? And how comes it that you did n’t forget to lock the door, ha? Can you tell me *that*?’

This was a miserable shift on my part, and perhaps it had been better manners to have told him any thing else; still it was the truth. I made no farther defence, and left him in a few moments, with his wrath rather mollified than subdued. Mrs. Quaintley interrogated me as soon as I got into the house. ‘So you have n’t put your collar-bone out, and dislocated your hip? Lord-a-marcy, Doctor, how come you to lock the Squire in the room? Did n’t you know he was there? He’s in a dreadful rage. He’s read the newspaper two or three times over, advertisements and all, and come pretty nigh jumpin’ out o’ the window, feeble as he is. I heered a kind of a stompin’ and a kickin’ in the office, and I went to the door, and it was locked. And when I found that the Squire was in, I put my mouth to the key-hole, and I hollered out: ‘Dear me,’ says I, ‘Squire, is that you?’

‘Let me out!’ said he, speakin’ wonderful cross.

‘The Doctor’s got the key in his pocket,’ said I. Massy on us! when I told him this, I b’lieve my soul if I had n’t thought o’ my big bunch of keys, he would have gone ravin’ distracted mad. What could a’ possessed you, Doctor, to do such a thing?’

‘Why madam, it was a temporary absence of mind. I actually forgot the Squire.’

‘Well, well, folks will be forgetful sometimes. I am myself a wonderful forgetful body. Doctor, M’Tab’s mad at you for not coming to see him yesterday.’

‘Any thing more?’

‘Yes: Long Joe Annis has been here with his little boy Bill, to get a dumplin’ bean taken out of his ear. He hollers so when they touch it, that they can’t do nothin’ with him. His father reckons that they had better ’toxticate the child with liquor, and take it out when he’s asleep.’

‘Did he say how the bean got in?’

‘Yes, he was a playing marbles with dumplin’ beans on the floor with his little brothers, and one of ’em put it in out of fun.’

‘That was poor fun. Is there any thing more?’

'Oh yes; there 's somebody been after you, and left somethin' for you; but I reckon he wont come here again.'

'Ah, indeed, Madam?'

'Yes; a consequential fellow, callin' himself Dr. Borax, or some sich name.'

'Did he wish any thing particularly?'

'He asked a great many questions, and wants to go into pardnership with you; but I told him that if you wanted a pardner, my nevy Scroggins was a learnin' doctorin', and would be ready to assist you bime by.'

'You told him right.'

'But that warn't all. I made him look wonderful sheepish before he went away. I see him eyin' me very sharp for some time, and wantin' to say somethin,' and at last he spoke out, and says he, 'Why marm, what a very singular eruption you 've got on your hands.' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'it's very singular.' 'Have you had it long?' says he. 'Yes,' says I, 'quite a good many years. Can you tell me what it is, Doctor?'

'So he took hold o' my hand, and he looked at it, he did, as if he did n't know what to make of it; and at last he said: 'I should say it was salt rheum.' 'Why, you foolish man,' says I, 'its nothing but starch!'

Mrs. Quaintley laughed as she told this, until the tears ran out of her eyes, and held up her hands covered with a white paste from the effects of clear-starching. When her mirth had a little subsided, she tapped the top of her snuff-box, and took several large pinches of snuff. She then called to Diana to bring her the large family Bible from the top of the bureau, and having opened it upon her lap, began to turn over the leaves, as if to search diligently the scriptures. At last she stopped in the middle of the book of Exodus, exclaiming suddenly, 'Ah! here it is; the gentleman told me to deliver to you this slip of paper, and a very dainty bit of paper it is.'

I took from her hands a small embossed card, bearing, in the flourishing characters of a writing-master, this inscription:

Doctor Borax.

At Cott's Hotel.

As I sat twirling over this card in my hands and wondering who and what Dr. Borax might be, there was a single loud rap at the door. 'Ha!' said Mrs. Quaintley, 'there he is; I know him by his knock.' Diana entered, however, and presented me a letter, unskilfully folded, and sealed with a red wafer. It was not from the doctor, but from one of my own patients, and the contents were as follows:

'Orgus 12v weneday mornen.

'dere doctor

'poppys Got a big
goom Bile Onto his jor. its bin A cummin too weaks and feered its sumthin Goen to Be bad. hes bin
hes had fever Aig he Reckons its Owen to that doctor yer needent cum round he wants you to send
sum Calamy jolups or Dost uv Caneens by the Berer which Ever think Beas and keerful please Be
keerful about Given direcshuns bein poppys hard about Taken fiseek and It gags him wonderful.

'i re Mano

'Yourn

josef skurrun.'

Mrs. Quaintley surveyed me narrowly as I looked over this effusion, and would no doubt have been glad to have had a peep at it. She waited patiently for me to speak, but I said nothing, and only smiled, quietly crumpled up the letter, and put it in my pocket. The good lady moved about uneasily in her chair, took snuff, and I could see that she already imagined an ill-omened cloud rising up over her nephew's future glory and prosperity.

'So he 's been a writin' to you, doctor?' said she.

I coughed, and made no reply, but appeared to be in a brown study.

'I say, he 's been a writin' to you, doctor, has n't he?'

I blew the edges of the card, and looked at the dial of the clock.

'So you 've got a letter from him, it seems?'

'From whom do you mean?'

'From whom do I mean? There, now! What makes you ask sich questions? From whom *should* I mean, but that brazen, impudent quack of a doctor? I say, he 's been a writin' to you, has n't he?'

'If he wrote the letter,' I replied, 'I pity his orthography.'

'Is it about the pardnership?' said she, in a whisper, leaning forward, and her face beaming with sudden interest.

I shook my head dubiously.

'Well, well, only to think of it! I thought as much. The brazen creetur!'

'Where is Mr. Scroggins?' said I, rising suddenly from my seat.

'Scroggins? — ah, you wish my nevy. What do you want of him, doctor?'

'I want to see him?'

'What for?'

'I want to speak to him. No matter; I 'll go and look for him.'

'No you need n't, doctor. Set still; don't trouble yourself. I 'll send Diana. Diana, go right off and call David, and tell him to make haste; the doctor wants him.'

'Yes, Marm.'

'Was this Dr. Borax,' said I, taking out the letter, and looking at the superscription, 'a respectable-looking man?'

'No he warnt; he was a brazen lookin' man.'

'Was his appearance youthful? I fear if he is advanced in life, he will find the fatigues of country practice too much for him.'

'He 's old in sin, I war 'nt you. His mouth is spiteful *heimyous*, and his eyes — oh! his eyes is vicked. I never see sich eyes.'

'Indeed,' said I, laughing, 'you give but a poor account of him. But appearances are deceitful. The doctor may be a worthy man.'

Mrs. Quaintley, who had just applied a very large pinch of snuff to her nostril, snapped the dust from her fingers spitefully, and looked unutterable things.

'Appearances,' repeated I, 'are deceitful, Madam.'

'That you may well say,' said she, laughing gleefully, and holding up her starched hands, by way of a most significant illustration.

'With regard to this stranger,' said I, pretending not to notice her witticism, 'I know nothing, and can speak better on a farther acquaintance; and if I should ever form a partnership ——'

Here Diana interrupted me, by breaking into the room, and announcing, 'Missus, David aint out o' doors no wheres.'

'I war 'nt it!' said the lady; 'where did you look, you hussy!'

'Missus, I looked all over.'

'You looked all over, did you? Did you look in the mulberry field?'

'Yes, Marm.'

'Did you look into the tomato-patch?'

'Yes, Marm.'

'Did you look among the cabbages, and among the Lima bean-poles?'

'Oh, yes Marm; he aint there no wheres.'

'She's the greatest liar in the world, doctor. Go right into the kitchen and mind your business. No, come here, you good-for-nothin'! Look a-there! did n't I tell you to rub that brass this mornin'?—and you have n't done it. Now take that for your pains.' So saying, Mrs. Quaintley boxed Diana's ears out of the room.

'I am going out,' said I, 'for a half an hour, and will see David on my return.'

'Perhaps you'd better leave your message with me, doctor. I'll be particular to tell him.'

'Very well — but it is of little consequence.'

'I'll take care not to forget it, doctor. You need n't be afeared.'

'Certainly, Madam, I am not. Be so kind as to tell him to pound a table spoonful of magnesia in the small mortar.'

'Oh, is that all? Where are you goin' doctor? Dinner will be ready before a great while.'

'I am going to call on Dr. Borax.'

'Dear me! You do n't say so! I s'pose you're goin to talk about the pardnership, aint you? Well, well, you've got a right to do as you choose.'

Having left my landlady unsatisfied in the midst of her conjectures, I went directly to the tavern, where I soon found the person I was in search of. He was walking up and down the piazza, and on seeing him, I certainly was not prepossessed in his favor, although I honestly confess that Mrs. Quaintley had somewhat exaggerated the ill expression of his mouth, and the atrocious wickedness of his eyes. But he had an air of vulgar confidence and of assumed wisdom, very common among the profession, and very disgusting to the beholder.

'Dr. Borax?' said I, eying him with some doubt.

'Yes,' said he, 'I b'lieve that's my name. Dr. Aspen, I presume?'

'Yes.'

'Walk in — take a chair; make yourself at home.'

The gentleman seized a chair with his right hand, and swinging it elegantly round in a semi-circle, dashed it down, and sitting down with an easy impudence, began the conversation without ceremony.

'I called on you this morning, doctor, but I did n't have the pleasure of finding you in. You got my card, I presume?'

'Yes.'

'I never been in this part of the country before, but as the weather was fine, I thought I would take a ride out here; and I beg leave to assure you, doctor, that I am really very much pleased with it.'

'I am glad to hear it. The country in this neighborhood, to say the least, is pleasant.'

'How far do you call it from the sea-shore?'

'Only eight miles.'

'Indeed! That must make the residence here very desirable. Have you been long settled in this place, doctor?'

'Not very.'

'Is the field of practice extensive?'

'Quite so.'

'I suppose, then, that your time is pretty much occupied.'

'Yes, it is. I have as many patients as I can well attend to, and often suffer from weariness.'

'Do you not sometimes feel that assistance would be desirable?'

'Yes, every day of my life; but country doctors expect to suffer severe hardships.'

'Ah true, true. I think of settling down in the country myself; not that I have any doubts of succeeding in the city, if I should try it there. Oh! no—not the least. On the contrary, my prospects there would appear to be flattering. I am told that men of eminent talent are sure to do well, and some of my friends want me to take an office down town; but the case is just this: I'm of a romantic turn of mind, doctor, and love the green fields. Give me the green fields in preference to all the bricks and mortar in the world! It would therefore be entirely contrary to my genius, you understand, to be shut up in town, and to be driving about from morning to night through crowded streets, without time to eat so much as a sandwich, for administering to the wants of a crowded population ——'

'And without any time for repose by night,' added I.

'Just so, just so. No sooner have you laid your head on your pillow, than jingle, jingle, jingle, goes the night-bell; pop goes your head out of the window. 'What's wanting?' 'Doctor, please come immediately!' 'Can't you wait till morning, sir? Very much fatigued; been riding out till a late hour; just got to bed.' 'No, no; impossible; require your attendance immediately.' 'Believe I must request you to go for another doctor, Sir; can't stand this life much longer; very much need repose, body and mind. Do oblige me by calling at the next square for Dr. So-and-so.' 'Can't do it, doctor; very sorry to disturb you, but so it is; had my orders; can't take no for an answer. Do come immediately!—consider it as a great favor; money no object: got a carriage here for you to jump in—whirl you round in a few minutes.' 'Very well; if I *must*, I must; be with you in a few seconds.' Haul in my head—pull on drawers—curse the life of a city doctor—run down stairs—jump into carriage; rumble go the wheels over the everlasting pavement; stop before a four-story house; run in, just as willing, to all appearance, as if I'd slept sound and been called out at mid-day; and this sort of thing to be endured, not occasionally, not once a month, or once a week, but every night throughout the whole year!'

'Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! You have drawn the picture to the very life!'

'Wait awhile; have n't told you half yet: come home in the morning: breakfast ready—splendid coffee—nice toast; sit enjoying it

in slippers ; morning paper fresh from the press ; packet come in over night ; news twenty-three days later from England ; Eastern Question not likely to be settled ; a murder, that occasioned great excitement — just in the middle of the paragraph, when jingle, jingle, jingle, goes the bell again ! Know my doom ; forsake the toast, swallow down the coffee hurriedly ; dash out another cup ; servant comes in : ‘ Doctor, please hurry ! His Excellency the Governor is in town, and has been seized with a fit at the Corinthian Buildings, No. 9, Park Place !’ Bless my soul ! Tom, bring me my boots ! Seize my hat, and rush out into the street like mad ——’

‘ Capital !’ exclaimed I, laughing and rubbing my hands in ecstasy ; ‘ you must be exaggerating a little, doctor.’

‘ My dear fellow, no. Hear me out — not quite done yet. Invited to a dinner party up town ; calculating on it all day : eat nothing ; kept my appetite in prime order, ready to do justice : very well ; make all my arrangements — arrive ; jovial company ; sit down at the table ; hardly touched soup, when servant comes behind chair ; slips a note in my hand : well, it’s all up with me. Company very sorry ; would be glad to keep me ; can’t help it ; back out with as good a grace as I can.’

‘ Too bad — too bad, doctor !’

‘ Bad, my dear fellow ! Pooh ! that’s nothing at all. Go to an evening party : brilliant rooms — large assembly — engaged to dance with a charming girl : evening passing away delightfully ; just ten minutes before supper, called away ! Next night go to the theatre ; Italians there : invited to sit in a private box ; talking agreeably with the ladies — glass up to my eye, looking all over the house — first act half over ; Prima Donna just a-going to make her appearance : one of the gentlemen whispers, ‘ Doctor, man in the lobby wants to speak with you.’ ‘ Good evening, ladies !’ and out I go, to exchange the exhilarating scene of pleasure for the chamber of the sick or dying.’

‘ Ah !’ exclaimed I, sobered down somewhat by this melancholy little touch, ‘ what a picture have you drawn of the every-day life of the city doctor ! And I suppose that Sunday would bring you no relief ?’

‘ None whatever. Bells ring in the morning ; shave — go to church — put my head down — mind composed ; world and its vanities put to flight — almost on the verge of heaven. Reverend gentleman takes his text : just then man comes down the aisle, stops at my pew door, leans down, whispers in my ear ; take up my hat : clergyman says to himself, ‘ Poor doctor ! can’t worship God in peace !’ Friends nod and smile ; ladies put their heads together ; people hang over the galleries ; sexton opens the door — go out. Ah ! my dear fellow, believe me, it is a dog’s life. I never can and never will submit to it ; and I have made up my mind that I will take my chance in the country, in some such quiet, charming place of retirement as this.’

‘ And then you will prefer this to all the emoluments and distinguished fame which the city accords to men of genius ? I have heard of such a thing as putting one’s light under a bushel, yet I do not think you unwise for such a choice.’

‘ Thank you, doctor, thank you for the delicate compliment. I have had pretty much the same suggestions thrown out to me before ; but I believe I may say — I don’t exactly know — yes, I believe I

may say that I have counted the cost. And now, my dear fellow, to be perfectly free with you—you see by this time, doctor, that my nature is to speak right out—to be perfectly free with you, what I was going to remark is just this, that situated as we are at present; you with your extensive field of practice before you, and I perfectly free and at liberty to make any arrangements whatever; perhaps it might be mutually agreeable to—a—form some sort of connexion——’

‘Or partnership——’

‘Just so—connexion or partnership; you understand me, doctor; some sort of connexion, or partnership, which might be of advantage to both; something in which both might feel interested; in which both might—a—unite their resources; I to contribute of my talents, and you of your industry; and both to sustain each other, and make the path of practice easy. Do I make myself intelligible, doctor?’

‘Yes, I think I take in your meaning, or pretty nearly. You are to divide with me the cares, fatigue, responsibilities, and pecuniary profits of practice, and sustain half the burden. Is that it?’

‘Yes, that’s it; not exactly, either: to speak candidly, doctor, I should expect you to do the greatest part of the visiting, as heretofore, as I am fond of study and retirement; but what I lack in that respect, I would make up by advising with you.’

‘Exactly so; doctor: and when would it be convenient to have this new arrangement take effect?’

‘Immediately, Sir; the more quickly done the better done—that’s my doctrine. I s’pose you could lend me a horse, to bring out my effects? Have n’t got many things—old bachelor, you see; hope that state of things wont last long. By the way, doctor, let me ask you what class of diseases exist here? Fevers, I presume. Any thing of the typhus form?’

‘Yes, in some parts of the country, and in certain seasons of the year.’

‘Very good; I think I could throw out some valuable hints on that subject. I have watched the simple typhus pretty accurately in its different stages; first stage marked by paleness of the face; liver in the integuments surrounding the eyes; diminution of mental energy; sense of anxiety about the præcordia; giddiness of the head—coldness of the back—quick, low, struggling pulse. Second stage, as it proceeds, marked by delirium coming on toward evening, when there is an exacerbation of the fever—receding toward the morning, when there is a remission. Last of all, comes the stage of collapse; signs of depression in the voluntary powers; degree of relaxation in the skin; diminution in the force of the circulation; the pulse of less volume, softer, undulating. So much for simple typhus, doctor; that is to say, as it runs its unimpeded course; but I should remark, that between its slightest and most marked forms, there are intermediate ones, whenever it prevails extensively.’

‘Indeed, doctor! Well, I perceive that you have that subject at your fingers’ end; but I may as well remark to you at this stage of the business, that typhus fever is not the only class of diseases to be found here, though I am sorry to say it.’

‘Of course not, my dear fellow—of course not. I did n’t presume that it was. But let us have free conversation on this subject. What else have you?’

'Sir,' said I, looking at him very attentively, and with as much naïveté as I was able to assume, 'are you well acquainted with *cutaneous* disorders? They are pretty rife in this community.'

The countenance of the professional man immediately fell; and oh, wonderful! he blushed up to his very eyes. Confusion was manifested in all his aspect; and striking at once the 'very base note of humility,' he exclaimed, in a supplicating tone, 'Pray don't name it, doctor! I never was so mortified in my life!'

Soon after this, my interview came to an end, and I went home. I laughed in the faces of several persons whom I met by the way, and affronted them as much as I had done the Squire, although I did not intend any thing of the kind, but was thinking of something else. Mrs. Quaintley's anxiety to learn more about the 'partnership' was not one jot abated, but I did not gratify her curiosity. Whether there was any thing in the tone of my remarks which hurt the feelings of the gentleman at the tavern, I know not, but he went away without consulting me again; and that, for the time, was all that I heard or saw of Dr. Borax.

S T . J O H N .

The fierce rivalry of the two French officers, left by the death of Razilla in the possession of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. Charles St. Estienne, inheriting from his father the title of Lord de la Tour, whose seat was at the mouth of the St. John's river, was a Protestant: De Aulney Charakny, whose fortress was at the mouth of the Penobscot, or ancient *Pentagoet*, was a Catholic. The incentives of a false religious feeling, sectarian intolerance, and personal interest and ambition, conspired to render their feud bloody and unsparring. The Catholic was urged on by the Jesuits, who had found protection from Puritan gallows-ropes under his jurisdiction; the Huguenot still smarted under the recollection of his wrongs and persecutions in France. Both claimed to be champions of that cross from which went upward the holy petition of the Prince of Peace: '*Father, forgive them!*' La Tour received aid in several instances from the Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by De Aulney, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack, however, followed in the 4th mo., 1647. Lady La Tour defended her castle with a desperate perseverance. After a furious cannonade, De Aulney stormed the walls, and put the entire garrison to the sword. Lady La Tour languished a few days only in the hands of her inveterate enemy, and died of grief, greatly regretted by the colonists of Boston, to whom, as a devoted Protestant, she was well known.

I.

'To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!
Cried the lord of Acadia—
Sir Charles of Estienne!
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun
From his bed in the ocean
Streamed up the St. John.

II.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour* had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

III.

The pale ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell.
But the men of Mouhegan,†
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic lord.

IV.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball—
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

* The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

† The isle of Mouhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine. At this island Captain Smith obtained, in 1614, eleven thousand beaver skins and forty thousand dry fish.

V.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.
Oh! well sped La Tour!
For in peril and pain
His lady kept watch
For his coming again.

VI.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone —
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
'Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love?
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?'

VII.

Dark and wild, from his deck,
St. Estienne gazed about —
On fire-wasted dwellings
And silent redoubt:
From the low shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There flouted no banner,
There thundered no gun!

VIII.

But beneath the low arch
Of its door-way there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion
La Tour sprang to land —
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

IX.

'Speak, son of the Woman
Of Scarlet and Sin!
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within?
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke —
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke:

X.

'No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But the men of De Aulney,
With fire, steel, and ball!
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

XI.

'Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay —
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey.'
'But what of my lady?'
Cried Charles of Estienne:
'On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen.

XII.

'Half veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!
But, wo to the heretic —
Evermore wo!
When the son of the Church
And the Cross is his foe!

XIII.

'In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
De Aulney swept over
The breach of the wall.
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment — and then
Alone stood the victor —
Alone with his men!

XIV.

'Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the Cross and the Lillies
Float over St. John.'
'Let the dastard look to it!
Cried fiery Estienne,
'Were De Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!'

XV.

'Alas, for thy lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days in stern silence
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door!'

XVI.

As if suddenly smitten,
La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword-belt,
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again;
'We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!' cried Estienne.

XVII.

'Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot's wrong,
And from island and creek-side
Her fishers shall throng!
Pentagoet shall rue
What its Papists have done,
When its pallisades echo
The Puritan's gun!

XVIII.

Oh! the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him;
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him!
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John!

NEW SYSTEM OF TEMPERAMENTS.

BY A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

ALTHOUGH constrained to believe, in opposition to Lavater, that a man's courage does not lie in the bridge of his nose, and that force of intellect depends on something else than the shape of a man's eye-brow ; and although we believe, contrary to Spurzheim and Combe, that a man's self-conceit depends rather on the shape of his *heart*, than on the rotundity or flatness of the coronal part of his cranium ; we are yet bound to acknowledge with phrenologists, that the earnestness and eloquence of the speaker and writer, the grace and animation of their delivery, and even the force, beauty, and vividness of the representations of the painter, depend more on his temperament than on his talent. We know not that phrenologists will, in so many words, admit this to be their doctrine, but we believe their principles will lead to this conclusion.

A deep sense of the difficulties attending all previous doctrines of temperaments, induces us to present to the public the result of our own investigations, and to erect a system which shall be plain, even to the most ignorant backwoodsman. We shall state this system, and illustrate it by some prominent examples, taken from the divines of our own country. Time will not perhaps allow us to illustrate and defend it so fully at present as will be necessary to its instant establishment in the public favor ; but let this paper be considered as the ice-boat, which goes before, and clears the way for, the magnificent squadron which is to follow.

Our system embraces six temperaments ; viz :

I. The **PINY** temperament, distinguished for short-lived quickness, lightness, and brilliancy.

II. The **WHITE-BIRCH** ; blazing brilliantly for a moment, and then merging in —

III. The **RED-OAK** ; characterized by a heavy, wet, hissing, slaver-ing, drivelling dulness.

IV. The **CHESTNUT** ; distinguished, like the Piny, for a ready kindling, which however is always accompanied by an unpleasant, smutty *snappishness*, which is soon followed by a brand-like, incom-bustible heaviness.

V. The **MAPLE** ; burning up with a ready, steady, brilliant flame, but inferior in duration to —

VI. The **HICKORY** temperament, which is the beau-ideal of readiness brilliancy, solidity, and duration.

First : The Piny temperament. The only example of this which we shall now offer, is the Rev. John Newland Maffit. This gentleman is like a huge pile of pine shavings. He kindles into instant flame, on the application of the match. His fires rise and whirl as if blown about by a tempest ; they coil and intermingle like a thousand golden serpents : the dazzling glare causes the beholder to turn his back, from pain. The light and heat then sensibly diminish ; and as the spectator turns again to seek the genial warmth, the pile and

the flame have vanished, and total darkness broods on the spot. Even the embers have ceased to glow.

In speaking of the White-birch, Chestnut, and Red-oak temperaments, we admit that the charge of indistinctness, which is so justly urged against all other systems of temperaments, is no less applicable to ours; for these three temperaments so often run into and merge in one another, that the most experienced wood-merchant will sometimes find it impossible to determine which predominates in an individual. We very respectfully decline to illustrate these three by living examples; and as to doing it by *dead* examples, that is utterly impossible; since it is one chief characteristic or consequence of these temperaments, that insatiate Death, instantly eats out all memory of them and their works. It will be sufficient, therefore, to say, that one half of the ministers of our day may be properly classed under one, two, or three of these temperaments; since no thinking man admires or esteems an author who explains every thing so fully as to leave nothing to be imagined or thought out by the reader; and we give that writer little credit for his elaborate ingenuity, who draws and spins out every pound of the raw material of thought into threads of microscope-demanding littleness.

Under the Maple temperament are included most of our eminent preachers, of every sect. Such are Wayland, and Kirk, and Winslow, and Spring; such are Doane, and Bethune, and Stone; such are Channing, and Dewey, and Pierpont; men who blaze and sparkle long with undiminished splendor, and who irradiate, illumine, or scorch those who come under their influence.

The man of Maple temperament is like a stately frigate, burning on the lonely ocean. The flame of his eloquence kindles at first gently, then bursts forth in vivid Phlegethonic streams; grasping the crackling masts and shrouds in quick succession; coiling fiercely round; rushing sparkling upward; darting its glittering arrows to the end of each spar; climbing to dizzy heights; enveloping the whole mass in fantastic and prismatic wreaths of living fire; and illuminating afar the 'hell of waters' with its spangled columns and dazzling cressets.

It is very rare to find the Hickory temperament without alloy. A combination of this with some other, may sometimes be found in presidents and professors of colleges, and others, who have the solidity and endurance, nay sometimes the brilliancy, of the hickory, in an *astounding* sort of acid-and-alkali and oil-and-water combination with the dulness of the birch or red-oak.

The best examples of the genuine Hickory temperament, are Lyman Beecher, Albert Barnes, and Eliphalet Nott: men, who not only flash and sparkle, but who *endure*; men, around whose brows the garlands of eloquence freshen anew, and blossom daily; men, who not only live through the hour in the pulpit, but who will last to the end of time; like old baronial castles, the mighty masonry of whose embrasured walls is eternized by massive buttresses and gigantic turrets.

We know of but one instance in the wide world, of the combination of these six temperaments in a single individual. The Rev. Edward T. Taylor of Boston, kindles like the pine, flares up like the birch,

snaps like the chestnut, burns like the maple, and endures like the hickory. He rarely allows his hearers to discover the red-oak in his temperament; *never*, unless when ill, or in some sultry summer afternoon, when fagged out by the labors of the morning.

But animation of *delivery* depends as much on temperament as do vividness and force of thought and expression. Can human power infuse life into a statue of mud, or cause a man of wax to utter burning words with modulations, intonations, and gestures that shall draw tears from the eyes of the beholder? The same principle is true in regard to gracefulness of delivery. Can the genius and taste of a Canova or a Greenough impart true grace even to the most labored statue? True, it is fashionable to talk of graceful statues, but in our mind, grace must be associated with *motion*, and we cannot associate true grace with a thing incapable of motion. The fact that the arm of the statue is extended at a proper angle from the body, that the palm is fully opened, and the ends of the marble digits turned just sufficiently inward, with many more true excellencies, does not constitute *grace* proper. The thing is after all a calm, motionless piece of marble. Let a corpse be frozen exactly in the attitude of the statue; let it be that of a young and handsome person. Would any one call that a graceful corpse? Gracefulness cannot coëxist with lifelessness. Of a living man who is standing still, perhaps one might say truly, 'he stands gracefully.' But is it not because he is capable of standing otherwise? — in other words, because the exercise of volition and muscles has brought him into that attitude, and the constant exercise of volition and muscles is requisite to *keep* him in that attitude? Yet even in this case, it is doubtful whether one would speak with propriety. The highest grace is manifested with the greatest action. Thus a graceful woman is more graceful when dancing than when walking, when walking than when standing still; and forty quarters under the tuition of a dancing-master can never impart grace to a dull and lifeless woman, nor can forty years under the instruction of a Chesterfield or a Talma impart grace to a dull and lifeless man. Gracefulness, then, depends on the temperament. A man with the very best temperament may and probably will be awkward, until intercourse with the world wears off the edge of his bashfulness; but a man with a heavy, *red-oak* temperament can no more acquire grace of action than a rib-nosed babboon can acquire beauty, by practising grins and grimaces before a looking-glass.

Nor is the painter less dependent on temperament than the speaker or writer, for the faithfulness, excellence, and power of his representations. A man of the red-oak temperament, let his idea of the harmony of colors equal that of a Titian, could never portray the passions, or the gestures and outward signs of the passions, for he could never vividly imagine or thoroughly feel them in himself, or observe them understandingly in others. Let him labor for years on a single painting, and after all it would be but a mixture of vermilion and gamboge, and linseed oil, spread upon a piece of Russia or American duck. Dubufe, with such a temperament, could never have created those magnificent figures of Adam and Eve, in the beauty and loveliness of holiness, and again in the deformity of sin and wretchedness. Neither can a man enjoy, or even see or feel, the beauty and power of

a painting, without something of a like temperament with the painter. There is an Animal Magnetism which attracts those of one temperament toward others of like temperament, be it in the formation of personal friendships, or in admiration of the productions of each other's minds. A man of a temperament which causes acute sensibilities, addressing an audience, will meet a thorough response only in the bosoms of those of like sensibilities. His will be the rich, glowing language of poetry and of *feeling* ; but a cold, bullet-moulded world would doubtless ridicule him as lackadaisical and sentimental. Let such a man endeavor to enlist the feelings of an audience in the charitable and benevolent operations of the day, or let him be a preacher, who has felt in his heart of hearts the worthlessness of all things perishable, and who would fain persuade his people to seek for happiness in the paths of virtue and piety, where alone it can be found ; let him wear his life out in mourning over an audience whose hearts are like zaffre, hardening with age, and he might as well visit an Egyptian burial-cave, and exhort the close-wrapped inmates of the sarcophagi around him, who have lain stiffening there for hundreds of centuries.

You shall accompany two individuals, both pious and virtuous men, to see that sublimest effort of modern art, West's Painting of Christ Rejected. One is of a dull, prosing, leaden temperament. He enters the room, and sees what appears to him a very large picture. He counts the figures, and find they amount perhaps to over an hundred. He thinks they look very natural, in fact quite like the men of the present day, but he marvels that they could dress so differently. He sees the figure of Christ, and is convinced that he is decidedly the most prominent and best-looking person in the crowd. He looks at the weeping Peter, and is very sure that he is the most downcast, distressed-looking man he ever saw. And as to Barabbas, no argument could convince him that his is not absolutely the very worst face of the whole hundred. In truth, it is a matter of wonder to him how any respectable painter could have had the bad taste to put such an ugly face upon canvass at all !

The other is a man made to *feel* — and he *does* feel. The calm, lovely, and forgiving countenance of Jesus instantly arrests his eye. He sees him insulted and spat upon by the gang of blood-hounds around him, who are panting to follow him to Calvary, and revel in his blood ! The beholder thinks not then of the glorious consequences of that death, but burns to leap to the rescue of that Man of Sorrows, and strike down with the arm of a Samson the demons that are howling, 'Away with him ! Let him be crucified !' He sees the craven but repentant Peter weeping at the thought of his cowardice, and longs to cry out to him, 'Draw thy sword once more, O Simon ! and prove to the lonely, deserted Jesus that he has yet one friend on earth who holds his life worthless in comparison with the precious blood of his adored Master ! O, strike once more, though it be *but* once, and dying at the feet of the Redeemer, receive from his lips the parting assurance, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise !' Alas ! the beholder may well hide his face, and turn and depart in sorrow, that the fancy of a man like himself can cause him such bitter grief, such unavailing anguish !

A NEW SONG

ON AN UNFASHIONABLE THEME: BY FLACCUS.

I.

I HASTEN from the cares of day
With weary heart, and sad;
Sure at my welcome door to meet
A smile to make it glad:
A smile to make it glad, dear wife,
A tone to lull to rest;
What wonder like a drooping bird
I seek my sheltered nest!

II.

I hasten from the gayest scene
To greet a home so dear;
Sure, when the dull delight is past,
To find my pleasure here:
To find my pleasure here, dear wife,
Too happy in the choice;
To barter splendor for thine eyes,
And music for thy voice.

III.

I hasten from the death of friends,
A prey to sorest grief;
Sure in thy kind consoling arms
To find my best relief:
To find my best relief, dear wife,
Where every wound I cure —
Where, beggared of all other love,
I could not yet be poor.

IV.

I waken when my restless frame
Subdued by sickness lies;
Sure, bending o'er my helpless head,
To meet thy faithful eyes:
To meet thy faithful eyes, dear wife,
Though dim with watching me,
Smiling to hide the weariness
'T would pain my heart to see.

V.

I quicken as I think of thee,
When journeying far I roam;
Sure, at thy prayer, a heavenly hand
Will guide me safely home:
Will guide me safely home, dear wife,
To little ones, and thee
Eager with mother's pride to show
Their newest tricks to me.

VI.

I hide within thy breast my shame
At passion's wayward will,
Sure in that pure confessional
To find forgiveness still:
To find forgiveness still, dear wife,
All generous as thou art:
I cannot pay thee as I would —
God bless thy gentle heart!

GOING TO SEA AND GOING TO SEE.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

'GENTL reader, av you ever been on the otion? — 'the sea, the sea, the hopen sea!' as Barry Cromwell says? When we entered our little wessel, then, then I felt for the fust time the mite, the madjisty of existens. 'My boy,' said I, in a dialog with myself, 'your life is now about to commens. Your career as a man dates from your entrans aboard this peckit. Forgit the follies of your youth; throw off your childish habits; throw up your —'

'Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the first place singlar, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had came upon me while I was making the abuff speech, and I now found myself in a sityouation which dellixy for bids to discribe.' CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH.

THE first sight of the sea is a memorable epoch in the lives of some people, and well it may be; for old Ocean is grand and exciting, under all its varying aspects. Nothing can be-little it. The earth is in some places dull, sterile, or desolate, but the sea is always sublime and terrible, whether it be seen in the solemn stillness of a dead calm, or in the fierce and tumultuous upheavings of a tornado. But there are some people so cold and common-place, so bound up in the littlenesses of a little existence, as to be wholly indifferent to the moving sights of the ocean; who are neither won by its charms nor terrified by its howlings. To such, the sea is an unquiet place; their recollections of it are sickening: they engender ideas of hard bread, stale water, and the *nausea marina*. These are the people who go to sea, but never see even the sea.

It was my hard fate to cross the Atlantic in company with two gentlemen of this class, not many winters ago, in one of our famous packets. It was either Birmingham buttons or Manchester prints that sent these adventurers on their perilous way; I have forgotten which, although I was once well informed on the subject. The first words they uttered after we left the Princes Dock in Liverpool were, 'Stchuard, what have you got for dinner?' 'What!' said I to myself, 'not one poor tear for your native soil!' For my own part, I could not prevent an unusual moisture in my eyes, as the wind and tide bore us rapidly away from the green hedges of Birkenhead and Seacombe, although I was bound for the greener fields of my own home. But these gentlemen had paid their thirty-five guineas in advance, and were determined to get back the full value of their money in victual and drink, if they could. So they ordered a bottle of porter and some crackers and cheese, and took no heed of their native shore as it disappeared from sight below the horizon. Eating, drinking, and sleeping, occupied all their time, until one dark night, as our ship was lying-to, about five degrees to the westward of Cape Clear, a homeward-bound East-Indiaman, flying before the wind with all the sail set that she could stagger under, struck us on the bow, and made a clean sweep of all our head-gear. It was a terrible concussion, and as I hurried upon deck I heard a shout of voices rising above the roar of the tempest, and casting my eyes astern, I perceived the huge bulk of the Indiaman with her sails flapping at the mercy of the wind, and the men running about her decks in wild disorder. She soon disappeared, and we all thought she had gone to the bottom, but she

did not, as we afterward ascertained when we arrived in port. On board of our own ship the greatest fear and confusion prevailed, until it was ascertained by sounding the pumps that we were not in immediate danger of sinking. For my own part, I must confess to a very serious fright, and I stayed upon deck the remainder of the night to watch the proceedings of the crew in clearing away the wreck and in getting up jury-masts. Notwithstanding all the tumult and danger, my two fellow passengers lay snoring in their berths as quietly as though they were sleeping in the quietest alley in Manchester, and knew nothing of the accident that had happened, until they called to the steward the next morning to ask 'why the d'jeuce they were not called to breakfast.'

Another gentleman with whom I chanced to travel on the ocean, used to complain in no very gentle terms of the sea, because it took the starch out of his linen; and another urged it as a great objection to a sea-voyage, that the salt air tarnished his jewellery. I once made a passage with an old French lady, who did nothing but play *ecarté* all the time she was on board the ship, with a countryman of hers, who when he was thirsty, would say to the steward, 'Boy, bring me a glass of sugar-and-water, wis some sugar in it.' It could hardly be expected that a man who could amuse himself day after day in playing *ecarté* with an old woman, and refresh himself with a glass of sugared water, could relish the sublimities of the ocean; and to be just, I do not believe that he ever looked over the side of the ship from the day we left Havre until we arrived at New-York. But he showed himself a most insensible philosopher on an occasion which would have awakened the feelings of some of the animal creation which take rank at an immeasurable distance below the meanest of the human species. When our passage was about half made, the old French lady rose one day from the dinner-table to resume her cards; but as she left her seat, she fell and expired without a groan. The next morning she was committed to the deep. It was the blessed Sabbath; and the crew of the ship respectfully uncovered their heads, while the captain read the solemn burial service of the Episcopal church; but the philosophic Frenchman did not trouble himself to walk up the cabin stairs to witness the sad ceremony of committing to the deep the body of his old companion at *ecarté*.

In striking contrast to these people, I remember two cocknies with whom I made a passage across the Atlantic in the packet ship H——. They had never been so far from London even as Margate, until they embarked at Portsmouth on board our good ship. The largest body of water they had ever seen was the *Tems*, as they termed the Thames. But their admiration of the ocean was as boundless as the ocean itself. It was so blue, so vast, so open, so free! And they sang Barry Cornwall's song from morning till night, and from night till morning, with a fond iteration that would have done the heart of 'OLD KNICK' good, if he could have heard them. They poured forth a continuous strain of 'The sea, the sea, the open sea, the blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever, *ever* free,' until all on board heartily wished the two cocknies and their Magnus Apollo at the bottom of their favorite element. They bored the officers of the ship by asking them every morning if there was any prospect of a blow; for

like Jack Robinson, they longed for a storm, 'they did n't care if it were ever so tremendous;' and they never left the deck to go below to their meals, without saying to the officer on duty, 'If there should be a whale, or water-spout, or any think of that sort, give us a call, will you, matey?' But it so happened that we had delightful weather until we got to the westward of the Grand Banks, when a storm arose that filled up the measure of these sea-enamoured gentlemen's expectations, and left them nothing to desire, but a bit of dry ground to plant the soles of their feet upon.

It was an autumnal gale, and its severity was timely foretold by the fall of the barometer. The ship was hove-to with every sail snugly furled, and we were all advised by the captain to keep below, for fear of accidents. But our two cocknies laughed at the caution; and that they might lose no part of the sights that were to be seen, they lashed themselves with a piece of stout rope to the belaying-pins in the fore rigging. And soon the wind began to pipe louder and louder, until it blew so fiercely that the captain, who had a voice like a nor'-wester, could not make himself heard by the men who stood at his side; and a sailor who attempted to get into the mizzen shrouds to secure some part of the rigging, could not raise his body above the bulwarks. Our ship, although a good sea-boat, and one that would lie-to like a duck, was what the captain called a 'wet beast;' and the sea made a constant breach over her weather-bow, pouring a continued stream of brine upon the heads of our cocknies, who were unable to leave their perilous situation. All the sailors had been called aft upon the poop, where they could afford the poor wretches no assistance; so there they stood for nearly five hours, until the wind began to lull, after night-fall, when they were rescued from their uncomfortable condition. We hardly expected to find them alive, but they were not quite dead; and by the help of warm blankets and hot brandy-and-water, they were restored to their usual good humor. The next morning they were on deck again in the first watch, singing away like a pair of Mother Carey's Chickens, 'The sea, the sea, the open sea!'

But it is not the privilege of every one who is blown across the Atlantic in a packet, or paddled from New-York to Portsmouth in a steamer, to witness all the grand phenomena of the ocean which are sometimes seen by sea-travellers. Indeed, in those temperate latitudes that lie between England and New-York, an occasional sou'-wester, or an ice-berg from the north pole, are the only rarities that one can look for in the course of an ordinary passage. The time was once, before chronometers came into fashion, that a passenger might wake up of a dark night and find himself on the coast of Africa, surrounded by a score or two of those pleasant fellows who escorted Judah Paddock across the Great Desert; but such an event could not well happen now, although Mr. Cooper did send his unique packet Montauk in that direction. Apropos of seeing the sea. Mr. Cooper is one of those men who saw nothing at sea *but* the sea. His descriptions of the element itself are in truth very spirited and truthful; but the *objects*, both animate and inanimate, with which he has peopled it, bear no resemblance to any thing that was ever seen afloat upon salt water. Long Tom Coffin and Captain Truck might possi-

bly pass muster as *swags* at the Bowery Theatre, but they would not meet with very flattering treatment off soundings. Long Tom would suddenly take rank as Jemmy Ducks, and the Captain would immediately discover that Nature had designed him for the useful occupation of drying swabs.

I once found myself on ship-board with a celebrated poetess, and my fellow passengers were all curious to observe the effects that the first sight of the sea would have upon her. Some expected that she would immediately begin to talk blank verse, while others had no doubt but that she would take out her tablets, and 'make a piece of poetry to the ocean, right out of her head;' while others had prepared themselves for a swooning scene. But we were all disappointed. The lady poet quietly walked the quarter-deck, leaning on the arm of the captain, chatting and laughing good humoredly, until we were summoned to lunch; when she took her seat at table, and regaled herself with roasted potatoes and cold ham, closing with a bit of double Gloster and half a glass of pale sherry. 'Did you ever hear of such a thing?' said one gentleman to another, as we came up the cabin stairs; 'a poetess eat cheese!' That night, a little after the mid-watch had been relieved, and when all the passengers were snoring in their berths, I happened to go on deck, and there I found the poetess leaning over the taffrail of the vessel, and gazing with intense abstraction upon the water; seemingly, and no doubt in reality, entranced in a fit of poetic composition. On our arrival in port, she gave abundant proofs that she had not been an indifferent spectator of the sublime sights of the ocean.

One of the rarest and most astounding phenomena of the sea is a water-spout. I have known a good many old sailors who had never seen one; and those who *have* seen them, vary very materially in their accounts of them. It was my good fortune, while on a passage to New-Orleans, to witness a more remarkable display of these ocean wonders than I have ever heard or read of. We were lying becalmed between the island of Cuba and the Grand Cumman, when I heard the captain call all hands; and I ran upon deck to ascertain the cause. 'Look yonder!' said the captain; and turning my head in the direction of his arm, I saw a monstrous column of water, hissing, whirling, and foaming, and ascending perpendicularly from the sea until its head was lost in the clouds. I was struck aghast at the sight; but I soon recovered my presence of mind, and to enjoy a more complete and better view, I climbed up to the mast-head. But I had scarcely reached the top-most cross-trees, when the captain called out to me to look ahead, and turning my eyes in that direction, I saw another enormous pillar of water, but nearer to our ship than the one a-stern; and immediately three more were formed, two on the larboard and one on the starboard side. They were formed almost simultaneously, and the sight was terrible beyond conception. The clouds looked like the roof of a monstrous cavern supported by enormous pillars of crystal. The rushing of the water as it ascended into the clouds bore a strong resemblance to the narrowest part of the Falls of Niagara. Their duration did not much exceed six or seven minutes; and before I had time to note any of their peculiarities, they gradually melted away like a cloud of mist, and I rubbed my eyes, almost doubting whether

I had not been cheated by a spectral illusion. It was a terrific sight, and our danger was extreme; for had one of these columns of water come in contact with our ship, she would have been rent to pieces like a scroll of paper. It was a grand marine hall in which we were inclosed, and if the sun could have shone upon it, the effect would have been terribly beautiful. But I was entirely satisfied; and when the clouds were swept away, and a light breeze once more bore us along over the bright blue waves, I returned thanks more devoutly for the grand display that I had witnessed than for the perils I had escaped.

Sailors have the credit of being superstitious; and the cause, by the unthinking, is attributed to their ignorance; but, I think, with great injustice. Nature presents herself to them in such strange and awe-inspiring aspects, that it should not be a matter of especial wonder if they regard her with soberer feelings than do those who mingle but little with her. I remember a very remarkable instance of the awakening of deep and serious thoughts in the mind of a sailor, by the sight of an object at sea, which on the land might have produced no effect. I was making a passage in one of our Havre packets, and one Sunday afternoon I sat upon deck, reading by the gradually fading light of the setting sun. A sailor passing near me, stopped, and asked me to read to him. It was the Bible that I held in my hand; and I opened it, and read to him the ninth chapter of Genesis. 'And now Jack,' I said as I closed the Holy Book, 'when you see a rainbow again, bear in mind that God remembers you then, though he may forget you at all other times. He hath set his bow in the cloud, to remind you of his watchfulness.'

'Thank you, Sir,' said Jack, 'I will bear it in mind.'

The next morning I happened to come upon deck just after the sun had risen. It was calm and cloudy; and presently a glorious rainbow spanned the whole heavens, and was distinctly reflected in the bosom of the ocean. As I stood gazing upon the bright vision, I heard somebody exclaim, 'I see it! I see it!' — and turning round, I perceived the sailor to whom I had read the chapter from the Bible standing by my side, absolutely pale, and even trembling. From that hour, Jack became another being. From the most profane man in the ship, he became the most quiet and dutiful. From a degraded position in society, he soon rose to a station of honor and usefulness. After our arrival at port, I lost sight of him for a year or two, and probably should have forgotten him altogether, had he not surprised me one morning by a call. He was now Mr. H — ; and in his new character I could hardly recognize the once reckless and abandoned Jack Tar I had known on the ocean. He attributed the entire change that had taken place in his feelings to that glorious bow of promise which first awoke in his mind a feeling of reverence for his Maker.

But of all the sights that those see who go to sea, the most cheering is the sight of one's own land after a long absence. How does his heart leap up in his bosom, as his straining eyes catch the first glimpse of the little blue speck in the horizon which announces to him that his home is once more in sight! I have often tried to conceive of the feelings of Columbus, when a new world first burst upon his view; but short of those sensations, I can imagine nothing so full

of transport and gladness as the feelings awakened by the sight of one's native shore, on returning from a long absence abroad.

A few summers ago, I took passage in the packet ship —, for London. On our arrival at Portsmouth, a large portion of my fellow-passengers left us; but three of us remained on board for the express purpose of seeing the Thames. One of our number was a lady who had been living many years in Jamaica, and who was now returning to England to visit her relations in Kent. As we sailed up the river, she was constantly breaking out into exclamations of 'Beautiful! beautiful!' and when some familiar object presented itself, she would burst into tears, and again exclaim: 'Oh, England! — how beautiful! how beautiful!' I could not but regard her with astonishment at first, for the image of the Hudson was too bright in my memory to enable me to see the beauty of old Father Thames, who, to confess the truth, is by no means a very comely personage in his lower parts; but to my fellow traveller it was an arcadian dream. A landscape by COLX was not more beautiful to look upon. *It was her home.*

Travellers by sea generally form lasting attachments among their companions, for a little hardship always endears us to those with whom it may have been shared; and one cannot travel long nor far at sea, without meeting with dangers and privations. One may sit down at a banquet and rise again without exchanging a friendly word with the man at his side; but the chance companion with whom one shares a mouldy biscuit at sea is a dear friend for life, and perhaps for eternity. I meet men daily in the streets in whose company I have made a pleasant passage across the Atlantic, without even a nod of recognition; but those with whom I have seen perilous times, go out of their way to inquire after my health. Why is this? Is it because a sense of danger throws men off their guard, and giving way to their natural impulses, they discover themselves to each other to be nothing but men? — beings exactly alike, who must therefore have sympathies with each other? Bring a company of men suddenly upon their knees, with hands uplifted to Heaven, and how differently they will ever after feel toward each other from a congregation of worshippers who doze at their prayers, while sitting on velvet cushions in church? I was once beating down the Irish Channel in the month of December, when a word brought a dozen men upon their knees, and caused them to give utterance to such heart-felt prayers as are seldom heard at a consecrated altar. The wind was blowing a strong gale directly on shore, and the night was so dark that it was impossible to see across the deck of the ship; but we had a good vessel and a skilful captain, and we felt no fear; although we could not but perceive, from the anxious looks of Captain M —, that he did not consider himself free from danger. None of us seemed disposed for rest, although it was past our usual hour for retiring, and we all stood huddled close together in the hurricane-house, listening to the wind as it roared fearfully through the rigging, and now and then casting an anxious glance at the barometer, to see if the mercury had risen; when an unusual bustle upon deck attracted our attention, and we rushed out. We were soon made acquainted with the cause. The keen eyes of our captain had discovered a light directly on our lee bow, and he judged

it to be the old head of Kinsale, near the spot where the Albion was lost; and from the haziness of the night, he knew that we could not be far off. Owing to the small sail that the ship was under, and the heavy swell, it was impossible to tack, while the distance between us and the rocks he found was not sufficient to allow the ship to wear. But it was no time for hesitation; and with a loud voice, he gave the word to wear ship. To the sailors he said, 'Now men, you must work for yourselves and not for me; if you do n't work sharp, you will have your mouths full of salt water before morning!' And as we crowded around him to learn what our fate would probably be, he said, 'It is a narrow chance, gentlemen; and if we escape, thank God, and not me! Hard up your helm!'

The ship gradually wore round, the yards were squared, and as she darted forward on the wind, before she began to come-to on the other tack, a cry of 'Breakers ahead!' was heard from the mate on the forecastle. 'O Lord! O merciful God!' exclaimed more than one of my companions, as they prostrated themselves upon the deck. But a master of a ship must say his prayers before danger approaches, for when it is present, he has no time; and our brave captain, instead of putting up a petition for our safety, seized his trumpet, and called out to his men to haul in the starboard braces, as the ship began to come-to on the other tack. 'We are safe again, gentlemen!' he said, 'but you need n't be in a hurry to get off your knees, for a moment since there was not the toss of a biscuit between us and eternity; and if you have been praying for our deliverance, you may now return thanks for it.'

SUNSET ON THE OCEAN.

A FRAGMENT.

THE lengthening shadows told the day was done,
 And on the horizon's edge reclined the sun,
 Resting on ocean's breast his blazing brow,
 To gaze on nature ere he plunged below;
 Then sudden sank, as if in haste to lave
 His fiery tresses in the western wave.
 And then came tints as bright as he had been,
 To shed their gentler glories o'er the scene;
 All his reflected radiance shone aloft,
 Lovely as ere he sank, but far more soft.
 As love, released from earthly woe and pain,
 In heaven with purer feelings lives again.
 There, soft as hues the maiden's lips disclose,
 Blushed the deep crimson of the opening rose;
 And there the lovelier violet's purple dye
 Lived on the rain-bow bosom of the sky;
 And the bright evening star appeared through all,
 Like fairy-lamp at fairy festival,
 That would remain when, all the pageant o'er,
 That splendid vision should appear no more:
 Like faithful passion, that will not decay,
 Though hope's most golden dreams have passed away.
 Beneath that sky the western ocean rolled
 Its rippling waves, a sea of liquid gold;
 And as soft winds held o'er it playful strife,
 It heaved its bosom 'like a thing of life!'

THE WRECKER OF SMITHTOWN BAY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

I.

Cold, cold o'er the bay the Nor'-Easter came,
O'er the icy waves came he,
And he laughed aloud in the swooping cloud,
Like an idiot in his glee :
And the winter moon in the 'skies aboon'
Was bright o'er the woods no more,
But the old oaks creaked, as the wild wind shrieked
In its rout o'er the mountain-shore.

II.

And all night long through the rocking boughs
It sighed like a gloomy ghost,
While the driving gale threw the sea-foam pale
High up on the jutting coast :
And the wrecker, in spite of himself, that night
Waxed timid as a child,
As the sea-squall through the forest blew,
And howled in his chimney wild.

III.

That night he looked from his small low cot,
And saw, through the freezing rain,
A red light over the headland's height,
Which rose with the hurricane ;
And he watched it fade in the midnight shade,
Until the last faint spark
Was bright no more o'er the rugged shore,
And the sky and the sea were dark.

IV.

The cold hail danced on his window-sill,
And pattered against the door,
And the sea-gull's cry, like a spirit's sigh,
Was heard through the wild wind's roar :
But the wrecker woke when the day-light broke,
And forth from his hut looked he,
But the storm had died on the upland's side,
And stillness was on the sea.

V.

And the waves were laughing upon the beach,
And lapsing around each stone,
Where the dry stalks yet with the sea-surf wet
In the brisk cold air made moan :
And the drizzling rain of the hurricane
O'er the cliff no longer blew,
But a maiden was there, with raven hair,
And an eye of sunny hue.

VI.

Cold, cold was her cheek as the ocean wave,
And her garments were white with snow,
And the spray as it whitened that lonely bay
Had moistened her fair young brow ;
And her half-burned hands on the cold sea-sands,
As they shone in the morning sun,
Told all that the true old wrecker knew
Of the hapless LEXINGTON !

ROME IN THE CARNIVAL.

IN A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

'But the carnival's coming,
 Oh, Thomas Moore!
 The carnival's coming
 Oh, Thomas Moore!
 Masking and humming,
 Guitarring and strumming,
 Oh, Thomas Moore!'

SUCH, for the last fortnight, has been the refrain of my song; whether loitering in the classic shades of the Forum, wandering amid the grass-grown ruins of the proud palace of the Cæsars, gazing with delight at the triumphs of Art in the Vatican, or lost in admiration before the Dying Gladiator of the capitol, the thought of the carnival and its gayeties would intrude, banishing for the nonce all classical reflections, and in their place causing my imagination to revel in the coming delights of masks, dominos, balls, and intrigues. Anticipation generally exceeds reality; and I must confess to a little disappointment; but, 'patienza!' as Sir Piercie Shafton says; the first day is seldom as brilliant as those that follow, and this cold 'Tramontana' is enough to blight even an Italian's love of travesty.

Having read and enjoyed Lady Morgan's clever and characteristic 'Woman and her Master,' and refreshed my memory with the deeds of 'Faustina, Agrippina, and Messalina, I started at two o'clock for the Corso, to mark the change between the first and nineteenth centuries; although, as it proved, I might easily have imagined myself a witness of the celebrated 'Saturnalia' of ancient days. On entering the Corso, I was astonished at the appearance which this usually dark and sombre street presented. From every window and balcony, hung draperies of various hues, blue, crimson, and scarlet being the predominant colors. It was with difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd of dominos and masks, to the apartments of the C ——'s, who had kindly invited me to join them during the carnival. On arriving, I found the balcony crowded with friends. All were well provided with bon-bons and bouquets, which, instead of battle-axes, are the modern instruments of Roman warfare; and the Pope, in his tenderness for his too daring subjects, has expressly forbidden that any rougher material than flour shall be introduced into the composition of the 'sugar-plums.'

A flourish of trumpets now attracted our attention to the street. A body of cavalry, wonderfully well appointed for Rome, advanced from the Piazza del Popolo, and proceeded to clear the way for his Excellency the Principe Orsini, titular senator of Rome. I call him 'titular,' for his Highness possesses but little of the power that befits so lofty a title; and indeed it is said that this descendant of the family who rivalled even the haughty Colonna in splendor, feels very bitterly the mockery of his rank. Be this as it may; the pageant was no less beautiful. Carriage after carriage, splendidly emblazoned, preceded by guards, and surrounded by lacqueys, slowly passed, bearing the Prince and suite. The carnival may now be said to have commenced.

The cavalry file off, and station themselves in pairs at the corner of every street. Carriages are allowed to enter; the double line is formed, reaching from the Piazza del Popolo to the Palazzo Venezia. The mimic war has begun: 'Look! Miss C —; there are the S —'s! A well directed shower of plums has forever put Mrs. Sebastien S —'s bonnet 'hors du combat.' The lovely Miss S — has acknowledged the compliment by a graceful wave of the hand. Unfortunate courtesy! — misapplied politeness! A treacherous return has been made. Scarcely had that pretty hand removed for a moment the wire screen, when a shower of pellets from the opposite balcony, covering face, neck, and figure, have taught her circumspection for the rest of the day. Bravo! Madame! Mrs. Captain G — will thank you for the bon-bons. Why did you not reserve them? Here comes the Contessa R —. She has caught the bouquet. No! Yon odious secretary in the opposite balcony has knocked it from her hand with a sugar-egg! See how completely her dress is covered with the flour it contained! Who can this be? Is it possible! Lady Dudley S —, the niece of an emperor, in the costume of an Albanian girl! With what nonchalance she reposes that '*petit pied si bien chaussé*' on the opposite cushion! Our diplomatic neighbor has for once restrained his ardor; and Lucien's daughter is unscathed, save by a shower of bouquets.'

This will doubtless appear stupid enough to the reader, quietly dozing in his arm chair by the chimney corner; but it is abundantly delightful to the spectator, as he sees friend after friend pass by; some in masks, some in dominos, others in '*propria persona*;' one recognised by the color of the carriage, another by the livery, or some equally distinctive mark; while a shower of plums, a paper of bon-bons, or a beautiful bouquet, successfully aimed, testifies your interest in the scene, as recipient or donor. Stoics may moralize as they choose; but the true philosophy of life is *to enjoy*. Without wasting therefore a thought on the 'high end and object of man's existence,' I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the passing scene, and could scarcely believe that more than three hours had elapsed, when the firing of cannon announced that the time appointed for the races had arrived. The report of the third gun had scarcely ceased, when the Corso was cleared of carriages, for at the corner of every street the cavalry formed a line, through which they passed to a short distance, whence their occupants usually returned to witness the race. After an interval of about half an hour, during which the street had been crowded with pedestrians, a body of dragoons, advancing with sound of trumpet, cleared for a moment the way, but the dense mass quickly closed again, the horses making no farther opening in the crowd than does a stone cast into the sea.

What an interesting sight the Corso now presents! Every eye is turned toward the Piazza del Popolo, to behold, if possible, the start. Fair necks are stretched from the balconies; every window is filled; even the roofs are not unoccupied. The horses are brought forward. From our balcony we could barely distinguish them, prancing and curvetting, and struggling in the hands of the grooms. The signal is given — the rope withdrawn. It is now '*Sauve qui peut*!' with the crowd, and a broad enough path is made for the riderless steeds,

as, snorting, kicking, biting, and plunging, they rush forward. The self-acting spurs urge them on. Now a cracker explodes, irritating them almost to madness. One, an experienced gray barb, the hero of many a hard-run field, added to his chance of success by well-taught tricks. Now he was on one side of the street, now on the other; at one moment opposing his flank, at another his heels, to the attempts of his adversaries to pass; and at last arrived conqueror at the goal — a large sail, extended across the street at the Palazzo Venezia.

Mr. E —, whose balcony was near ours, must have expended at least five bushels of sugar plums. Unfortunately for him, his aim in pelting is more true than his eye in works of art; for he is said to have been fleeced to the amount of five thousand dollars by the *ci-devant* courier of the Countess of Coventry, whose accommodating liberality had enabled him to turn picture-dealer. I am told by a connoisseur, that the pictures bought by E — are wretched daubs. No matter: he can exhibit them in America as ‘undoubted originals,’ and few perhaps will be the wiser. In Rome a flaw in a picture is instantly seen, while a flaw in a reputation escapes unnoticed. Need I adduce any other illustration than that of the *recherché* and beautiful Lady A —? Whose balls are more frequented? — whose invitations more desired? I have met at her house, on her private evenings, all that Rome boasts of elegance and aristocracy; not only Italian and French, but English also. Those very persons who, in London, would be the first to close their doors against her, here most eagerly court her society: yet all the world knows, that not even the form of a divorce has passed between the Lady A — and her former husband. Her eastern origin may possibly be pleaded as an excuse. One can readily suppose that the maternal solicitude of a Circassian mother is somewhat bounded in its exercise.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23. — Finished breakfast this morning just in time to enable me to reach the English chapel as the service commenced. What a religious nation must the English be, judging from the appearance of devotion they manifest at church! No wonder Fanny Kemble was shocked at our ‘republican irreligion,’ accustomed as she was to the well-ordered decency of an *English* congregation! With what an air of sanctity did the roué Lord E —, on entering, hide his face behind his hat, as though absorbed in mental devotion! How distinct were his responses! I saw many present whom I had left at one o’clock waltzing at the Contessa’s. With what happy unconsciousness of self-application they mechanically prayed to be delivered ‘from all blindness of heart, vain-glory, and hypocrisy!’ Is it uncharitable to suppose, that while the clergyman spoke of the ‘pomp and vanities of this wicked world, and the uncertainty of all earthly things,’ the thoughts of many of his hearers wandered to the afternoon promenade on the Monte Pincio, the evening *soirée* at Lady C —’s, or the gayeties of the ensuing week?

After church I walked for an hour or two in the beautiful gardens of the Villa Borghese. ‘How kind it is in the Prince Borghese to allow them to be open to the public,’ was the remark of an English gentleman who accompanied me. Few are aware that the tenure by

which the Borghese family hold this splendid property depends upon the fact that they *are* thus open. The estate formerly belonged to the noble family of the Cenci; but after the execution of the beautiful and unfortunate Beatrice, in 1599, the reigning pontiff, Paul, of the house of Borghese, confiscated all the estates of the Cenci family; and bestowed them, after a truly papal fashion, upon his own relations. In order to reconcile the people to this act of arbitrary power — for it is by no means certain that Beatrice or her brother had any share in the murder of their father — the right of free access to the Borghese gardens was granted to the public ‘in perpetuo.’

It is but a step from the entrance of the gardens to the Monte Pincio. I had therefore no trouble in reaching the latter in time for the fashionable promenade. What a magnificent coup d’œil one has of the Imperial City from this elevation! From the gardens of the Hotel de Russie to the glorious dome of St. Peter’s in the distance, all is embraced in one comprehensive glance. Few, however, at this hour, think of the view; for now it is that Rome displays all that it has of gorgeous equipages, beautiful women, and well-dressed men. The banker duke, Torlonia, sported a magnificent barouche, with postillions and outriders, the liveries as new as his own extraction, and as brilliant as his present fortunes. Lady Dudley Stewart and her long-haired pages as usual attracted every eye. The Principessa Doria leaned on the arm of her white-coated husband, the lineal descendant of the splendid Andrea. The pretty Miss Percival, the lovely Miss Elphinstone de Flahault, (the best *parti* in Rome,) the haughty Countess of Shrewsbury, in short, ‘all the world,’ were there, not excepting my fair countrywomen, Miss G — and Miss L —, accompanied as usual by their devoted cavaliers, the Swedish baron and the French count. Becoming fatigued, I left earlier than usual, and had the good fortune to see the Pope, as he whirled by in his carriage. The good old gentleman affects considerable state, being preceded by the ‘Guarda Nobile,’ and having several carriages in his suite. As he passed, the people knelt, and were rewarded for their devotion by a gentle ‘Benedicite’ from his Holiness.

FEBRUARY 24. — D — called early this morning, and we decided that a *blouse* would be the simplest and most desirable costume for the day; as, with a painted wire-mask, leghorn hat, and collar turned down à la Byron, we could not be distinguished from the thousand others in a similar costume. On Saturday I highly enjoyed pelting from a balcony; but to properly appreciate the carnival, one must listen to the jokes that are bandied about among the masks; the appointments that are made; and the thousand amusing things that can only occur in an immense crowd like that upon the Corso to-day. Some of the masks were grotesque in the extreme. A car was filled with quack doctors, one of them holding a turn-key, another a lancet, a third, not ‘*un petit clystère insinuatif*,’ as Molière has it, but one of colossal dimensions. A Mercury promenaded the street almost in a state of nudity, while a single scarf scarce preserved from the eyes of the world the aboriginal beauties of an Indian chief. The most amusing figure was a man ‘*déguisé en femme*,’ a perfect caricature

of a lady in full dress. Mock diamonds glittered on his capacious bust, and ostrich-feathers floated from his raven locks, as, with an immense bouquet in one hand, and an open fan in the other, he moved languishingly along. As often as he came opposite to the balcony over which were leaning the Count de Syracuse and the Neapolitan ambassador, he would gracefully curtsy, as if in the presence of royalty, and with leering eyes fixed on the Prince, thus remain, until completely covered with bon bons. In clearing for the races, an accident occurred — two men being unfortunately run over. The gray barb was again the victor.

FEBRUARY 26.—Early this morning a clerk from Torlonia's brought me two letters. Another four dollars! Oh, Torlonia! prince of Monopolists! you certainly descend to small pickings! To pay so heavy a postage, even for *good* news, would be a bore; but for such news as I received this morning! Banks breaking, merchants failing, credit exhausted — the country in a state of bankruptcy! Being in no humor for the carnival, and moreover tired by yesterday's nonsense, I strolled to the ruins; and seating myself in the Forum, under the columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, gave myself up to solemn meditation. Relieved, but still desponding, after an hour spent in rambling through the lovely gardens of the Villa Mills, I went to my usual haunt in the ruins of the imperial palace, and seated myself upon the grassy platform which is all that remains of the once magnificent banquetting room. The owl and the bat now wing their way through ruined chambers and ivied halls. Alas! what a change for Rome! In the language of inspiration, 'Thorns have come up in her palaces; nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof!' Who would not moralize? The shadows of the buried dead passed before me; the heroes, the poets, the orators, the philosophers of the ancient world. Here they lived, moved, spoke — loved, hated, and died! They have passed away, generation after generation, like the rushing of a mighty torrent, and no sound returns to tell of their fall into the dark abyss of time!

FEBRUARY 27.—How differently has to-day been passed from yesterday! — the one all cloud, the other all sunshine. I received two notes in the morning, one from the M — 's, asking me to be their cavalier to the masked ball at the Aliberti, the other from W —, offering a seat in his carriage, and begging me to prepare a good store of sugar-plums. Every thing was propitious. The day was warmer, the sky clearer, the crowd greater, than on any preceding day; and my enjoyment was in proportion. Driving through the Corso was like passing under a succession of batteries. I had but little need of the ammunition so carefully provided, for we had scarcely been in the line ten minutes, before the carriage was knee-deep with sugar-plums, and continued so until the end of the afternoon, in spite of our strenuous efforts to lighten it. Being desirous of seeing the start to the best advantage, I took my place on one of the stands erected for spectators. Three of the horses broke loose from the grooms; and the people, supposing the race finished, filled in dense

masses the centre of the street. The real start now took place; and horrible to relate! more than thirty persons were either killed or wounded. Among the former was a son of the Principe G ——. He had for the last few days been among the gayest of the gay. Truly, says Horace, '*Quid sit futurum cras fuge querere!*'

On returning home, I found that Antonio had provided me with a black domino, and my toilette for the ball was speedily completed. The M —— 's and Mr. and Mrs. P ——, from Devonshire, constituted our party. I wonder how the latter were persuaded to hazard their well-earned reputation of being the greatest saints in the country, by venturing into such a 'babel of iniquity' as a masquerade ball! The crowd of carriages before the Aliberti was so great, that we were detained some time before we could effect an entrance. The brilliancy of the scene within was rendered doubly striking from the contrast with the Stygian darkness from which we had issued. The immense theatre, the largest in Rome, was thrown entirely open, the stage being filled up as a ball-room, with rooms for refreshment at the side. It was with difficulty we made our way through the pit, so dense was the crowd. Every costume that fancy could conceive was here represented. It is not however considered '*comme il faut*' for ladies to wear fancy dresses, a domino being the favorite disguise.

Having safely deposited Mr. and Mrs. P —— upon one of the benches, giving them 'ample room and verge enough' to moralize, the Misses M —— and myself joined the crowd. Almost the first person we met was an Italian gentleman of our acquaintance, unmasked. Having thoroughly puzzled the poor man, we left him in order to mystify others, and to be mystified in turn. An hour passed thus very pleasantly, when we thought it might be but courteous to exchange a few words with our venerable companions. On returning to the seat where we had left them, lo! they had vanished! — fairly driven away, I suppose, by their horror at the scene. We soon after followed, finding that by repetition even the most agreeable things will cloy.

MARCH 3. — The rain which has fallen almost without intermission since Saturday, has of course damped all gayety. This afternoon, notwithstanding it was pouring as it only *can* pour at Rome, a sickly attempt was made to defy the weather; but silks and satins stood but a poor chance against the pelting of the pitiless storm. Fortunately, it ceased raining about six o'clock; and the last crowning nonsense of the carnival, the extinguishment of the '*Moccoli*,' or torches, took place in all its brilliancy. The sport began about half-past six; and the darkness of the night, not a star being visible, very much increased the effect. Every window and balcony was blazing with light; and the immense number of torches, every person carrying one, whether riding or on foot, gave to the Corso the appearance of an undulating sea of fire. The object of each person is to extinguish the torch of his neighbor, and if possible to preserve his own. As torch after torch is extinguished, the taunting cry of '*Senza Moccolo!*' every where resounds. Were a stranger suddenly to enter the street, from the vivid light, sulphurous smell, and horrid shouts, he might fancy

himself present at a Pandemonian holiday. This scene continued about an hour, when at a given signal every torch was extinguished, and the Corso left in total darkness. It was without a sensation of regret, that I exclaimed with Léonore, '*Lisch aus, mein licht auf ewig aus.*' All now hastened to the ball at the Aliberti, which being the last, is usually the most brilliant of the masquerade balls. At the suggestion of the 'bella Carolina,' I went '*vestito da donna*;' and she being a proficient in the art of 'making up,' had so compressed my waist, enlarged my hips, and given fulness where fulness naturally was none, that the most practised eye would not have discovered the imposture. My costume was that of a lady of the olden time, when, allowing for the degeneracy of the present age, it may fairly be supposed the women were of larger dimensions. Dr. S — acted as my papa for the occasion. Who would not be a woman, if always fated to listen to as many pretty things as I heard this evening! Really, from the host of my adorers, I believe I might have chosen two or three who would have taken me 'for better or for worse.' I danced and waltzed with Captain R —; and doubtless to-morrow morning at six o'clock shall see him wandering amid the ruins of the coliseum, anxiously expecting the Principessa C —, who begged him to 'bide the tryste.' I shall avail myself of the opportunity to again visit the coliseum, and enjoy the disappointment of the gallant captain. Half a dozen of our mutual friends have promised to assist me in developing the joke. Should the worthy captain prove choleric, I shall perhaps regret having assumed the petticoats.

THE Carnival is now finished, and Lent begun. '*Sic transit gloria mundi!*' To-morrow all the world will go to the Cistine Chapel, to see the Pope and Cardinals sprinkle one another with ashes. Well may they rend their garments, if all I hear of their *secret* deeds during the past week be true!

P A S S I N G L E S S O N S .

I.

We all have felt a ray divine,
In happy moments, through us shine;
We all have felt, and all can tell
How pleasing was that passing spell.

II.

At other moments, too, we feel
The stiffen'd knee refuse to kneel;
Sudden despair o'erwhelms the mind,
We doubt of heav'n, and look behind.

III.

These fleeting signs of bliss and wo
We all must feel — all undergo;
The first, proclaim our heav'nly birth,
The last, our war with sin and earth.

A STORY OF LA MORGUE.

BY J. M. FIELD.

THE circumstances of the following story differ but slightly from those of a murder which was committed in the neighborhood of Paris, during the spring of the year 1840. The body of the child was preserved in the 'Morgue,' as stated, nearly three months.

A LONELY and a bookish man
Sits by a starving flame,
Within a narrow chamber,
Ill bestowed — *au cinquième* ;
Hard by, where through the shadows, like
Two giants old and calm,
Guarding the sleep of Paris, stand
The towers of Notre Dame.

Before him lies a manuscript,
Religion is its theme ;
Unfinished — yet his pen is dry,
And thrown aside, 't would seem ;
Before him lies a letter — nought
From which his gaze can win ;
His elbow on the table, and
His palm beneath his chin.

What says that gloomy manuscript ?
'No truth is there, but *doubt* !'
The wretched learning of a life
Is darkly there pour'd out :
What says that wretched letter ? 'Man,
No priest has made me wife ;
Of children two, one send I you,
Give bread where you gave life !'

Till break of day he gazes — now
A whisper he has heard ;
And fixed eye and marble lip
Into resolve are stirr'd ;
He rises ; tall and thin is he,
Within that sickly light ;
His garments very worn and black,
His face is very white.

He fills a glass with thin red wine —
He drains it — wipes his lips ;
And from a hard and curl'd loaf
A fourth of it he rips ;
'The child will hunger !' mutters he,
And now, with hat and cane,
Upon his errand, whatso'er
It is, he goes in pain.

UPON the banks of Seine there stands
A building low and old,
Where horrid sights and curious
Each morning men behold.
Beneath the wretched garments which
Are hung against the wall,
Stark naked corpses ! laid on slabs,
Like fish upon a stall !

Why gathers there the crowd to-day,
To see a piteous sight ?
Who rests upon the marble, with
A skin as smooth and white ?
A lovely boy makes one amid
That company of Dead ;
The mark of hands upon his throat,
And wounds upon his head !

And gathers still the crowd, and through
The grate they peep within ;
And there is one who gazes too —
A tall man, pale and thin ;
'A murder very strange !' they say,
Its reason none can read ;
And that tall stranger mutters too,
'A murder strange indeed !'

Two months ! and what has kept that form
From earth, and from decay ?
The learned have an art, to keep
The grave-worm from its prey ;
Two months ! nor friend nor parent comes
To recognise or claim ;
A murder very strange indeed —
'A deed without a name !'

A man of strangely silent tread,
Of visage pale and worn,
Stalks slowly down Rue Notre Dame,
Unto 'la Morgue' each morn ;
And ever peeps he through the grate,
With crowds that daily change ;
And ever as he goes, he says,
'Still there ! — a murder strange !'

Beside his lonely taper sits
That pallid man once more ;
And, marble-like, he gazes on
A letter, as before ;
Unfinished still his manuscript
By many a learned line ;
And poorer yet his broken bread,
And thinner yet his wine.

'We starve — thou hast forgotten all !
For thee, I all forgot ;
Heaven guide our tread ! — heav'n send us
We come to share thy lot !' [bread !
And once again the morning breaks,
And fails his taper's light ;
E'er with an icy finger, he
Takes up a pen to write.

'Come, quickly come; thou seekest rest;
Come both, without delay!
And now he names a spot to meet,
From Paris leagues away:
And now along the Seine he walks,
A man of wo and care;
And muttereth, as ever: 'Strange!
Yet there — it yet is there!'

Three days — and down Rue Notre Dame
Moves not that lonely man:
Three nights — and in that chamber old
Burns not that taper wan;
Three suns have lit the crowded quai,
But he of pensive tread
Walks not beside that iron grate,
To mutter of the dead.

A fourth — and lo! again he sits
All travel-worn and weak,
And twice as hollow is his eye,
As haggard is his cheek;
He sits — the Sleepless — lo! again
The morn beholds him there,
And colder, colder grows his hand,
More ghastly grows his glare!

Two men walk down Rue Notre Dame,
The one abstractedly;
The other with a watchful air
Of curiosity;
And onward to *la Morgue** they go,
As something both would find;
But one strides gloomily before,
One holds his way behind.

And now they glide within the porch:
The first stands sudden still!
And beaded drops are on his brow,
Albeit the day is chill;
His parted lips are of the grave,
And frozen with amaze;
Where rests that strangely-murdered boy,
There also rests his gaze!

A piteous sight! — but day by day
Hath he not gazed before?
A placid child, no change as yet
Its fairness falleth o'er;
Why bursts from him that rending groan,
And why that gasp of fear?
And why addresses he the dead:
'Ye too! — how came ye here!'

* It may not be known to all American readers, that the '*Morgue*' is a sort of mart on the Seine, in Paris, for the exhibition, each morning, of the dead bodies which may have been previously found in the river, or perhaps elsewhere. They remain exposed for a stated period in this Death's Exchange, that they may be recognized by their relatives or friends.

Approaches now that stranger: 'Friend,
A murder strange!' says he;
And twice he speaks, e'er a reply
Comes low and hollowly.
'Yes, very strange — *how came they here?*
And look ye, how they lay
Beside the boy — and no one yet
Hath wash'd the blood away!'

'Whom speak you of, dark stranger?
I behold the boy alone;
And not a gory stain see I
Upon the marble stone.'
'Look there! look there! the woman, and
The girl! — a sight of fear;
The clay is in their tresses yet —
'Tis strange! — how came they here!'

'I see them now!' the other saith,
'They both have golden hair,
And gory, gaping wounds upon
Their bosoms both they bear!'
'Thou see'st aright,' is his reply,
'And look! their garments rent;
'Tis fearful! — *strip* they then no more
The corpses hither sent?'

Beckons that watchful stranger now
To others waiting by;
And armed men have seized amain
That man of mystery!
'Thou see'st no bloody witness here,
But good ten leagues away
Lie two, who bear the wounds thy guilt
Hath painted here to-day!'

A pallid group beside a grave
Are gazing on a bier,
Where two disfigured corpses all
Accusingly appear:
A stranger woman, stranger child,
With gory breasts and bare,
And garments rent, and clinging clay
Within their yellow hair!

'Approach thee now, suspected man,
And say what thou dost see!'
And he of that lone chamber looks,
Then groaneth hollowly.
'Out on ye all! — *take back the boy!*
Why bring him to this spot?
Ye ghastly three! I know not ye!
Will the dead never rot!'

That guilty man is in a cell;
And low his words to hear,
An aged man beside his bed
Bends, with appalled ear!
The murdered ones are in the grave,
The scaffold is astir:
God's mercy on thy wretched soul,
Repenting murderer!

A P E E P A T M Y N E I G H B O R S .

‘Oh! what a goodly outside Falsehood hath!’

‘THIS is a deceitful world!’ is a very common remark; and though all are ready to acknowledge its justness, but few are aware how large a portion of deceit is incorporated with even the best of human clay. It finds a place in every heart; and although it may in some exercise comparatively but an unimportant influence, in others it builds itself a throne, and there continually sits, directing all its actions, and governing all its motives; and this it may do so successfully and so cunningly, that you would there the least suspect its influence; and the individual receives credit for the best of all qualities, frankness, candor, and sincerity, which in fact he owes to nothing else but his superior skill in the art of deceiving. I once heard a female of my acquaintance called ‘a perfectly artless creature,’ and to strangers she really had that appearance; while in reality it was her very *artfulness* that enabled her to sustain this character.

Could we view mankind as they really are, stripped of all their gloss, with their original and acquired wickedness all exposed, we should find our ideas of human excellence fast vanishing away, and should be ready to exclaim with the preacher, ‘*All is vanity!*’ We should find the world to be one grand masquerade, where all vie with each other in concealing their true characters. Deceiver meets deceiver, and lie answers lie; and all this in the garb of honesty; for strange as it may appear, each loves the real coin, though he deals but in the counterfeit himself. We do so love the applause of the world, we do so love to be ranked among the honorable of the earth, that we often use the most dishonorable means to accomplish our purpose. We hide our real characters, vile and worthless though they may be, under a veil so alluring, that like the serpent in Eden, we seem transformed into an angel of light. I have seen the ‘painted hypocrite’ walk forth in all his stolen livery of honesty and worth, the admiration of a world so blinded by his dazzling splendor, that they could not penetrate his foul disguise.

And there are those who practice on a smaller scale; who in their hearts despise deceit, in others at least, and would not for the world be thought deceitful; and yet in order to please some favored one, or to gain some wished-for object, conceal their real qualities, by the affectation of those which they imagine may be more pleasing. And this evil all practice, in a greater or less degree. It is incorporated with our very nature. It was one of the very first sins that tainted the souls of our first parents; and it has been transmitted through all the generations of men.

But perhaps the reader will imagine, from my remarks, that I fancy myself more expert in detecting deceit than the mass of mankind. Not at all. These thoughts would never have been penned, and perhaps never have even originated, had it not been for a remarkable dream which I had a few evenings since.

Through some unaccountable reason, (for I am not given to medi-

tation,) I found myself reflecting on 'man's first disobedience,' the cause of all our wo; and that this was brought about by the deceit of Satan, and the credulity of 'weak woman.' And remembering the beautiful form and insinuating address which Satan assumed, to conceal his dark design, I was led to wonder if wickedness *now* might not often be concealed 'beneath a fair alluring guise,' and I began to suspect that deceit might be more extensively practised than I had before imagined. I looked round upon the inhabitants of our quiet little village, famed for their honesty, benevolence, and goodness, and found myself uncharitably doubting their sincerity.

There was Mrs. Brewster, my next door neighbor, so kind-hearted and good to every body; and Aunt Nabby, whom all pronounced one of the 'excellent of the earth,' who never said an ill word of any body, and what was stranger still, was not angry when called an old maid. And there was Mrs. Winchell, the neatest woman in town; and 'Squire Thomson, the benevolent, who gave hundreds of dollars annually to charitable purposes; and good old Deacon Sloane, who always made you think of the publican in the Bible, so meek and humble was he; and a host of other worthies, famed for some rare excellence. I found all my curiosity excited, to know if they were in reality all they seemed. But how was I to ascertain?—for they always preserved the same appearance in public.

I was wishing that I could make myself invisible, and view them at their own homes, where they acted out their real characters, when I suddenly fell asleep, and 'as I slept, I dreamed a dream.' Methought some power had given me the gift to observe (myself unseen) the real character of my neighbors. I readily improved the opportunity; and putting on my cloak and bonnet, sallied forth to make my calls. It was a cold frosty evening; and as I felt the piercing air, I thought of the houseless and homeless ones, without food or fuel to comfort them; and concluded to call first upon 'Squire Thomson, and see what plans his benevolent heart was devising for their relief. I knew that he had within a few weeks given one hundred and fifty dollars to the Foreign Missionary Society; and that Mrs. Thomson had lately made up a whole chest of clothing for the indigent students in one of our theological seminaries.

I entered their comfortable sitting-room. 'Squire Thomson was reading a newspaper, his wife was knitting, and little Mary, their daughter, was playing with her kitten. Little was said for several minutes, and I began to fear that I should be obliged to go away as ignorant as I came, when little Mary suddenly threw down her pet, and ran to her father, exclaiming, 'Oh, father! will you give me some money, to help get some clothes for Old Peter's children, so that they can go to school? The scholars are all going to carry money to school to-morrow, and see how much they can get; and Mr. Swanton said I must ask you for some.'

'I wonder what will come next!' exclaimed 'Squire Thomson, turning to his wife.

'Why we shall be turned upon the town ourselves, pretty soon, if we go on giving away at this rate,' replied Mrs. Thomson.

'I should suppose people had an idea that we raised money by the acre, from the way they beg it,' said 'Squire Thomson. 'No, Mary;



father can't give you any : he has so many ways for his money, that he has none to spare ; and I should think Mr. Swanton had scholars enough now, without hunting up every ragged urchin, and begging clothes for them.'

'Mr. Swanton did 'nt first speak about it,' said Mary : 'it was Mr. Jones, the minister. He came into school to-day, and talked about it.'

'Oh ! Mr. Jones, was it ? Well, what did he say about it ?

'He told us how poor and ignorant Old Peter's children were, and said they could n't go to school, because they had no clothes : and he wanted us all to help them to get some.'

'Well ; how much do you want, Mary ?

'I should like twenty-five cents, father.'

'Twenty-five cents !' exclaimed the 'Squire, in surprise ; 'why if all the scholars give that sum, Old Peter's children will be dressed better than any others in town.'

'Oh, the other scholars are not going to give but nine-pence ; but Mr. Jones said there were some who would be willing to give more ; and the scholars all said he meant me, because you was rich, and would give me as much as I wanted. And I guess he did, too ; for when school was out, he came and kissed me, and said he thought you would let me give twenty-five cents.'

'Well, my dear, there is twenty-five cents ; you may give it to Mr. Jones to-morrow.' Mary took the money, and ran smiling off to bed.

'If Mr. Jones had not proposed this,' exclaimed 'Squire Thomson, 'I would not have given a cent. It is as much as I can do to contribute to all the *popular* benevolent societies. It is only a few months since I gave one hundred and fifty dollars to the Foreign Missionary Society, and fifty dollars to the Tract Society, and twenty-five dollars to the Colonization Society ; and next week the agent for the Bible Society is coming here, and I must give *him* twenty-five dollars, for Deacon Sloane always gives twenty dollars, and I am determined to give more than any body else. And I think it is very strange that my donation to the Missionary Society has not been noticed in the paper. Mr. Jones said it was without doubt the largest given in the State.'

Just at this moment a gentle rap was heard at the door, and a miserably clad woman entered, with a babe in her arms. She was shivering with cold, and the poor infant was crying bitterly. 'Squire Thomson looked at her very sternly, and continued reading. Mrs. Thomson asked her very coldly to sit down, and continued knitting. The poor woman's face was the very personification of grief. It was pale as marble, and deeply furrowed, but not with age. Sorrow had fixed its pale ensign there, and dimmed, though it could not destroy, the brilliant lustre of her eyes.

My sympathies became deeply enlisted, and I had nothing to do but to watch her countenance. I could well read the struggle that was going on within. Twenty times she opened her lips to speak ; but when she met their unsympathizing looks, she closed them, and pressed her babe yet closer to her bosom. At length, she summoned resolution sufficient to beg a night's lodging. 'Surely,' thought I, 'they cannot refuse her.'

'You can stay in the barn, if you choose; we can't give you a bed,' replied 'Squire Thomson; and he continued reading.

I shall not soon forget the expression that passed over the poor woman's face. She said not a word, but as she turned to go out, I saw the tears falling fast upon her pale cheeks.

'I really pity the poor creature,' said Mrs. Thomson, when she had gone, 'but I cannot have her sleep in my clean beds. Nobody knows who she is.'

Her husband made no reply, but suddenly exclaimed, 'Wife, hear this:'

'We are very happy to acknowledge the reception of the munificent donation of one hundred and fifty dollars from E. Thomson, Esq., of N —, for the benefit of the Foreign Missionary Society. Mr. Thomson has ever been one of its most liberal benefactors. May he be abundantly rewarded for his labor of love!' M. P., Sect. of A. B. C. F. M.'

I left the house, fully satisfied that real benevolence had no dwelling in 'Squire Thomson's heart.

I next called upon Deacon Sloane; and great was my surprise to hear the good deacon speaking in no very charitable terms respecting Parson Jones, because he had organized a Bible-class, without consulting him. 'These young ministers, are so self-confident!' said the deacon. 'When good old Parson Darwin was alive, he never thought of instituting any new thing, without asking my advice. And what is more preposterous,' continued the good deacon, 'is, that 'Squire Thomson has been appointed delegate, to attend a consociation with Parson Jones. Never before, in the thirty years that I have been deacon of the church in N —, has any person been appointed delegate but myself.'


Can it be possible, thought I, that Deacon Sloane loves popularity? I certainly had never before surmised such a thing.

My next call was at Aunt Nabby's; and the first sound that greeted my ear was, 'Well, I do n't want every body to call me Aunt Nabby. 'Aunt Nabby!' as if I was as old as their grandmother! It isn't because I never had offers, and good ones too, that I am not married. I could get married now, any day, if I wished to, (she was forty-three!) but I think folks have trouble enough without getting married.'

'I think so too, Aunt Nabby,' said Ellen Gardner, her roguish niece.

'There's 'Aunt Nabby' again: if I am not mistaken, Miss Ellen, you will be called 'Aunt Nelly' yourself yet. As for 'Squire Wilton's marrying you, he has no more idea of it than he has of marrying me. He'll flirt about with you for a while, and then run after somebody else. His father was just like him. I have been to more than a hundred balls and sleigh-rides with him.'

I now left the house, and called on Mrs. Winchell. I found her alone, looking as neat and tidy as possible. The floor was as white as a Shaker's, and every thing was in its proper place. Presently Mr. Winchell came in, after thoroughly scraping his boots outside the door. He hung his hat in exactly the right place, took a seat by the neat fireside, and pulled off his boots. 'Well, wife,' said he, 'where are my slippers?'



‘They are under the bed :’ ‘here, take your boots with you, and put *them* there.’

‘I am afraid, wife,’ said he, smiling, as he returned with his slippers, ‘that if some of our good neighbors should see all the feathers, and straw, and dust, there is under the bed, they would not call you the neatest woman in town.’

‘Oh, dear !’ said Mrs. Winchell, ‘it is as much as I can do to keep things clean that are in sight, without cleaning out every dirty hole. There must be some *catch-all*.’

I am sure I cannot tell what induced me to think of it, (we have strange thoughts in dreams,) but as I was passing Parson Jones’ house, the thought struck me that I would step in a moment. I certainly had never suspected *him* of hypocrisy. Every body thought he was as perfect as a human being could be, and his wife possessed of every excellence combined. I found them consulting together in regard to accepting an invitation which they had just received, to spend the next day at Mr. Morgan’s ; a farmer, who lived about two miles out of the village.

‘To be candid,’ said Mr. Jones, ‘I do really dislike the man. He is so vulgar and illiterate, that I cannot endure him ; and I had rather write two sermons, than to be obliged to spend the day with him. I shall have to be told for the hundredth time that his grandfather and my grandmother were second cousins, and that his great uncle Jonathan was a minister. And I shall have to hear just how many bushels of potatoes he raised last summer on every acre of ground ; just how many hogs he has got, and how many he is going to kill ; and how many times he froze his toes last winter, while sledding his hundred cords of wood.’

‘Yes,’ added Mrs. Jones, ‘and I must hear just how much butter and cheese Mrs. Morgan made last summer, and how much she got a pound for it ; just how many dozen of eggs she has got, and how many she has put down in salt ; how many pairs of stockings she has knitted since Thanksgiving ; and last of all, how much I look like her sister Debby. But still, I think we had better go, for we shall be loaded down with hams and sausages, and I shall make Mrs. Morgan think that I like her amazingly.’

‘Oh yes,’ said Mr. Jones, ‘we shall be well paid for going, and I shall appear wonderfully pleased with farmer Morgan’s particulars ; for he does more than any other man for the support of the ministry, and makes us more presents in the course of a year than any other person ; and after Mrs. Morgan and all the children have spent a day with us, in return for our visit, we shall not be troubled with them again before next winter.’

I confess I left the house fearing that even ‘our minister’ had a *little* ‘natural depravity’ left.

I next called upon Mrs. Brewster. She was a very lively, jovial woman ; one who had the faculty of being sociable with every body, and of making every body believe that he or she was her particular favorite. She was a very useful member of society ; always devising some benevolent scheme, and always ready to take an active part herself. If there was to be a donation party for the minister, every body knew that Mrs. Brewster planned it. If there was a sewing

society to be formed, every body knew that it originated with Mrs. Brewster; and as she well knew how to manage, of course she must be first directress. If there was to be a subscription for the benefit of a poor family, Mrs. Brewster was always ready to 'go round with the paper.' When strangers came in town, Mrs. Brewster was the first to call on them; and if one received any good fortune, Mrs. Brewster was the first to congratulate the party. Hence, as I have said, she was a very important member of society. True, it had been surmised that she did sometimes slander her neighbors; but no one would believe that she ever slandered *them*, because she always appeared so very kind and friendly.

There were at this time two young ladies from the city spending a few days with Mrs. Brewster; and when I entered, I found her giving them a very animated description of her neighbors. 'To tell the truth,' said she, 'we have got the most countrified set of beings here you can imagine: there are only two or three families that I pretend to associate with.' And she went on, from one neighbor to another, representing each in the most ridiculous manner possible. 'I am sure,' said she, 'I don't know what the poor creatures would do if I should go away. I have to take the lead in every thing, and give my advice to all. No one can have even a calico dress, without asking my opinion of it.'

At this moment Mrs. Pelton, one of the neighbors, called in. 'Oh, my dear Mrs. Pelton!' exclaimed she, grasping her hand with her accustomed cordiality, 'I am delighted to see you! I was just telling my friends here, that they must certainly see you before they left.' And thus she went on, as lively and pleasant as usual; and when Mrs. Pelton rose to go, she urged her to sit longer, and begged her to call often. 'You know,' said she, 'that I am always glad to see you.' When she had left the room, 'I was really *afraid* she was going to spend the evening,' said Mrs. Brewster, 'and that would have been a bore!'

'Deceitful wretch!' exclaimed I; and with that I awoke—and behold it was a dream!

M. E.

P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E .

REQUESTING THE RETURN OF AN ARTICLE ENTITLED 'STARS AND FLOWERS.'

THE parent on his darling heir
Doth look with love-enkindled eyes,
And, blinded, finds attraction where
The world might but despise.

Some ray of intellectual light,
Which other eyes can never see,
To *him* appears; a herald bright
Of that which yet may be.

Such is to me each simple thing
Invented in my thoughtful hours;
And pleasant memories will cling
Round 'Stars and Flowers.'

Though valueless those lines appear,
As valueless they are, no doubt,
Yet as a portion of that dream
Which shuts the cold world out;

I fain would claim them once again,
To prove to them they're not forsaken,
And reunite the broken chain
Whence they were taken.

The 'Stars,' though under an eclipse,
Unveiled, may wake to light again;
The 'Flowers' may ope their scented lips
On some congenial plain.

M. E. &

N A T U R E .

To all above, beneath, around,
 A language God hath given :
 The spreading earth, with verdure crown'd,
 The stars that gem the heaven ;
 The flower-crown'd hill, the sparkling rill,
 The leaf, the spreading tree :
 The tangled brake, the glassy lake,
 And the wide rolling sea !

Praise is Nature's holy voice,
 Through all this world of ours ;
 Its notes of joy to heaven ascend,
 Like incense from its flowers.
 The birds amid the forest bodghs
 Pour forth a choral song,
 And answering hills, with beauty crown'd,
 The joyful strain prolong.

The beetling rock that bounds the strand,
 The emerald robe that clothes the mountain ;
 The myriad grains of sparkling sand,
 The creeping vine, the gushing fountain ;
 All, all proclaim His holy name
 Who spake them into birth ;
 Who arch'd the temple of the sky,
 And spread the rolling earth !

M. R. W.

S K E T C H E S O F T H E C O U N T R Y .

N U M B E R T W O .

WE left Portsmouth on a fine morning in August, to visit the White Hills. The land in the neighborhood of the commercial capital of the Granite State lies in fine ridges, interspersed with large intervalles of alluvial soil, comprising some of the most fertile sections of New-England. Some fine country seats are to be seen just out of the town, with handsome parks, and well-kept lawns. The farms are highly cultivated, and the large fruit orchards of choice and thrifty trees indicate the industry and taste of the owners.

The lands all around us, as we drove along, were lying fallow, clad in soft gray, or green, or russet clothing ; dotted with slender poplars, lessening in the distance, up to the low, far range of azure hills ; patches of wood were scattered all over the landscape, and cattle and sheep, in every picturesque attitude, demanding in vain the pencil of some old Dutch master. And then the glorious vivifying breezes, awakening all the unconsciousness and the confidence of existence ; the very vitality of life — its blessing, its hope, and its joy ! I do not believe the richest portion of England can boast of more profuse and crowded vegetation, where Nature seems to have poured out at once all the treasures of her lap. The waving of the heavy wheat, ripe to the harvest ; the dark green fields of Indian corn ; the plains of vines, loaded with the weight of their treasures, and showing their



golden sides above the vegetation they rioted in, almost realized to the eye of Fancy the fabled dreams of the Gardens of the Hesperides.

In Stratham, especially, we remarked several farms of great beauty, over which were scattered clumps of the elm and maple, and on the borders of the little streams, the rich green willow. It was here that Judge Wingate, for a long time the oldest graduate of Harvard college, and one of the prominent members of Congress under the administration of WASHINGTON, lived and died. The influence he exerted over the inhabitants of the town, in keeping alive a spirit of improvement, and encouraging a good taste in husbandry, is still to be observed in the farms of his neighbors, and in the intelligence and enterprise of the people. He was a genuine country gentleman of the old school; courteous to strangers, a dear lover of hospitality, and never so much delighted as when he saw happy human faces gathered around his social board. His mansion, although not so large as those of some of the neighboring gentry, could always furnish beds for friends and casual visitors. I have never encountered more genuine comfort and hilarity, than at his fireside. Go when you would, you were always sure to meet a cordial greeting, and a room full of company, and the gay old man the youngest of the party. The good Judge especially loved to make his home a scene of enjoyment to young folks; and his heart in the winter of life, like the hardy evergreen, showed all the freshness of spring to the children around him.

It was afternoon before we reached the old town of Dover. The entrance from the south, down a long street shaded by graceful trees, with its white-painted houses on each side, makes a pleasant impression on the traveller; more pleasant, perhaps, from the succession of delicious pictures which are presented in the ride from Portsmouth; garden and lawn, cottage, hamlet, and village; all composed of the same objects, it is true, but in a variety of combination that precludes all weariness or satiety. There is a beauty in all the farm-houses you pass, which is exceedingly attractive, from the neatness within and without, and the more to be remarked, as many of them are rude, lowly, and time-stricken structures. The white-washed fences and walls look cleanly and carefully kept; the honey-suckle and jessamine, clustering roses and graceful laburnums, with their thick blossoms overhanging and festooning the doors and windows with sweet drapery, add a charm, so rare with us, but strongly reminding one of the cottage homes of England.

With an attention all alive to the beautiful, you drive into Dover, whose tall spires, pointing like needles to the sky, afford a promise which is not disappointed. The fine hotels; the chaste architecture of many of the buildings; the noble manufactories; and especially the neat and imposing churches, all conspire to make Dover one of the most beautiful towns in New-Hampshire. And then its glorious prospects! — most glorious of all from Mount Pleasant! That is indeed a spot of rare and unsurpassed beauty. There lies before you the village, sleeping in its sweet valley, surrounded by hills the most romantic, of every form and position, up the sides of which grow the ivy and laurel, with thick hemlocks waving their banners of dark and luxuriant foliage from the very top. Below you winds the home-

loving Cochecho, as if loath to leave the bright valley of its meandering, and through the trees you catch glimpses of the blue sky, vieing in its far-off beauty and clear depths with the far-famed sky of Italy. We lingered on the hill until day faded, rejoicing in one of the finest sunsets I ever beheld, and then returned to our inn.

After supper, tempted by the soft airs of the evening, we strolled about the town. All seemed as busy and bustling as it had been during the day. The shops were brilliantly lighted, and thronged with crowds of girls just released from the spinning-jennies and looms of the factories. Knots of politicians were assembled in different points and corners of the streets, discussing the news of just terminated elections. Jaunty beaux sauntered idly along, in their straw hats and white jackets, and auctioneers clamored at their sales, and emitted a world of noisy commendation of their respective wares. It was the noon-time of a manufacturing town. Nobody dreamed of home, or thought of sleep, so long as buyers could be tempted, or bargains made. One poor Italian music-stroller, with his organ-box before him, labored hardest and longest, with the poorest success. Before shop and tavern, office and dwelling-house, did he grind at the mill of music, and for the pittance of a few pence, march off contented and cheerful, followed by a crowd of noisy boys.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, we resumed our journey. Passing through Great Falls, a flourishing manufacturing village, we drove for several miles through flat sand-barrens, covered with the Norway pine. A few half-starved sheep and cows were grazing on the scanty herbage. Here and there a slab house was to be seen, with its turf chimney and solitary window, the broken panes patched with old hats and petticoats; and near by, a half acre of ground enclosed for potatoes. Beyond Rochester, however, the barrens disappear, and the road assumes the mountainous and rugged features of New-Hampshire. There is no country where the advantages of persevering industry are more conspicuous than here. In passing over the mountainous parts, the traveller is struck with admiration, as he observes rocks, naturally barren, abounding with rich pastures, and marks the traces of the plough along the sides of steep precipices. The inhabitants seem to have surmounted every obstruction which soil, situation, and climate have thrown in their way, and to have spread fertility over various spots of their State, consigned by nature to everlasting barrenness.

The population of New-Hampshire falls somewhat short of three hundred thousand inhabitants; and a more persevering, thrifty, intelligent, and moral community; a more brave, hardy, industrious people, remarkable for their fidelity, and their zealous attachment to the liberties of their country, is not to be found in the world. There is a pristine simplicity of manners, an open and unaffected frankness, and an invincible spirit of freedom, which I have never found in any other State in the Union. It is remarkable that the countries the least fertile are the most beloved by their inhabitants. An Italian or a Spaniard may be contented in exile, but a Swiss peasant, or a New-Hampshire farmer, never; and although the young men often leave the State after they arrive at their majority, yet when they have acquired a competence, neither the luxuries of the cities, nor the rich

prairies of the West, can content them, while away from their sublime but unproductive mountains.

Some thirty miles north of Dover, between Wakefield and Wolfborough, the road passes by the old farm of Governor Wentworth, the last of the colonial governors of New-Hampshire. It was here, in the midst of what was then an almost unbroken forest, on the banks of a lovely lake, whose sides ascend gradually to the base of the high mountains around, that a gay and polished courtier of England established his residence. Clearing enough around the lake to open its beauties, he erected a magnificent dwelling, in one of the loveliest spots in New-England. Roads were made, fences were built, trees were transplanted, flowers and foreign shrubs were introduced; and the solitary place became indeed a garden. It was here that of old the haunch smoked and the flagon foamed. It was here, in the inclement season, that the wayfarer took his place at the festive board, a welcome though uninvited guest. Here, while the storm howled without, the faggot blazed on the capacious hearth, and reflected back the light of smiling faces, while the jest and the song went round, and the old hall rang to the roof-tree. The old man was a rigid observer of the customs of the Church; and the inhabitants of the town will still tell you the traditionary tales of Christmas holidays at the hall. For the twelve merry days, the roast beef and the turkey smoked on the board, and no cold refusal was given, even to the beggar at the door, who might ask for alms. Those were Christmas days of the olden time, wearing their livery of goodly green, and lacking not the holly garland, with its glowing berries; when the oft-told tale cheered the face, and hospitality brightened the heart, of the toiling poor.

The first alarm of the revolt of the Colonists came in the midst of the governor's improvements; and the outbreaks in Massachusetts decided him to flee to a safer refuge. He left his paradise, never to return to it; and at the conclusion of the war it was confiscated and sold. Though the house is now burned to the ground, yet many of the improvements in the fields and gardens still remain; and as we wandered around the delightful lake, we fancied we could almost hear the loud sounds of mirth resounding from the high-bred ladies and gentlemen of England, who resorted here in the days of its grandeur.

The aged people in the neighborhood still relate many stories of the worthy old governor. He had, it seems, married a very pretty little girl, some thirty years his junior, who, like most young wives, was fond of gayety, and liked better to pass the evening in strolling through the woods by moonlight, or in dancing at some merry-making, than in the arms of her gray-haired husband. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, she was in every other respect an exemplary wife. The governor, who was a quiet, sober personage, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning; and as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At length, after repeated expostulations, his patience was completely exhausted, and he frankly told her that he could endure it no longer, and that if she did not return home in future before twelve o'clock, she should not be admitted to the house.

The lady laughed at her spouse, as pretty ladies are wont to do in such cases ; and on the very next occasion of a merry-making, she did not return till past two in the morning. The governor heard the carriage drive to the door, and the ponderous knocker clang for admittance ; but he did not stir. The lady then bade her servant try the windows ; but this the governor had foreseen ; they were all secured. Determined not to be out-generalled, she alighted from the carriage, and drawing a heavy key from her pocket, sent it ringing through the window into the very chamber of her good man. This answered the purpose. Presently a night-capped head peered from the window, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. ' Let me into the house, Sir ! ' sharply replied the wife. The governor was immovable, and very ungallantly declared she should remain without all night. The fair culprit coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened ; but it was all in vain. At length becoming frantic at his imperturbable obstinacy, she declared that unless she were admitted at once, she would throw herself into the lake, and he might console himself with the reflection that he was the cause of her death. The governor begged she would do so, if it would afford her any pleasure ; and shutting the window, he retired again to bed.

The *governess* now instructed her servants to run swiftly to the water, as if in pursuit of her, and to throw a large stone over the bank, screaming as if in terror, at the moment of doing it, while she would remain concealed behind the door. The good governor, notwithstanding all his decision and nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. Listening, therefore, very attentively, he heard the rush to the water side — the expostulations of the servants — the plunge, and the screams ; and knowing his wife to be very rash, in her moments of vexation, and really loving her most tenderly, he no longer doubted the reality. ' Good God ! is it possible ! ' said he ; and springing from his bed, he ran to the door, with nothing about him save his *robe de nuit*, and crying out, ' Save her, you rascals ! — leap in, and save your mistress ! ' made for the lake. In the mean time his wife hastened in-doors, locked and made all fast, and shortly afterward appeared at the window, from which her husband had addressed her. The governor discovered the *ruse*, but it was too late ; and he became in his turn the expostulator. It was all in vain, however ; the fair lady bade him a pleasant good night, and shutting the window, retired to bed, leaving the little man to shift for himself, as best he might, until morning. Whether the governor forgave his fair lady, tradition does not say ; but it is reasonable to presume that he never again interfered with the hours she might choose to keep.

C H A R I T Y.

' NAY, thank not me,' the kind one said,
'Tis to myself I've given ;
Each friendly deed like this, I make
A stepping-stone to Heaven !'

A P R I L .

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JUNIOR.

Now young willows begin to put forth their tender leaves; the capricious rains, and coquetting skies chary of their smiles, make the earth radiant with a fresher verdure: the country frog, ensconced in his veil of green spawn, sends a pleasant music abroad, through the reeds that tremble about his pool: the maple boughs reddened in the sunbeam, and saccharine gouts are distilled from the tree. The husbandman wends through the woodland, with well-poised neck-yoke and brimming pails: the smoke rises above the forest tops — the axe rings from the 'sap-works.' Snows melt from the fields, and only in the valleys, under umbrageous pines and cedars, do they remain. The herds frisk in the pasture; sleep-inviting sounds sail over the landscape, and the haze that betokens brighter days lingers in the distance. OLLAPOD.

ALL smiles and tears
The fresh young April day appears:
Above the twisted old tree-root,
Above the verdurous springing grass,
Above the soft turf's new-born shoot,
Her dancing footsteps pass.

Her clear eye swims in light,
Her golden tresses loosely flow;
Her gay voice singeth in delight,
Her cheeks with healthful beauty glow:
In her green hollow way
The wild flowers spring in myriads up;
The crocus nods its blossoms gay,
The violet lifts its azure cup;
The lily swings its snowy bell,
The honey-suckle opens its shell.

Down the moist meadow land,
Where thro' the flow'ring greensward flows the brook,
Sweet-smelling blooms their odorous leaves expand
In every woody nook.
The golden-berried wax-work weaves its wreath
Of verdure; and the clematis
Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs beneath;
And oft the south wind stoops to kiss
The modest snow-drop in the grass:
O'er the clear stream the gaudy mosses lean,
To see reflected in that lucid glass
Their velvet fringes and their festoons green.

Sweet April! with thy cloudless forehead bound
With dewy wild-flowers, and with roses crowned,
I love thee well!
Deep in the heart of man, as o'er the earth,
Thy presence casts a cheerful tone of mirth,
A soft, sweet spell;
The newly-budding groves repeat thy call
With joy through all their lone arcades;
And the hoarse-sounding waterfall
Rejoices in the dim primeval shades.

I love thy changeful skies,
With all their cloudy glooms and brightening smiles;
I love to see thy glowing morn arise
O'er the blue hills and the soft-sleeping isles:
I love the mild and temperate flush of morn,
With all the young leaves dancing with delight;
I love thy golden eve, and silver moon
Sailing in streaming glory o'er the night;
I love to hear thy healthful breezes raise
O'er the wood-tops their sounding psalms of praise.
I love to hear thy softly-falling rain
In tinkling murmurs patter o'er the plain;
I love to hear thy sounds of rustic toil,
Where glides the furrowing share along the fertile soil.

N E A M A T H L A :

THE HEAD CHIEF OF THE CREEK INDIAN NATION.

AFTER General Jessup had reduced the Creek nation, in 1836, or supposed he had reduced them, a general amnesty was proclaimed, with a view to negotiate for emigration. The Indians were permitted and invited to approach the camp of the army, and to intermingle with the white population. They ranged at large, unarmed, among the troops, and in the country round. It could not at once be known who had submitted, for the purpose of emigration. Those who were still hostile in their feelings, were encouraged to approach, with the more friendly, in the hope of persuading them to comply with the treaty stipulations, which had been broken in the recent war.

Among those who had given up, to emigrate, were two daughters of Neamathla, young and unmarried. They were the idols of the old chief's heart. He himself was not the man to surrender, nor to comply with the terms which had been prescribed to his people. The head of the nation; great in council, great in war, indomitable in spirit; knowing and comprehending the injuries of his race, without being able to appreciate the reasons or views of the white man; he was animated by all those sentiments which are most approved and admired in all true patriots, the world over. He had roused his people to arms; they had fought, and been conquered; and he now heard in his hiding place, that his children, his daughters, had been persuaded to emigrate. He resolved at once that those so near and dear to him should not be thus violently and cruelly severed from his society, while he remained to die alone, with none to close his eyes, and wail over his grave.

Laying aside the emblems of his chieftainship, and disguising himself in the garb of the most common Indian, he mounted a pony, and rode into the camp, where the Indians were roaming at large, in search of his daughters. He found them, and the following dialogue ensued:

'My children,' said the chief, 'it has grieved me to hear that you have consented to go, and leave your father to die alone.'

'Our father knows,' said the eldest girl, of about eighteen years, 'that the white man is here, and that the blood of our people has run into the rivers. Nor did we know till this happy hour that the blood of our father had not gone with them to the great sea, to make it red. What, father, can we do!'

The blushing, burning cheek of the maiden told the deep sympathy she felt for her race, and the more tender anxiety for a parent whose resolves she well knew could not be broken by her entreaties.

'My child!' said the chief—standing erect, and fixing his piercing eye upon her, while the younger sister sat mute and abashed, with equal concern—'my child! will you then leave me?'

'No, father!' said the yielding and dutiful girl, throwing herself at his feet. 'No, father!' said the younger, casting herself into the same position. 'And where shall we fly?' asked both, together.

'Yonder is my pony,' said the chief; 'mount with me, and I will soon bear you away!'

In a few moments, Neamathla, with one of his daughters before, and the other behind, on the same beast — a sight not unusual, at least not very remarkable, among the Indians — was seen wending his way out of the Indian encampment. Disguised as his person was, his well-known face could not be concealed, though the marks of sorrow had changed it.

None are more treacherous than the Indians to each other, when once their hearts are gained or bought over to another party. Neamathla was recognized; and a runner was soon on his way to announce the fact to General Jessup, that the chief of the nation had just been seen, bearing off his two daughters.

Great endeavors had been made to find and bring over Neamathla, but in vain. It was known, too, that the nation would be reluctant to emigrate while he was left behind, his influence being unbounded. Orders were immediately issued by the General to have the old man tracked, arrested, and brought back. The mission was successful. With no power to resist, the chief was forced to yield to the rude assaults of his own people; and it was soon announced to General Jessup, that Neamathla and his daughters were at Fort Mitchell. Desirous of making an impression of his power, as well as of a friendly disposition, the General ordered the most pompous military display that could be made, erected a sort of military court, took his seat at the head of it, and ordered the chief into his presence.

Erect, unmoved, apparently not noticing the beat of drum and the signs of power with which he was surrounded, the venerable chief, in charge of a military escort, walked firmly into the presence of his judge, and faced him, without turning his eye to any other person or object. His deportment was that of one who felt that his judge was on trial, and Neamathla was there to call him to account. He waited not to be questioned, but opened the court, himself the questioner.

‘Is this the chief of the white men?’ said he, addressing himself to General Jessup; through an interpreter.

The General, not a little annoyed at the position in which he found himself at this sudden and unexpected opening of the conference, was obliged to say, ‘Yes.’

‘I wish, then, to know,’ said Neamathla, ‘what the chief of the white men proposes to do with me?’

‘To treat you kindly,’ said the General, ‘and to request that you will comply with the treaty, and move toward the setting sun with your people, where our great father, the President, will spread over your nation his wings, and protect you.’

‘The chief of the white man is a fool!’ said Neamathla.

The soldier General, a little discomposed and nonplussed at this reply, and unable to change the relative position of himself and his antagonist, without defeating his main design, was compelled to bear this imputation as well as he might. He attempted to reason with Neamathla with assumed, and doubtless with real, kindness.

‘The chief of the white man is a fool!’ repeated Neamathla, still throwing himself back on his reserved dignity, and awaiting what might ensue.

General Jessup still labored to convince his captive of the propriety and necessity of submitting to the terms of the treaty; but he

received only for answer, 'The chief of the white man is a fool!' At length the General asked Neamathla what he would desire.

'Neamathla *was* the enemy of the white man; he *is* the enemy of the white man; and he always *will be* the enemy of the white man. Were Neamathla the chief of the white man, sitting there, and the chief of the white man Neamathla, standing here, Neamathla would lift his hatchet on the head of his enemy, and strike him to his feet. The chief of the white man is a fool!'

'I am commanded by our great father,' said the General, 'to treat you with kindness. Give me your word of honor that you will stay in the camp, and you shall be permitted to go at large, as you see your people do, and eat out of our dish.'

'The chief of the white man is a fool!' said Neamathla. 'Set me free, and I shall not stay here. But I will roam the land of my fathers with free and unshackled limb; I will summon the last warrior to vengeance on our enemies; I will never submit; and will starve only for lack of the blood of the white man to drink. The chief of the white man is a fool!'

'But there are your daughters: do you not love *them*?'

'Neamathla loves his daughters, as every man does. Has he not proved it, by coming into the white man's camp, and taking them away? He knows not what will become of them, when a father's arm can no longer defend them. But their father trusts in the Great Spirit,' said he, pointing to heaven. He paused, and looked upon the ground. Then turning, and glancing through the crowd, he asked, as if they were near, 'Where are the daughters of Neamathla? Neamathla can answer for them, that they will be happy only in obeying a father's voice. The lies of the white man deceived them.'

Neamathla refusing to give his word of honor, was of course kept under guard till the nation were prepared to remove, though allowed every indulgence which the safe keeping of his person would warrant. He talked little, seeming to feel deeply and poignantly the ignominy of his confinement, and the helplessness of his condition. His daughters tenderly ministered to all his wants, and endeavored affectionately to console him. But a sense of his people's wrongs, and of humbled, crushed pride, had taken full possession of his lofty spirit. The chain wore in upon his soul; and before the emigrating nation had left the land of their fathers, being on their march, Neamathla breathed his last, from the mere action of grief and sorrow, and was buried, as he had resolved to be, under the soil which his people once called their own, bestowed, as they piously said, by the Great Spirit.

When we hear or read of the barbarities of the savage, we lose our sympathy for his wrongs. He is the aggrieved party, and prosecutes war according to his own modes. He knows no other. Their policy in war is extermination, because, judging from the feelings of their own race, while an enemy breathes, they are not safe. Universal and indiscriminate massacre is with them deemed a necessity for self-preservation. They fear the white man, and never fight him till goaded on by a sense of injury, and by desperate madness. It is proper for us to consider, that the Indian tribes who venture into war with us, fight for their soil, for their homes, and for freedom, and for nothing else; which all men do, which we would do, and which

all men would be despised for *not* doing. They are the weaker party, and in our power, and we dispose of them as we please, for the extension of civilization. When great men, by nature great, endowed with powers which the world is constrained to admire, die by mere restraint on their freedom, and by a sense of wrong done to themselves and their people, without being able to see any excuse, as was doubtless the case with Osceola and Neamathla, we do additional wrong to our common nature, to ascribe to such spirits any baser motive than love of country and of kindred. Either of these men, had they been born to move in the higher spheres of civilization, might have won a Napoleon's fame, or a Cæsar's honors, though we pretend not to commend or justify the career of the one or the other. We speak simply of talent; of those native endowments which will ever command the respect and admiration of the world.

'Y A N K E E L A N D.'

Oh! gently break the foaming waves
On Italy's fair shore,
And fragrant are the flowers that bloom
Her hills and vallies o'er;
And brightly gleams the summer sun
On many an ancient dome,
Yet lovelier far than these to me
Is my New-England home.

The green plains of the fertile West
In rich luxuriance spread,
The streamlet gently murmuring
Along its rocky bed;
The boundless forests, in whose shades
The wild deer fearless roam,
Are glorious! — but I prize them less
Than my New-England home.

What though her bleak and rocky hills
Unwearied toil demand?
What though the harvest which they yield
Scarce fills the reaper's hand?
What though her cold and cheerless coast
Beats back the ocean's foam?
More dear than fairer climes to me
Is my New-England home.

For there my merry youth was passed,
My childhood's home was there;
'T was there I knew a sister's love,
A mother's constant care;
And wheresoe'er my lot is cast,
Wherever I may roam,
Still may I turn, with love and pride,
To my New-England home.

And when the toils of life are o'er,
And slowly fade away
All earthly joys and earthly woes,
Before a brighter day;
Then let me sleep where in the wind
The elm's long branches wave,
Protecting with a leafy arch
My own New-England grave!

G. F. BARSTOW.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE QUADROONE: OR ST. MICHAEL'S DAY. By the Author of 'Lafitte,' 'Captain Kyd,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 462. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN the September number of this Magazine, we recorded, as an item of literary intelligence from abroad, the fate of the 'Quadroone,' then just published in London by the cheap and adventurous BENTLEY. We quoted also the verdict pronounced by the '*Athæneum*,' a journal of authority, upon this 'violent story of fine clothes and fierce passions;' and we transferred to our pages a clear synopsis of its character from that periodical. We have now had an opportunity to peruse the volumes for ourselves; and assuredly, we find no reason to disagree with the sentence of our foreign contemporary and that small portion of the London public before which the work was enabled to find its way. Aside from the *staple* heretofore adverted to, viz., the readiness of a mother to sell her child to the sensualist who could bid the highest for her possession — a readiness which, it was well said, 'imparts the moral taint of a corrupt society to the book, and makes it repulsive' — aside we say from this essential error, there are objections on the score of *execution*, which it would ill behoove a candid critic to pass unnoticed. The incidents of the work are so utterly improbable, that we defy the most inveterate devourer of native romances to create from their perusal an illusion of reality. The small ambuscades which are laid for the reader have all transparent trails to them; despite the intervening objects and transactions, which are described with as literal minuteness as if given in evidence, and taken down by an eye-witness. We had intended to cite a few passages, to show the incongruous machinery of the tale; to indicate the *English* of much of the language, and the regions of absurdity into which the writer has pushed a crude fancy; and to set forth the 'grand blue-fire and bloody-dagger stage effects,' which so startled the editor of the '*Athæneum*' in the winding up of the novel. But our space obliges us to reserve these matters for some future occasion, when we may resume a consideration of the 'Quadroone,' in connection with one or two of the later works of its author.

We have borne, as our readers are aware, cordial testimony to the cleverness of Mr. INGRAHAM, as displayed in that entertaining work, 'The South-West by a Yankee;' but an equal candor obliges us to say, that as a *novelist*, every succeeding work from our author's hand convinces us that he has mistaken his *forte*, and that he is cudgelling his brains for that which will not 'come at the beating,' thwack he never so soundly. We shall not hesitate to employ what influence this Magazine can command, in protesting against a species of *novel-writing by contract*, which cannot fail ultimately to bring deserved contempt upon a portion of our current literature. We tremble at the announcements which one sees so often now-a-days in the journals, to the effect that 'that 'talented' and highly prolific author, Mr. FLIPKINS, has nearly ready for the press *another* novel, in two volumes.' Straightway we know that some interesting historical episode, or stirring tradition, affectionately extant in the national mind, is to be mixed up with the tumid and tumultuary conceptions of some 'novelist by trade;' one who

is ever on a cold scent after a nucleus, around which to weave a succession of improbable stories, such as might separately, perhaps, attract attention to the miscellaneous columns of a newspaper. These are slightly tacked together, and made to converge in the most 'thrilling' manner toward the last chapter, where six personages are probably compelled to stab themselves in as many minutes, to rid the author of his *dramatis personæ*, and enable him to reach the welcome 'finis.' Nor are novelists of this school altogether indigenous. The native subject is perhaps but a copy. Kindred quacks of the pen actually swarm upon the reading public in England; and we are glad to perceive that BLACKWOOD has opened his batteries upon all and singular of the class. The admirable satire and caustic severity of the '*Hints to Authors*' has laid open the *modus operandi* of their trade. A recent American correspondent, writing from London, confirms the truth of these 'Hints,' in one prominent example. He states that on a Friday morning he called upon Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH, (a pen-and-ink author, who in endeavoring to imitate the gifted DICKENS, plays some such a part as that intense *blatherskite*, 'Mr. GEORGE JONES, of Stratford-on-Avon and the Virginia Theatres,' would enact in personating the characters made immortal by TRACONTE POWER;) that he found him about to sit down to write two 'thrilling' chapters of one of his several continuous novels, 'furnished to order,' which were to be placed in type the next day! It is by such 'novelists' (Heaven save the mark!) that the face of nature and human character is bedaubed with paint and varnish; it is thus they overlay their disjointed narratives with haphazard didactics and overdone sentiment; and it is through the efforts of such authors, that Time is enabled to put so vast an amount of literary rubbish into his wallet for oblivion.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL LITERATURE OF THE WEST. In one volume. pp. 264. Cincinnati: U. P. JAMES.

THIS very neat volume, as we gather from the preface, is deemed necessary by the compiler and his western brethren to counteract the effects of an apparently studied determination on the part of their Atlantic neighbors to do nothing which will have a tendency to bring them into literary competition. 'These be very cruel words,' and we think unjust. For ourselves, we may surely say, we have found as much pleasure in welcoming works of merit from western pens, and in commending them to public favor, as those from any quarter of the country; and there is scarcely a piece of poetry in the volume before us, which is worthy to elicit praise, that we have not admired, or seen extolled, in the journals of our transatlantic towns and cities. Not to name THOMAS, and GALLAGHER, and SHREEVE, who have made themselves favorably known to our readers, who among us has not heard of Judge HALL, of 'AMELIA,' the sweet poetess of Kentucky; of the imaginative PRENTICE; of ALBERT PIKE, of Mrs. DINNIES, and many more, who are embraced in the volume before us, and whom we need not specify? There is much verse in the work, certainly, that cannot claim a very high order of merit; but the proportion is less than in that of kindred collections, prepared in this meridian. 'Of the productions generally,' says the compiler, 'which make up the volume, this remark may be made: they look not, for their paternity, to men of either leisure, wealth, or devotion to letters; but find it, some amid the din of the workshop, others at the handle of the plough, a third class in the ledger-marked counting-room, and a fourth among the John-Doism and Richard-Roism of an attorney's office. For the most part, they have been the mere momentary out-gushings of irrepressible feeling, proceeding from the hearts of those who were daily and hourly subjected to the perplexities and toils of business, and the cares and anxieties inseparable from the procuring of one's daily bread by active occupation. As such, let them be judged.' 'As such,' let us add, many of them have already won, and will now renew, the hearty admiration of the public.

THE SEER: OR COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED. By LEIGH HUNT. Parts I. and II. pp. 166. London: MOXON, Dover-street. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE are well pleased to find LEIGH HUNT alive and astir, in the ripeness of his years and genius. Somehow or other it has chanced, since the despotic reign of BYRON, and the subsequent attacks of his biographers upon his sometime friend, our author, (including the poetical pasquinade of MOORE,) that we have heard but little of the writer of the very delightful papers whose general title stands at the head of this article. Yet we will venture to assert, that there is scarcely a contemporary of LEIGH HUNT, excepting perhaps CHARLES LAMB, in whose pages one may find a truer conception of the beautiful, a more cultivated and refined taste, more true feeling, genuine benevolence, and pleasant humor, than in these same unpretending 'refreshed common-places.' In commending them warmly to our readers, we must ask them, in justification of our encomium, to turn to the sensible and feeling chapter on 'Death and Burial;' to admire with us the tasteful criticisms on the works of the old masters of English pöesy; and the fine pictures of external and *animal* nature. Observe how perfect is this limning of a most humble object, in a passage from 'The Cat by the Fire:'

"Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those indications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person—beginning judiciously with her paw, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head toward it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches—look at the action of her head and neck; how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail toward her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation."

There is evidence of great goodness of heart in the writer's generous praise of 'dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable JOHNSON,' for going out at night to buy oysters for his cat, a thing which his black servant was too proud to do. 'What must any body that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt-court?' Great is our essayist's pity for cats, abused or over-petted by children. 'How,' says he, 'should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner, by some great patronizing giant?' Beautiful exceedingly is the reverence for the hand of God in Nature, contained in the subjoined paragraph from 'A Flower for Your Window:'

"A rough tree grows up, and at the tips of his rugged and dark fingers he puts forth—round, smooth, shining, and hanging delicately—the golden apple, or the cheek-like beauty of the peach. The other day we were in a garden where Indian corn was growing, and some of the cobs were plucked to show us. First one leaf or sheath was picked off, then another, then another, then a fourth, and so on, as if a fruit-seller was unpacking fruit out of papers; and at last we came, inside, to the grains of the corn, packed up into cucumber-shapes of pale gold, and each of them pressed and flattened against each other, as if some human hand had been doing it in the caverns of the earth. BUT WHAT HAND! The same that made the poor yet rich hand (for is it not his workmanship also?) that is tracing these marvelling lines, and which if it does not tremble to write them, it is because Love sustains, and because the heart also is a flower which has a right to be tranquil in the garden of the All-Wise."

As something in a different vein, we beg the reader to note the following. Is n't it a dreadful bore?—and are not specimens of the class encountered every day in the streets, or in society?

"Every sentiment, or want of sentiment, pushed to excess, bears, from that excess, a character of romance; even dulness may be romantic. We remember our late dear friend Charles Lamb, many years ago, giving us, with his exquisite tact, an account of a deceased acquaintance of his who carried 'common-place' itself to a pitch of the 'romantic,' and who would way-lay you for half-an-hour with a history of his having cut his finger, or mislaid a pair of shoes. This gentleman did not draw infinite somethings out of nothing, like the wits of the *Lutrin* or the *Rape of the Lock*, or the Italian expatiators upon a Cough or a Christian-name. He got hold of nothing, and out of it, with a congeniality of emptiness, drew nothing whatever. But it was *he* that drew the nothing, and *you* that listened to him; and thus he got a sense of himself somehow. If you ran against him in the street, it was an event in his life, and enabled him to stand breathing, and smiling, and saying how much it did not signify, for the next intense five minutes. He once met a lady, an acquaintance of his, who was going to have a tooth drawn.

Dear me, madam, and so you are going to have your tooth drawn?
 Yes, sir.
 By Mr. Parkinson, I presume?
 Yes.
 Dear me! I fear you have suffered a good deal, madam?
 Not a little, indeed.
 God bless me! I am very sorry to hear it—very sorry. How long, pray, may you have suffered this toothache?
 I should think a week.
 God bless me! A week! That is a long time! And by night as well as by day, I presume?
 I have hardly had any sleep these two nights.
 Dear me! That is very sad. God bless me! No sleep for these two nights! Want of sleep is a very sad thing—highly distressing. I could not do without my regular sleep. No, no; none of us can. It is highly undermining to the constitution. Produces such fatigue—such lassitude—such weariness. *H'm! h'm!* (*Humming with a sort of sympathy and gentlemanly groan, as if his own face were bound up.*) I see you are suffering now, madam?
 It will be soon over now.
H'm! You are very bold, madam,—very resolute; but that is extremely sensible. *H'm!* Dear me! And you have tried clove, I presume, and all that?
 Why, I am not young, and do not like to part with my teeth.
 Ah—oh—*h'm!* just so—very natural—ah—yes—dear me! *h'm!* A double tooth, I suppose?
 (*The lady nods.*)
 Ah—afraid of the cold air—you are right not to open your mouth, madam. Cold gets in. Ah! *h'm—yes—just so.* (*Nodding, bowing, and groaning.*)
 (*Lady turns to go up a court, and makes a gesture of bidding him good morning.*)
 Oh—ah—dear me! ay, this is the place—so it is—I wish you a happy release, madam—I hope the process will be easy—*h'm!* ha-a-ah! (*Takes farewell between a sort of breath and a groan.*)
Lady goes into the dentist's, has her tooth drawn, and on returning down the court is astonished to find the gentleman waiting at the corner, to congratulate her!
 Well, madam (*bowing and smiling*), the tooth is drawn, I presume?
 (*Lady acquiesces.*)
 Dear me! ah!—*H'm!*—very painful, I fear—a long while drawing?
Lady. 'Tis out, at last. (*Aside.* I wonder when the man will have done with his absurdity.)
 A skilful dentist, Mr. Parkinson, madam?
 (*Lady acquiesces.*)
 I have not been to a dentist myself these—let me see—ah, yes, it must be—now—these twenty years. I had one bad tooth, and caught a cold sitting in the draught of a coach—very dangerous thing—and chaises are worse—very dangerous things, chaises—*h'm—very.* You are suffering still, I see, madam? from the ghost of the tooth, I presume? (*laughing*)—but, dear me! I am keeping you in the draught of this court, and you go the other way. Good morning, madam; Good morning—I wish you a very GOOD morning: Don't speak, I beg; GOOD morning.
 And so, thus heaping emphasis upon emphasis upon this very new valediction, and retaining a double smile amidst his good wishes, from his very new joke about the ghost of a tooth, our Hero of Common-place takes his leave.

We had marked a pleasant passage in an essay written by our author 'On a Pebble,' (which Count TASISTRO also wrote for the 'New-York Mirror,' thus making the article original with *two* minds, which is a remarkable circumstance,) but we must content ourselves with the subjoined 'pinch' from a paper full of snuff, which will have the effect we hope to prevent modern lovers from becoming snuff-takers:

"Turtle-doves don't take snuff. A kiss is surely not a thing to be 'sneezed at.' Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, 'Charming creature,' when a sneeze overtakes him!

" 'Cha - Cha - Cha - Charming creature! ' "

"What a situation! A sneeze! O Venus, where is such a thing in thy list!

"The lady, on her side, is under the like malapropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent:

" 'Oh, Richard! Sho - Sho - Sho - Should you think ill of me for this! ' "

Talking of sneezing, reminds us of a new anecdote of the celebrated BRUMMELL, with which we may venture to close this notice. He was sitting at a table in a London club-house, reading the morning journal, when a stout Englishman standing near gave vent to a violent sneeze. BRUMMELL lifted his eyes languidly from his paper, and surveyed the perpetrator with a look of cool contempt. A second report soon followed, with increased effect. The refined exquisite uttered a half-suppressed groan of horror, and began with a dignified leisure to change his position, when a third shock of sonorous and misty sternutation brought him to his feet. 'God bless me!' he exclaimed; 'heà! Wait! — we can't endure this! Bring me an umbrella!'

EDITORS' TABLE.

'ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.' — We have received a communication thus entitled, upon which we propose to offer a few observations. We took it up for perusal just after reading an article in the last number of *Blackwood*, wherein the writer soundly berates the Americans, because they have no aristocracy; no noblemen by birth and derivative independence; no dignified and noble sentiment of ancient descent. The want of an aristocracy, says our hereditary tory, is a deep evil in our system of society; an evil which lays waste all ancient, chivalrous feeling; all magnanimity, and sometimes even the decencies of truth. Our correspondent, we dare say, fancies he has found the true remedy for this very evil. He thinks we may have an aristocracy, and he contends, with an elaborate show of argument, and in a style of much simplicity and directness, that it will be, and should be, the *Aristocracy of Money*. Yes; he would have money the base and apex together of our social pyramid. We can sympathize with the writer in his condemnation of a foolish and sentimental abuse of wealth, which obtains in some quarters. We agree with him, that the necessity of an unremitting *labor*, which degrades the intellectual to a mere subsidiary of the material man, is to be deplored; and that the release of the mind from servitude to the body, which wealth affords, is congenial, and may be ennobling. What he says of wealth, as a *means*, in many regards, we hold to be true. But as a consequence, as an *end*, we cannot consider it in the light in which he views it. Surely, our correspondent does small justice to the Pilgrim fathers, and reflects little honor on their descendants, when he inquires, 'What peopled this continent, but the pursuit of wealth? What revolutionized it, but our jealousy of the control of our money?' Is it an *American* who asks these questions? If so, we answer, that if he thinks liberty of conscience, 'freedom to worship God,' had nothing to do with all this, we have not read alike the history of the colonists. 'Wealth,' says our correspondent, 'constitutes the *just* foundation for the aristocratic society of this country. It is something to have a distinct criterion by which to measure a man's consequence;' and this, he says, wealth supplies, beyond family, political honors, or literary distinction and fame. 'I respect,' says he, 'a sentiment so universal among mankind, as a *reverence* for wealth. A rich man commands, and is entitled to, the respect of society, for possessing the object of such universal desire.'

This is a frank avowal. It establishes the 'American estimate of social worth,' mentioned by Captain BASIL HALL. 'Captain,' said a *parvenu*, in society, who carried his brains in his pocket, and his accomplishments on his person, 'do you see that gentleman over there in the corner, with a red face and a cock-eye? You should know him. That's Mr. M^cGOOSELY, one of our richest men. He made fifty thousand dollars last week in a speculation in tallow! Let me make you acquainted with him. And there's *another* of our Cræsus — Mr. S. TURID; he is a little dignified and dull, but one of our wealthiest putty merchants. He is looking at us — let me introduce you, Captain.' Does our correspondent imagine that such an aristocracy as this — of wealth without *other* qualities — can ever secure a general or permanent sway, as a

social preëminence? Does he not know that even in this town, there are circles of the highest distinction, into which *mere* wealth, with the most facile obsequiousness, could never enter? Such, let him be assured, is the fact. But if it *could*, what would be the result, in the case of a successful Tirmouze? At the table, for example, of a man of intellect and refinement, whose manners are a happy conjunction of freedom, ease, and sincerity; who enters largely into the commerce of entertaining or instructive discourse; who adds, moreover, to each guest a new spiritual enjoyment of himself; brought thus into the *real* aristocratic ranks of society, can it be doubted that Mr. MONEYMAN—conscious of the doubtful ground upon which he stood, and fearing to deviate from a certain set line of conduct, lest he should lose his way, and betray the nature of his pretensions—can it be doubted, we say, that such a person would find his true position and our correspondent's essential mistake at the same moment? But aside from this view of the case, we should decline our correspondent's article, and repel his inculcations, on the ground that wealth is sufficiently the god of idolatry among us, without the specious advocacy of any of its ultra votaries. The universality of an undue love of money is sufficiently apparent, when it is found to reign in the hearts of those whose christian duty it is to proclaim it the 'root of all evil;' and as a proof that it *does* thus reign, we take the liberty of transcribing a paragraph from a proof-sheet of the '*Home Missionary*,' a religious periodical of wide repute, which has been read in our hearing, while penning these hurried remarks. It is an extract from the clerical correspondence of a district in Michigan: 'Ministers who come west, and have money, need to know well how to manage it, or they are likely to fall in with sharpers, who will get it away. And what is more distressing, these sharpers are likely to be in the church. A Presbyterian minister, who a short time ago was independent, in consequence of a patrimony which he brought to Michigan, is now reduced to want, by a bargain which he was induced to make with an elder in his church. The impression is strong in the public mind, that the elder has greatly defrauded him.' Let us ask our antagonist to fancy this devout seeker after 'an object of universal desire' to have met with the success in his aims which this bit of sharp practice would seem to foretell. He hath lank hair, and no starch in his linen; he speaketh through his nose, and ever and anon he exhibiteth the whites of his eyes; yea, and perchance his children are named Assurance and Tribulation. Yet would such a personage, with Mr. McGeosely, Mr. S. TURN, and Mr. MONEYMAN, form that '*just* foundation for aristocratic distinction' of which our correspondent speaks? Such an aristocracy would be greatly inferior to that vaunted by degenerate sons of worthy English ancestors; sons whose only claim to distinction is, that like potatoes, 'their best parts are under ground.'

EXHIBITION OF THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION. — Our advisement of the public opening of this fine collection came at so late an hour, that we are compelled to postpone a review in detail of the paintings, etc., until our next number. Leaving, therefore, numerous attractive efforts of our native artists agreeably to surprise the reader who may early visit the exhibition, we shall for the present barely indicate a few of the more distinguished paintings, which would of themselves insure the attention of the town. Number 14, 'the Chess-Players, or the Game of Life,' that remarkable allegorical picture of RETZSCH, the only copy in oil ever made by the artist himself of this celebrated subject, will attract immediate admiration. It requires an hour's study, to imbibe an idea of its sublime beauties. Many pictures from the gallery of the Boston Athæneum will be found to possess marked attraction. Among these, are the 'Interior of a Gallery, exhibiting the Buildings and Monuments of Modern Rome,' by PANNINI, a painting wherein the eminent artist has transferred to the canvass a sort of small Louvre-gallery, preserving each picture which it contains in perfect proportion, and with wonderful minuteness. WASHINGTON ALLSTON exhibits in Number 55 his remarkable power of indivi-

duality. Let the visiter who remembers our artist's 'Isaac of York,' examine closely this 'Sketch of a Polish Jew.' JOHNSON, our Cruikshank, has two or three admirable sketches. One, Number 101, 'The Drunkard's Home,' is an effective moral picture, which we surveyed with the more interest, that we had just passed into the gallery from the Park Temperance Meeting, where we had been listening to the stirring addresses of the reformed drunkards from Baltimore. All good Whigs will of course pause at Number 59, a portrait of General HARRISON, by HOYT, a Boston artist of reputation. We heard it pronounced by a good judge, one of the best likenesses ever taken of the President; and indeed, aside from its many merits as a painting, it bears evident marks of being extremely life-like. But we are travelling out of the record; though INMAN, BIRCH, the 'Marine,' DOUGHTY, and 'the lave,' are at our pen's end. Briefly, reader, 'go and see!'

HINTS TO AUTHORS.— We have alluded incidentally, in another place, to the satirical 'Hints to Authors,' which appear from time to time in Blackwood's Magazine. The last number is devoted to a consideration of the *dramatic* style; and after a few sententious observations upon the main theme, the reader is treated to very close imitations of what passes for poetry with modern play-wrights. In the introductory remarks, we have a forcible example of theatrical distinctions; the illustrations being JOHN KEMBLE and EDMUND KEAN. 'For twenty years past,' says the writer, 'there have been but two heroes. One the majestic, or six-foot-one hero; the other the vivid, or five-feet-three hero. Ten inches made all the difference; but what a difference it was! In every thing it was apparent. All heroes are of course disdainful: so we will take it in the expression of disdain. The six-feet-one hero annihilates his adversary with a contemptuous wave of his arm; the five-feet-three hero runs his enemy right through his body with a withering glance of his eye. The arm of the one is long and graceful; the eye of the other is very bright. Therefore let the big fellow utter his threatenings in long tens and Alexandrines; but the little one must accompany his scowl with a short and powerful expression, such as 'Dog!' 'beast!' 'brute!' or 'liar!' as the case may be. The difference is equally palpable in the manner of making love. The big man must bluster and roar like an amorous volcano; the little one whisper and wheedle like a sentimental haberdasher disposing of French gloves; for the voice of the one is as a soul-inspiring trumpet to the gallery; and the voice of the other soft and musical—a syren's song to the stage-boxes and four front rows of the pit. Shakspeare, though an ass on the whole, had some faint glimmering of this important fact; for he never would have made Coriolanus turn round and answer the announcement of his banishment with the great words, 'I banish you!' unless Burbridge had been six feet high. It needed that height, at least, to enable a man to banish so majestic a city as Rome: it would puzzle a hero of five-feet-three to banish the village of Currie; and as to Highgate or Hempstead, they would laugh at him.' It is essential, we are informed, that there should be but *one* six-foot-one hero in the play; the rest should be but dwarfs and cripples; and a scene is given between Brutus and Cassius, in which the latter takes all the words out of the mouth of the former, after the most approved modern mode. The writer contends, that in 'holding the mirror up to nature,' you must hold it upside down, or hold up one that has no quicksilver at the back, and in which the audience, instead of seeing themselves, will see nothing but the actors. This justifies an actress in singing a song or dancing a fancy-dance on the way to the block, thus giving the carpenter time to arrange the scaffold. She might even be made to dance herself to death on the tight-rope, by a vindictive Mussulman; the dramatist explaining in a note that in some districts of Turkey this is a very common punishment. We have a specimen of a modern subject treated in an antique manner; and a quotation is made from a tragedy nearly finished, in which a murderer is represented as impelled by a hidden power working upon his mind, and converting him into a mere instrument to the performance of an inevitable

act. He is pure and innocent in all other respects; in fact, a blind agent in the hands of Destiny. This, it will be perceived, is a 'hint' for the author of 'Ion;' and here ensues an illustration of the difference between the styles of the Greek and Roman copyists:

'The difference between the Grecian and the Roman styles is very great. When you deal with a Greek subject, you must be very devout, and have unbounded reverence for Diana of the Ephesians; you must also believe in the second sight; and be as solemn, calm, and passionless as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never descend to the slightest familiarity, nor lay off the stilts for a moment; and far from calling a spade a spade, call it

That sharp instrument
With which the Theban husbandman lays bare
The breast of our great mother.

The Roman, on the other hand, may occasionally be jocular — but always warlike: one is like a miracle-play in a church — the other a *tableau vivant* in a camp. If a Greek has occasion to ask his sweetheart 'if her mother knows she's out,' and 'if she has sold her mangle yet' — he says:

Menæchmus. Cleanthe!
Cleanthe. My lord!
Men. Your mother — your kind, excellent mother —
She who hung o'er your couch in infancy,
And felt within her heart the joyous pride
Of having such a daughter — does she know,
Sweetest Cleanthe! that you 've left the shade
Of the maternal walls?
Clea. She does, my lord.
Men. And — but I scarce can ask the question — when
I last beheld her, 'gainst the whiten'd wall
Stood a strong engine — fat, and broad, and heavy —
Its entrails stones — and moved on mighty rollers,
Rendering the crisped web as smooth and soft
As whitest snow. That engine, sweet Cleanthe!
Fit pedestal for household deity —
Lar and old Penates — has she it still?
Or for gold bribes has she disposed of it?
I fain would know — pray, tell me — is it sold?

The Roman goes quicker to work:

Tell me, my Tullia, does your mother know
You're out: and has she sold her mangle yet?

The Composite, or Elizabethan, has a smack of both:

Conradin. Ha! Celia, here! Come hither, pretty one.
Thou hast a mother, child?
Celia. Most people have, sir.
Con. I' faith thou 'rt sharp — thou hast a biting wit —
But does this mother — this epitome
Of what all other people are possessed of —
Knows she thou 'rt out and gadding?
Cle. No, not gadding.
Out, sir — she knows I'm out.
Con. She had a mangle;
Faith 't was a huge machine; and smooth'd the webs
Like snow — I've seen it oft — it was indeed
A right good mangle.
Con. Then thou 'rt not in thoughts
To buy it — or thou would'st not praise it so.
Con. A parlous child! — keen as the cold north wind,
Yet light as Zephyrus. No — no — not buy it:
But hath she sold it, child?

We should have been pleased to see an imitation of some of **SHERIDAN KNOWLES'** prose-twattle, divided into lines of an equal number of syllables, and each commencing with a capital letter, which is the only distinctive mark of much of his poetry.

'THINGS THEATRICAL.' — We must condense the communication of our excellent correspondent 'C.' into the mere announcement that the opera of '*Zampa*' is being played at the **PARK THEATRE**, by the best operatic performers in the country, and with a liberality of expenditure on the part of the worthy manager, which cannot be too highly commended. '*Zampa*' will be followed by other popular operas, involving the same distinguished support. Navigation all around us is opening; the city is filling with strangers; and better days are destined now to dawn upon **OLD DRURY** — a consummation which has long been devoutly wished. '*The National*' has closed, irrecoverably immersed in debt, as we hear. **MR. WILSON** should endeavor to retrieve his broken

fortunes by playing once more himself. This course had an effect on one memorable occasion; for although the journals of the city, out of envy or charity, passed the performance by with total silence, yet it gratified the manager's affection for number one, and induced the accomplished editor of a weekly print to inquire, with great earnestness, '*Where is Shales?*'

We commend the subjoined epistle to the attention of all house-keeping readers. There is another phase of the multiform subject, which has perhaps escaped our hapless damsel's experience, but which a recent English essayist has felicitously sketched; we mean the '*Friends*' department in the kitchen. If one would chance upon a veritable Friend's Meeting, let him descend on some unexpected evening errand into his kitchen, what time his cook and chambermaid, their labors done, are entertaining their distant relatives — for there never was a well-looking female servant that had not five or six '*cousins*,' who were privileged to visit her of an evening, if not at all other hours. Our English victim was startled by a *something*, which in the dim light he had grasped behind the kitchen door, where he was reaching after a napkin to dry his hands. It was the nose of '*a Friend at court*' in the kitchen, who had retired thither at the instance of his mistress, to escape the scrutiny of her employer, whom she heard approaching. '*Who's there?*' he demanded; but the Friend was not called upon to answer, for '*Who's there*' was nobody's name. On a similar occasion, the Friend sought security in another quarter; *where*, may be best inferred from the ready reasoning adopted by his discoverer, on ascertaining the secret of a grievous annoyance to which he had been subjected. '*A kitchen chimney*,' says he, with confidence, '*will smoke*, when there is a journeyman-baker in the flue!' But we are keeping the reader from Miss BUNKER's letter.

DEAR OLD KNICK: My mother, who is at present making me a visit in the city, received a letter from Sister Tabitha the day before yesterday, which I enclose. Sister Tabitha is a promising girl of fifteen years or thereabout, and the picture she draws of her domestic troubles at Worreytown strikes me as worthy of your notice.

J. R.

(ATTESTED COPY.)

'MY DEAR MOTHER: You surely could not have been aware of the Herculean labors I was to undergo, when you took your departure. If you had been, you certainly would not have left your poor daughter here alone, to take care of a great house and a set of unruly servants. I have had nothing but troubles since you went; and in order to insure your sympathy, I suppose I must narrate my difficulties. The new waiter that you engaged, did not arrive until two days after you had left. He is a short, puffy man, immensely fat, and as dirty as that little animal which perambulates the streets of our place so much. His face is the color of our front parlor curtains; he wears creaking boots, and is always in such a hurry that he is continually out of breath, and puffs and blows in your ears like an asthmatic porpoise. His name is *Washington* — a very inappropriate one, for I doubt very much whether he undergoes that useful operation more than once a week, if he does that. I call him *Wash*, but he does not take the hint. I caught him devouring sweetmeats in the closet the other day. I should not have minded that, but he replaced the spoon in the dish after he had finished. I gently remonstrated, but he flew out of the room in a rage, wheezing all the way down stairs. Since then, he has entered into a conspiracy with Martha Meek, the housemaid, and they try my patience in every manner. I always told you that Martha was a sly, hypocritical thing, notwithstanding all her assumed humblity. Her real character has now shown out. You know that I keep the key of the tea-closet myself. The other night I went to a small party down town, and was in the midst of dancing, when word was sent me that I was wanted at home immediately. I was obliged to hire a conveyance to carry me, and when I arrived, Martha opened the door, and said that she wanted a little tea, and thought she had better send for me. You can imagine my wrath — but it did no good. Martha is out all day, and when I scold, she puts on a doleful expression, and says her mother is so sick! I don't believe it, for when she first came, she told me she had no mother. However, I can relieve my mind by scolding her, but I am afraid to employ that method with Washington. I sent him out yesterday with a note across the street: he returned this morning, and said that he had lost

the note, and had been looking for it ever since, but was unable to find it. While he was gone, I went into his room and found it, looking like a small lake of oil. I was in a rage, but was only laughed at. Martha just then going up stairs, spilled a coal-scuttle full of coal, (intentionally, I am sure,) and as she refused to clean it, it lies there now, and probably will until you return. I get on very well with Dorothy, for although she is continually in the kitchen, yet her impudence never exceeds mutterings; and with the exception of once, when having asked her to throw some coal on the fire, she muttered something about throwing me into it, she has been very quiet . . . Nevertheless your return is very necessary, for I cannot command these servants at all; and were it not for the fear that I could not get any more, I would turn them all away. I am sorry to inform you that Jack has been expelled from college for throwing a snow-ball at the president's head. He is now at home, and has taken to drinking, and abusing me. Do come back quickly, or you will not see me, for I expect to expire under such a load of difficulties, about the middle of next week.

'Your Affectionate Daughter,

'TASITHA BUNKER.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We are indebted to an accomplished contributor, whose facilities and leisure we trust often to find employed in the service of the KNICKERBOCKER, for the opening paper of the present number. It is translated, as we are informed in a note, from a volume entitled '*Précis des Guerres de César*,' which owes its recent publication to M. MARCHAND, one of Napoleon's attendants in the island of Saint Helena. Connected with the *Précis des Guerres de César*, is an appendix of '*Fragments* by the Emperor, on other subjects, and from these '*fragments*' the criticism and remarks on suicide are chiefly extracted. That portion of the latter which refers to Cato and to Caesar, is taken from the body of the work, and is added to the rest for the purpose of exhibiting more fully the views of Napoleon, and as an application by him, to particular cases, of the general principles laid down in what precedes. M. MARCHAND, in his preface to *Précis des Guerres de César*, observes: 'The nature of my service, which kept me constantly near the Emperor's person, occasioned me the honor of being called sometimes to read to him, and sometimes to write what he dictated. In this manner the notes on Caesar's Commentaries were dictated entirely and almost uninterruptedly in long periods of sleeplessness, when, as he observed, 'the exertion brought relief to his sufferings, and scattered some flowers in the path which led to the grave.' And in his preface to the '*Appendix*,' our amanuensis says: 'Every thing coming from Napoleon excites so strong an interest, that I have thought it my duty to rescue from oblivion even these trifles — thrown off as they were without revision, in the leisure moments of the illustrious captive.' . . . '*Anti-Person*' is an earnest, but not a very courteous, controversialist. He desires, in irony, to know whether the Latin was ever a vernacular in this country, and whether our '*New Contributor*' would n't like to have it so; and he then proceeds to condemn the language, and the labor devoted among us to its acquisition. In the course of his article, he quotes the following, as being 'the deliberate opinion of one of the finest minds in England: 'He gratefully acknowledges the obligations which mankind has owed to the remains of antiquity; but in reply to the remark of an eloquent scholar, that ancient literature was the ark in which all the civilization of the world was preserved during the deluge of barbarism, he says: 'This is very true: but we do not read that Noah thought himself bound to live in the ark after the deluge had subsided.' When our ancestors first began to consider the study of the classics as the principal part of education, little or nothing worth reading was to be found in any modern language. Circumstances have changed, and a change of system is therefore desirable. The vocabulary of the Latin tongue he considers miserably poor, and its mechanism greatly deficient in power and precision. Cicero, its great master, felt this evil, and in his familiar letters was continually compelled to resort to Greek works. The literature of Rome was born old. All the signs of decrepitude were on it in the cradle. We look in vain for a single creative mind — for a Homer or a Dante, a Shakspeare or a Cervantes. In their place, we have a crowd of fourth-rate and fifth-rate authors, translators, and imitators, without end. In most of their works there is scarcely any thing spontaneous and racy; scarcely any originality in the thoughts, scarcely any idiom in the style. Their poetry tastes of the hot-house. It is transplanted from Greece, with the earth of Pindus clinging round its roots. The effect of its use, he contends, is in general pernicious. All persons who are in the habit of hearing public speaking, must have observed that the orators who are the fondest of quoting Latin, are by no means the most scrupulous about marring their native tongue. 'No person doubts that much knowledge may be obtained from the classics. It is equally certain that much gold may be found in Spain; but it by no means follows that it is wise for all to ~~work~~ the Spanish mines.' New veins of intellectual wealth, as well as new and rich veins of gold, have been laid open; a new world of literature and science has been discovered; and it is no longer necessary to delve for a few glittering grains in the dark and laborious shaft of antiquity. There is not a greater object of compassion than a fine boy,

full of animal spirits, set down in a bright sunny day with an heap of unknown words before him, to be turned into English before supper, by the help of a ponderous dictionary.' . . . '*Will there be War?*' we infer to be from the pen of a true American and an ardent patriot. The writer is unquestionably right in his deductions. There will be no war. Neither the English nor the Americans are at heart inclined to hostilities. The Boundary Question and the M'Leod Question, we take leave to predict, will both be definitively settled without bloodshed. For two governments to engage their nations in war, to carry off every little ill-humor, would be like a physician's ordering his patient to be bled for every trifling pimple that might annoy him. We are glad to perceive, however, that we have *one* journal among us with sufficient faith to believe that if there *should* be war, all the cities on the Atlantic coast would hardly be destroyed in a week by British projectiles. . . . 'C. S.' inquires if the course of the *Kentucky Blacksmith* mentioned by us as 'working out his character in his shop' should in our judgment always be emulated. Not *always*, perhaps — certainly not in the case he cites — but yet we think, in nine instances out of ten, it might be advantageously imitated by those who retire from court with the satisfaction of having had their characters estimated in the currency of the country, they sharing the spoils of their good name, which the public find after all to be 'from fair to middling,' only, and worth but two or three hundred, or perhaps a thousand, dollars. . . . Our 'Eastern' friend's paper is under advisement. It seems too long. Its humor is unctuous, and the skating scene a little '*winter-strained*.' The bill presented by the inn-keeper is not unlike the account rendered by a church-carpenter and picture-cleaner: 'To mending the Commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer, eight dollars; for cleaning and hanging up two angels, two dollars. . . . Our readers will remember the spirited description of LISZT, the pianist, given by our correspondent JOHN WATERS. He has since become 'the rage' in Europe. At a recent concert of his in Hamburg, as a friend writes us from London, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Upward of six hundred persons competed for the purchase at auction of the instrument on which he performed; and it was finally sold for twenty thousand francs! . . . The *Translations from Jean Paul*, are declined, for the reason that many of them are not newly rendered. The accomplished LONGFELLOW, for example, has done better justice to the following aspiration: 'I have thought a hundred times, that if I were an angel and had wings and no specific gravity, I would soar just so far upward, that I could see the evening sun glimmer o'er the edge of the earth, and, while I flew around with the earth, and, at the same time against its motion on its axis, would hold myself always in such a position, that for a whole year long I could look into the mild, broad eye of the evening sun. But at length I would sink down, drunk with splendor, like a bee o'er fed with honey, in sweet delirium, on the grass.' It strikes us, reading the above, that old GÖETHE must have lent or stolen the annexed: 'See how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting sun! He bends and sinks! Yonder he hurries off, and quickens other life. Alas! that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after him! — to see in everlasting evening beams the stilly world at my feet; every height on fire — every vale in repose; the rugged mountain, with its dark defiles; the heavens above, and under me the waves!' . . . The lines of 'R. F. F.' are very *unequal*. He mingles the notes of a nightingale with the cacklings of an old hen. His piece would not be considered as doing justice to the songster of

—— 'the orchard trees,
Last left and earliest found by birds and bees.'

Speaking of poetry, reminds us to tender our thanks to a correspondent at Waterloo, (N. Y.) for sending us *as original* an article written by Miss BEECHER, of Hartford, (Conn.) to which Mrs. SIGOURNEY responded, in a piece now before us. Comment is unnecessary. . . . '*Lectures and their Effects*' is declined. It is not in good taste; yet we approve of many of its arguments. That we have been 'over-lectured,' as set forth by the *Albion* journal, of which 'C.' complains, we do most potently believe. Our citizens have been treated, it is true, to many able and instructive lectures, from men of distinguished attainments in science and literature; but these have been mingled with the small efforts of those who strove to please without being able to inform; wights, like 'Peter Cram at Tinnecum,' who 'calculated to lectur,' because they thought they could turn a penny by the operation; and with a brain that would endure but one scumming, itinerate in various directions, to display a dreary expanse of trite sentiments and languid words, or to deliver stale indignation, with fervor a year old; and to become so affected at a preconcerted line or page, that it is impossible to proceed! Have n't we had 'something too much of this?' We are a little cognizant of the machinery of lecturing in this city; and this perhaps made us enjoy more keenly the position of LEIGH HUNT's lecturer, standing before a screen which hid his prompter, etc. In his 'excitement scene,' he kept stepping farther and farther back, till he bolted against the screen, and down it went, disclosing a pot of ale and some bread-and-cheese on a table! The highly poetical dignity of the recitation, and the stereo-type pathos and immense idealism of the lecturer, had not prepared the spectators for so unsophisticated a refreshment; and inextinguishable laughter shook the room.

POWHATAN: A POEM BY MR. SEBA SMITH.— Stereotype proof-sheets of this production have been kindly laid before us by the publishers, but at too late an hour for a more than cursory examination. We shall take another occasion to set forth the character of the sources whence we have drawn enjoyment in the perusal of the volume, and to afford the reader some examples of the simplicity and beauty which liberally pervade it, as well as of some of the more prominent incidents of the narrative. We are bound to thank our author for his manly defence of *true* poetry in his preface, and especially for the good sense and taste manifested in the following ingenuous and candid confession, so different from the labored attempts in this kind, of inferior minds: 'Whatever may be the faults of 'Powhatan,' they must rest solely upon the author. They cannot be chargeable to the subject, for that is full of interest, and dignity, and poetry. Nor can they be palliated by the plea of hasty composition; for he has had the work on his hands at intervals for several years, though to be sure something more than half of it has been written within the year past. Of one thing the author feels confident; but whether it may be regarded as adding to, or detracting from, the merit of the work, he knows not; he believes it would be difficult to find a poem that embodies more truly the spirit of history, or indeed that follows out more faithfully many of its details.' A single passage—an effort of 'Powhatan's father to recall to her fancy the image of her mother—will afford an idea of the general flow of the verse:

'Twelve suns ago she fell asleep,
And she never awoke again;
And thou wast then too young to weep,
Or to share thy father's pain.
But wouldst thou know thy mother's look,
When her form was young and fair,
Look down upon the tranquil brook,
And thou'lt see her picture there.
For her own bright locks of flowing jet
Are over thy shoulders hung;
In thy face her loving eyes are set,
And her music is on thy tongue.

But Okee call'd her home to rest,
And away her spirit flew,
Dancing on sunbeams far to the west,
Where the mountain tops are blue.
And often at sunset hour she strolls,
Alone on the mountains wild,
And beckons me home to the land of souls,
And calls for her darling child.
And I am an aged sapless tree,
That soon must fall to the plain;
And then shall my spirit, light and free,
Rejoin thy mother again.'

The volume, which will be executed in the very best style of the publishers, the well-known BROTHERS, can scarcely fail to find a liberal sale, not less for its abundant merits, than for the 'odor of nationality' of which it is redolent.

'THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.'— We always hail this neat journal with a hearty welcome; for it is edited with marked ability and good taste, and comes to us replete with the best current literary matériel of Scotland, and especially Edinburgh. Among the papers of a late issue, is an admirable article on Professor WILSON, the renowned CHRISTOPHER NORTH, of Blackwood. One could well nigh paint his portrait, from the sketch of the Professor before his class in moral philosophy, at the Edinburgh University. 'When his theme,' says the writer, 'is one which gives scope to, and harmonizes with, his glowing and enthusiastic turn of mind; when he can riot in the fulness and luxuriance of his imagination; then it is that he flings aside his papers, and in strains of the most thrilling eloquence, pours forth his thoughts, unstudied and unsought for, but welling freshly up from the fulness of his heart. During these bursts, WILSON looks like one inspired. His eye, 'in a fine phrenzy rolling,' actually *gleams*; his features, always commanding, appear doubly so when lighted up by the conscious fire of genius. He seems for the time entirely carried away, and wholly unconscious of every thing beside the one absorbing topic. On such occasions, his language is perfect poetry; and indeed, thoughts frequently flow from him which produce an almost electrical effect upon his class. Who that heard him, will forget his saying, soon after the death of his lady, (an event which affected him most deeply,) in apologizing for some delay in returning the prize exercises, '*Gentlemen, I could not see to read them in the valley of the shadow of death!*' WILSON, however, the writer adds, can be gay as

well as serious; and he not unfrequently sets his hearers in a roar by his quaint, dry touches of humor, delivered in a style of the most irresistible drollery. We find two pleasant anecdotes among the lighter selections of the 'Journal.' A priest, 'on holy thoughts intent,' inquires with due gravity, of an honest yeoman, standing before him at a Scottish country kirk, with his wife by his side, and an infant in his arms for baptism, whether he feels himself prepared for so important an occasion? '*Prepared!*' cries John, in an indignant key, his astonishment fairly getting the better of his reverence for the minister; 'I hae a firloot o' bannocks bakin', twa bacon hams, a gude fat kebbuck, an' a gallon o' the best Hielan' whusky; an' I wad just like to ken what better preparation ye could expeck frae a man in my condition o' life!' He meant 'the christening' at home. A kindred mistake is made by another peasant, who hearing 'Prince Albert' prayed for in the service, fancies a small steam-boat of that name as the object intended; and on coming out of church, is greatly incensed, that the minister should 'make sic a sang about a bit cockle-shell o' a thing they ca' *Prince Albert*,' a craft nae muckle bigger than a common wherry, that carries a wheen coals, and a sma' steam-kettle in its belly' — the very impudence of the thing was outrageous! Among the original articles, we observe a very just review of '*The Quadroons*,' a native novel, elsewhere noticed. The editor says he 'never found two volumes so innocent of every thing which could captivate the fancy, or please the taste;' and he is so bold as to aver, that he is 'quite at a loss to say which charmed him most, the grammar, the philosophy, the incidents, or the depth and clearness of the writer's thoughts.'

OLD MAIDS. — In the following, a 'Leaf from the Basket of the Sans Souci Circle,' we have a confession as rare for its frankness as it is creditable to its spinster-author. May she live a thousand years, and her shadow never be *less*!

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM an old maid. I fearlessly confess it; nay, I take pleasure in openly avowing it. I *dare* be an old maid. I piqued all my beaux when I was young, by refusing them; I pique the young men still, by showing them, in not being afraid to acknowledge my age, that I do not care for their favor. I was, and still am, indebted to Fortune for a rather bountiful attention to my personal comforts, while I think I may say of my advantages of form and feature, without vanity, (since age has softened their attraction,) that they were *once* not to be despised. The truth is, however, I have always owed the world a spite; and whether it be that Nature did not originally endow me with sufficient of the milk of human kindness, or whether she lavished on me a supply that has soured of its own redundancy, I half suspect myself of having been, from the first, a little too hard-hearted and misanthropical. Yet I cannot but say, that a sense of the injustice and deceit of the other sex, in instances which were too palpable to escape my observation, may have been the cause of my prejudice, and that I owe to my sense of justice, what my too great modesty would lead me to impute to a want of amiability. Thus prejudiced against the other sex, their flattery made no impression on my heart; my judgment had too cool play, and I became too fastidious. I could not, moreover, but suspect that it was *mine*, not *me*, that my admirers worshipped; and an idolatry that I could have pardoned, had I really been the goddess, seemed shockingly impious, when I suspected that my gold was the idol, and I only intended for a sacrifice. Thus I hesitated to choose, until my malicious neighbors began to hint that I might bless my stars to be *chosen*; when, to avoid so horrible a suspicion, I shut up every avenue to sensibility, and have since steadfastly avoided even the suspicion of a suitor.

Meanwhile, 'hard times' have supervened, but they have left me unscathed. I still look out on the world from a comfortable nook of my own. I now and then catch a glance from old admirers, hurrying, and puffing, and sweating along our great thoroughfares; with heads full of trouble, farms mortgaged to speculators, and faces ploughed with care; truly, they look up to me as beggars, supplicating the very angle of charity; and sometimes I *do* feel for them a degree of compassion. I protest it is not *love*. No, no, gentlemen; my heart is seared. It wont do; I am for none of you. There are all the various modes of suicide left open to you, if you are really still in love with me.

There are hanging, drowning, lovers'-leaps, pistols, razors, laudanum; all these are within your reach; but me you cannot have!

I have the best cook the town can supply; the neatest creature of a house-keeper that ever dusted furniture; I am in confederacy with the best tea-merchant, and receive a daily visit from one who knows all the gossip and scandal of the neighborhood. What could be a more delightful mode of using up the material of life? It is my way always to be a little in advance of the fashions. Thanks to modern artizans, Time can glean about my person but few trophies. A lock that it costs him forty years to blanch, I can, with my Titmouse-dye, restore to its pristine color in two hours. If he take a tint from my cheeks, it only prolongs my toilette a little to wrest it from his clutches. Let him remove a tooth, if he please; PARMEX, in a single afternoon, will put a better one in its place. So, in spite of Time, and the taunts of disappointed suitors, I shall still be young till I die. I am mistress in my own house, and have a lap-dog to receive my caresses, that never leaves me desolate, always listens patiently to my conversation, and never orders me out of the room, nor comes home drunk. Who does not envy my happiness? I consider it an honor and a privilege to be, what I am,

AN OLD MAID.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

THE accumulated notices which succeed, although mainly brief, are records of opinion carefully derived in the reading of the last two months. The *reasons* in detail, of our faith, would have exceeded our bounds; we must rather trust, therefore, to the reader's confidence in our literary judgment or taste.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COL. TRUMBULL. — In the latter part of the ensuing summer, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM will publish a handsome volume, of about four hundred pages, entitled 'Autobiography and Reminiscences of his Own Times: by Col. JOHN TRUMBULL.' The work 'will contain a portrait of the author, from an original painting done by himself; also about twenty copper-plate engravings, chiefly from pencil sketches in outline, most of them made in travelling.' Among the drawings, are military plans, sketches of scenery, buildings, costume, portraits, etc. The time covered by the narrative is more than four fifths of a century; the era one of the most momentous in the annals of the world, including the American and French revolutions. We quote the following from the prospectus:

'The author is a scholar, a gentleman, a soldier, an artist, and a politician; the father of American historical painting, one of the aids of WASHINGTON, at Cambridge, in 1775; the sole survivor of his military family, and one of the extraordinary diplomatic embassy of Mr. Jay to London, in 1794, of which he was secretary, as also of the board for adjudging claims under the treaty then made, of which he was sole umpire, between the commissioners, (equal in number) of the two nations. Through life conversant with most of the distinguished men of his time, and intimate with many; being an actor in, and an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, his narrative is exact, and his statements authentic, while important facts are now for the first time disclosed. A competent and disinterested judge, after attentively hearing or reading the entire manuscript, characterizes it as combining great condensation, perspicuity, and animation, with an elegant simplicity of style; it is regarded as an ornament to our literature, as well as an important contribution to history and biography.

'The author, through a long life, has been careful to preserve important letters and documents, and from these a selection will be made, to be connected by appropriate explanations, and to follow the narrative. Retaining, unimpaired, the vigor of his mind, and the acuteness and vivacity of his perceptions, he gives every promise which his advanced age can afford, of seeing his work safely through the press, with the advantage of the correction to be afforded by his own critical and cultivated taste. He retained the affectionate confidence of General WASHINGTON and of Judge Jay, to the close of their lives; he is himself among the last of the survivors of that noble band of patriots, who, not shrinking from the fearful odds, breasted the storm of war, when we were few and feeble, and, by God's blessing, carried us safely through. Like many of them, he has since served illustriously in civil stations; but he has also done what none of them could do; he has, by his talents and his taste, contributed to adorn the rising greatness of his country, by splendid monuments of genius.'

We sincerely join in the hope, that a work of such interest and value, afforded at the small cost of three dollars, will be promptly encouraged; and that the closing labors of the veteran patriot, artist, and author — one of the few remaining stars of the revolution — may tend to brighten the evening of his decline.

PUBLICATIONS OF MR. JOHN S. TAYLOR. — At a late hour were laid before us several publications, of a moral and religious character, from the new depository of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, 145 Nassau-street. We can but indicate the character of their contents, and state that each one has an established repute for interest and usefulness. The first is entitled 'Christian Experience, as displayed in the Life and Writings of SAINT PAUL,' by the author of 'Christian Retirement.' It will be sufficient for the present to say of this book, that it is the *first* American from the *seventh* London edition; which proves that English christians hold in high regard a work which brings into one view the varied excellencies of the character of Paul, and unfolds those principles of faith and love which made him so great a blessing to mankind. 'Cornelius the Centurian,' from the German of KRUMMACHEA, is not unknown to American readers. 'The author seems to have been in possession of the key which opened up to him every step in the progress of the Centurian, from the first dawning of divine light on his soul, until blessed with its full blaze in the ministrations of the apostles of the Jews.' 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel,' and 'Solomon and Shulamite,' in one volume, by the same eminent author, enjoy an equal popularity. We have also two volumes by 'CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,' the religious EDGEWORTH of Great Britain, entitled 'Alice Benden, or the Bowed shilling, and other Tales,' and 'Glimpses of the Past, or the Museum.' This authoress will continually remind American readers of the simplicity, sincerity, and *heartfulness* of our own SEDGWICK. 'The Backslider' of FULLER, with an introduction by Rev. JOHN ANGELL JAMES, is especially intended for those 'who have fallen from the doctrine or practice of pure religion;' yet though written with a special eye to a few, it is hoped it may still be useful to many.

THE 'NEW-YORKER.' — Finding on our table a copy of this our favorite journal, beautifully printed upon new type, and on a fair white sheet, somewhat enlarged, we nibbed our pen to mention the fact, and to add a few words of deserved commendation, when we encountered the following tribute in the '*Spirit of the Times*,' which in transferring to our pages, we take the liberty heartily to endorse:

'Of the intrinsic merits of the 'New-Yorker,' there has been for a long period but one opinion entertained by the country at large. To the literary man and the politician it is equally valuable, as containing within its columns an excellent and judicious selection from all the most celebrated books, reviews, and magazines of the day, as well as a record of public events and opinions, and statistical matters compiled with a degree of accuracy and research, that has secured for it an amount of confidence enjoyed by but few of its contemporaries. The progress of the 'New-Yorker' has been gradual but uninterrupted; and while penning this well-deserved tribute to its merits, we feel how little it stands in need of such eulogium. It enjoys a popularity which has been won by industry and talent, coupled with a warmth and devotion to friends, and a fair, courteous, and honorable bearing toward opponents: and long may it thus continue; for we feel it to be a journal to which Americans may confidently point, when asked for a specimen of the newspaper press of their country.'

STORIES BY MISS SEDGWICK. — We have in the last number of HARPER'S School District Library twelve of those short but very interesting and instructive stories, which Miss SEDGWICK knows so well how to narrate. If any one fancies that these tales are *merely* interesting to children, let him take up the book, with moderate leisure on his hands, and see when he will stop. We have some confidence in this proposition; for hackneyed though we be, in such matters, we were *compelled* to read the book through at a sitting. We agree fully with a discriminating contemporary, that there was no need of any special indication of Miss SEDGWICK'S authorship; nobody else writes or can write such stories — we had almost said no one else can write so good. Others have written tales as interesting; others again as replete with touching simplicity; a few have given the world books as full of moral instruction and heart-wisdom; but no one beside CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK has combined so many excellencies in a volume of stories for young persons. It seems impossible that any one should read them without pleasure, or be pleased with them and not practice the virtues they so admirably depict and commend.

ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM. — 'The school-master is abroad' again. PETER PARLEY, that most pleasant and popular of all instructors, among the young, has just given to the world the first number of 'MERRY'S MUSEUM,' a monthly magazine for youth, which being designed to be, *will be*, an interesting publication, and useful as well. It will embrace a great variety of valuable topics, as history, geography, geology, natural history, travels, biography, etc., and will be enlivened with tales, sketches, adventures, incidents, narratives, anecdotes, fables, etc.; the whole neatly printed and illustrated with wood-cuts. The initial number is a various and excellent one. Mr. ROBERT MERRY, however, should be careful to avoid errors. He laughs at the ignorance of a lad from New-York, who was surprised at seeing a girl milking a cow in the country: 'I had never seen a cow milked before,' says he, 'nor indeed did I know where milk came from. If I had been asked the question, I should probably have said that we got it by pumping it from a cistern, or drawing it out of a well.' Now Mr. MERRY should have explained, that according to the 'lights' he had, the boy, in this answer, would have hit the truth to a fraction. He was a New-York lad, be it remembered, and spoke of a commodity which is watered at the pump of a morning, in defiance of public criticism. BRADBURY AND SODEN, Boston, are Mr. MERRY's publishers.

LA FONTAINE. — We perform an agreeable service, in commending to public attention a small volume from the press of WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY, Boston, containing tasteful selections from the entertaining and instructive fables of LA FONTAINE. The translator says pleasantly in his preface: 'ÆRONAUTS, before risking their necks, often deem it prudent to send up a pigmy balloon to try the quality of the gas and the course of the wind. On the same principle, the fables which compose this little volume have been selected from a manuscript translation of the entire work of M. DE LA FONTAINE. Although that work is by no means confined in its application to any one of 'the seven ages of man,' but addresses itself '*à tous tant que nous sommes*,' the present selection is more particularly commended to the young. The translator hopes ultimately to instruct and please both them and their parents. It is no more than truth however, to say, that he has found the bulk of his motive in the supposition, that if he could in any measure supply so great a *desideratum* as the naturalization into English literature of a work which, at the age of one hundred and seventy years, has been more multiplied than any other in French, an *American* public would help him feed his children.' Aside from the lively pleasure which all tasteful readers must derive from a perusal of the neat little book before us, there is an additional inducement to its purchase offered, in this candid announcement of the translator.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGES. — Mr. EDWARD WALKER, 112 Fulton-street, has recently published a handsomely printed and bound volume, of upward of seven hundred pages, containing the Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, from WASHINGTON to HARRISON inclusive; to which are prefixed the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States. We foresee for this valuable work a wide and continuous sale; for it is one which will be in constant request, alike by the citizen, the politician, and the historian. We observe that it is the publisher's intention to prepare, as occasion may require, printed in a uniform style, the addresses and messages which may hereafter be given to the public; thus forming, at a trifling additional cost, a standard book of reference for the American people, irrespective of parties or their political creeds. We should not omit to add, that the volume is embellished with a superbly-engraved likeness of Gen. Harrison, prefacing a brief but spirited memoir of his life. The work is on sale at the publisher's, at D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S, and at COLLINS, KRESE AND COMPANY'S, New-York; THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT AND COMPANY'S, Philadelphia, and at LITTLE AND BROWN'S, Boston.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF OGLETHORPE. — Messrs. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, Boston, have issued proposals for publishing 'Biographical Memorials of JAMES OGLETHORPE, the founder of Georgia; by THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D. D., corresponding member of the Georgia Historical Society.' The work will give an account of his early life and education; his chivalric service under the celebrated Prince Eugene of Savoy; his influence as a member of successive parliaments in Great Britain, with extracts from his speeches; his grand undertaking in the settlement of Georgia; his defence of the Colony against the Spaniards, and devotedness to its interests for eleven years; his military engagement under Marshal Wade, in 1745, against the forces of the Pretender; and details of his domestic and social relations through the latter part of his long and eventful life. The whole will make an octavo volume of about three hundred and fifty pages. The work will be neatly printed, embellished with a portrait, and afforded at two dollars per copy.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS. — We shall endeavor to do justice to these singular yet thoughtful papers, (now first collected into a beautiful volume by Messrs. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, Boston,) in an early number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. They comprise the following themes, and are infused with the spirit of a deep-thinker, and an earnest seeker after truth: History; Self-reliance; Compensation; Spiritual Laws; Love, Friendship, Prudence, Heroism; the Over-Soul; Circles; Intellect, and Art. We perceive in Mr. EMERSON'S writings, and those of his school at the East, how much the German mind is infusing itself in that region. A wonderful change has come over Europe and America, in the estimate of the intellect and literature of this nation. For a greater part of the last century, the Germans, in an intellectual survey of the world, were quietly omitted. A vague, contemptuous ignorance prevailed concerning them. It was a Cimmerian land, where if a few sparks did glimmer, it was but so as to testify their own existence too feebly to enlighten us. It is far otherwise now.

LATE PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD. — We have pleasure in announcing two new works of interest recently from the press of this well-known Philadelphia house, to which we would invite the reader's attention. The first is the 'Characteristics of GÖETHE, from the German of FALK, VON MÜLLER, etc., with notes, original and translated, illustrative of German Literature. By SARAH AUSTIN: in two volumes: and the second, 'Rambles in Europe, in 1839, with Sketches of Prominent surgeons, physicians, medical schools, hospitals, literary personages, scenery, etc., by WILLIAM GIBSON, M. D., Philadelphia. The author has given a comprehensive view, not only of the personal peculiarities of the leading physicians and surgeons whom he encountered abroad, but a regular analysis of their writings, interspersed with occasional sketches of distinguished literary characters, with descriptions of scenery, incidents of travel, etc.

'THE FUTURE.' — Such is the comprehensive title of a large and handsomely executed weekly journal, the first number of which has recently made its appearance in this city, under the editorial supervision of ARTHUR BRISBANE, Esq. We are not inclined to entertain all the views of the editor; yet we are of opinion that some of them, if carried fairly out, would be productive of great good to the poor and destitute classes of the community. And here it is proper that an essential error which seems to have obtained in relation to one of the objects of this journal, should be corrected. It is not designed to favor a *compulsory* community principle; but rather to advocate a society, of whose accumulated benefits the poor may be made partakers, and to which those who require no aid, may benevolently contribute. Conspicuous among the intelligent contributors to this journal, is Mr. HORACE GREELEY, of the 'New-Yorker,' whose pen is a valuable auxiliary in any praiseworthy cause.

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, BOSTON. — We ask the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* to take our earnest commendation of the following works, from the press of Messrs. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, Boston, without waiting for the *reason* of our cordial praise, which we cannot now assign. That, however, is a matter they will soon discover, on a perusal of the volumes. We cheerfully trust a verdict with the reader: 'Strive and Thrive, a Tale, by MARY HOWITT; in seventeen chapters; 'Memoir of NATHANIEL BOWDITCH; prepared for the young;' 'Sowing and Reaping, or, What will Come of It?' by MARY HOWITT; 'Gammer Grethel's German Stories,' Second Series; and 'Who shall be Greatest?' by MARY HOWITT. All these volumes are of convenient size and agreeable length, very neatly printed, and some of them are illustrated with beautiful engravings.

THE 'NORMA' OF ROMANI. — A friend has favored us with a copy of 'NORMA, a Lyrical Tragedy, translated into English from the Italian of FELICE ROMANI, and adapted to the original music of BELLINI.' We derive this English version from J. REESE FRY, Esq., one of the editors of the *National Gazette* newspaper, to whom the Philadelphia public were indebted for the most perfect production of one of the best operas that has ever been brought upon the American stage. The verse is smooth and flowing; and the reader is not annoyed by indifferent and unmeaning passages, such as largely disfigure the *libretto* of nearly every opera we ever heard. The translation is in all respects creditable to the care and skill of Mr. FRY.

DR. WEBSTER'S ADDRESS. — After perusing the 'Address to the Graduates of Geneva Medical College,' delivered in January last, by our friend JAMES WEBSTER, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in that flourishing institution, and Corresponding Member of the London Medical Society, we were at no loss to perceive why it was that his pupils were eager for its publication. Aside from the admirable lessons which it conveys to the young physician, just setting out upon his career, there is a kindness of manner, an earnestness of *professional affection*, so to speak, in the general character of the performance, which was well calculated to awaken the grateful sentiments of every youthful hearer. The faults natural to a florid style are redeemed by a fervor of feeling which it is as impossible to assume, as it is to impart when assumed.

AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY. — We find on our table this publication for the April quarter. It has impressed us, on a desultory perusal, as an interesting number of a work which, as our readers are aware, we consider a good one, and honorable to our religious literature. We were particularly struck with an article entitled 'The Agony in Gethsemane,' a subject fruitful of the deepest pathos, and in the present instance treated by an able hand. This eventful scene in the sacred history of the 'Man of Sorrows' can be regarded with indifference only by those who are too ignorant to understand, or too careless to feel. 'The Bible and its Literature' and 'The Studies of an Orator' will command especial attention.

'FAIR WYOMING.' — The 'Poetry and History of Wyoming,' containing CAMPBELL's 'Gertrude,' with a Memoir of the author, by WASHINGTON IRVING, and the History, by WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq., is one of the most beautiful and attractive books of the season. It is embellished with nine good engravings. We shall notice it more particularly hereafter. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

'LIFE AND LAND OF BURNS.' — This work, so warmly commended in these pages by an Edinburgh correspondent, a month or two since, has been published in a very handsome duodecimo volume, by the Messrs. LANGLEY, Chatham-street. The text is by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, continued by THOMAS CAMPERELL; and is preceded by the fine essay of CARLYLE upon the genius and writings of the Bard of Nature.

NATIONAL SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. — The comprehensive and exceedingly well-written 'Discourse on the Objects and Importance of the National Institution for the Promotion of Science, established at Washington, in 1840,' and delivered at its first anniversary, by Hon. JOEL R. POINSETT, Secretary of War, and Senior Director of the Institution, is a production worthy of a more elaborate review than we have at present leisure to prepare, or space to publish. We shall therefore take another occasion to do justice to the Discourse: in the meantime, we commend it most heartily to the perusal of our readers.

'**THE MAGNOLIA, OR SOUTHERN MONTHLY,**' is the present title of 'The Southern Lady's Book,' which has assumed a more *manly* character, and is now published at Savannah, in a greatly improved form. It is conducted with editorial tact and talent, and has a corps of good contributors. We wish the Editor could be aware of the hearty sympathy and cordiality with which we invoked for him abundant success, while perusing his spirited appeal, on the last page of the number before us. The 'Magnolia,' or we greatly mistake, will prove an honor to the periodical literature of the South.

HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY. — We find on our table the last two issues of this well-known, and we are glad to say, duly appreciated, series. Numbers 121 and 122, embrace IRVING'S 'Life and Writings of GOLDSMITH,' which we noticed at large some two or three months since; and Numbers 123 and 124 contain 'Lives of Eminent Men of Modern Times,' embracing upward of fifty remarkable individuals, 'whose characters and actions illustrated the several periods in which they lived, and whose genius and efforts have had a lasting influence upon society in modern times. Both publications are embellished with well-engraved portraits.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES. — MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD have supplied a desideratum to American readers, in the two large and well-printed volumes which they have recently issued, entitled 'The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,' by Prof. RANKE, of Berlin: translated from the German, by SARAH AUSTIN.' The admirable articles by MACAULEY, in the London Quarterly Review, have already made these volumes widely known to the American public. They afford a solution of the greatest problem in modern history, and a vivid picture of the rapid and apparently resistless progress of the Reformation, in its infancy.

LIVES OF CLINTON AND PERRY. — We have read with an old interest renewed, and a new interest awakened, the last two numbers of HARPER'S Family Library. The first is a Life of DEWITT CLINTON, drawn by Prof. RENWICK from authentic sources, through the kindness of CHARLES A. CLINTON, Esq., 'the worthy and estimable son of a distinguished father;' and the second, the Life of Com. OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, by ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE, the accomplished author of 'A Year in Spain, and 'Spain Revisited.' Both works are illustrated by portraits of their eminent subjects, and both will receive, what each certainly deserves, the liberal favor of the public.

'**THE ANALECT**' is the title of a semi-monthly magazine of original and selected poetry and prose, the first number of which has recently been issued by M. J. H. SPINNING, Jersey City. It is neatly executed, and embellished with music, and a very neat Engraving of Jersey city. Among its selections we observe the commencement of the popular 'Fort Braddock Letters,' from the 'Connecticut Mirror' of 'long ago.'

'**BARNABY RUDGE.**' — MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD and E. LITTELL publish in advance this new work of Mr. DICKENS, by an arrangement with the English publishers. Both editions are neatly executed, and are on sale every Saturday at the trifling sum of *sixpence* per number.

WALDIES' LIBRARY. — Our excellent friend and correspondent SANDERSON has assumed the supervision of this well-known reservoir of Memoirs, Biography, Novels, Tales, Travels, Voyages, etc.; and his established reputation will insure such selections as will not only sustain but enhance the popularity of the publication, which we have pleasure in wishing abundant success. The worthy editor, especially, will 'be pleased to accept the assurances of our distinguished consideration.'

HALE'S NEWS ESTABLISHMENT, in the Tontine Building, corner of Wall and Water-streets, has been represented to us as a very interesting and agreeable place of resort for either citizen or stranger. Here may always be seen the principal magazines and periodicals of the day, both domestic and foreign; the leading newspapers from every part of our own country, together with an abundant supply of European journals. These are all neatly arranged upon desks and tables; and every attention is paid by the proprietor to the numerous calls which are daily made upon him for information; he being considered as in some sort a walking news-directory. Connected with the News-Room, is a *Ship Letter Office*, (free to subscribers,) where letters and papers for distant countries are received and promptly forwarded by steamers, and other vessels. The intelligent and obliging proprietor is to be congratulated upon his recent elevation from the basement; and we trust that in his new and commodious apartments, he may receive that substantial patronage to which years of hard labor in his vocation have entitled him.

A Word to all Concerned.

WE have heretofore appealed to the sense of justice of the *Delinquent Subscribers* to this Magazine. We have asked for the payment of an amount, trifling to each individual delinquent, but important, nay, *indispensable*, in the aggregate, to us. We have demanded this, as but a reasonable return for unremitting labor, (carried into hours when our subscribers were enjoying that rest which we have denied ourselves for their gratification,) and for the most liberal outlay of cash expenditures, which have left us little to enjoy, beyond the consciousness of having not only honorably fulfilled, but often exceeded, all our engagements with the public. We have relied upon a generous response to this appeal; but hitherto our anticipations have been disappointed; and we are now *compelled* to a course which has been adopted with success by several of our contemporaries. In the course of the present and the ensuing month, bills will be again sent to every delinquent subscriber. A reasonable time will be allowed for the transmission of the amount due; when, if it be not received, *the name of the subscriber will appear in a List of Delinquents, in a conspicuous page of the work.* We shall thus guard our contemporaries against a too common species of fraud, and secure to ourselves the satisfaction of having done all in our power — by appealing to a sense of *shame* where we found none of *justice* — to secure our honest dues. We are determined no longer to wait for amounts due this establishment, a mere per centage of which would enable us to

— 'look the whole world in the face,
And owe not any man;'

but the want of which has sometimes forced us (with feelings which we wish our small debtors could once appreciate,) to requite with disappointment the favors of those who generously confided in us, on the strength of a similar confidence which we had a *right* to repose in others. We shall repay the tardy justice of old, and the promptitude of new, subscribers, by the regular publication of a work, which was never more popular, nor so rich in literary possessions, in hand and engaged, as at the present moment. All that *has* contributed interest to the KNICKERBOCKER, will be continued; of every thing that can *add* to that interest, we shall promptly avail ourselves; as will be seen hereafter, both in matter and embellishments.

DOCTOR COFFIN IN BAYVIEW STREET, 1074

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XVII.

MAY, 1841.

No. 5.

NOVELTIES AND QUACKERIES.

—
IN ONE CHAPTER.
—

‘VILIA sunt nobis quæcunque prioribus annis,
Videmus, et sordet quidquid spectavimus olim.’

WHAT did the wise man mean, when he said, ‘There is no new thing under the sun?’ He certainly did not intend to affirm that novelties had ceased; that every thing practicable had been already accomplished, and every thing discoverable discovered; that language was pumped dry, and the literary stream could run no longer; for he says again, what our own experience tells us was prophetic, that ‘in the multitude of books there is no end.’ He meant simply, that in the daily plodding routine of business, and in the monotonous round of pleasure and vice, all soon becomes tiresome and disgusting. Why, the world is a complete manufactory of novelties, with its batting and carding machines, its spindles and shuttles, with their thousand-tongued buzzing and clatter, constantly turning out their compages and fabrics! Every thing changes but the eternal laws of God and nature, which decree that all else shall change. Old things constantly pass away, that all things may become new. Man follows but the laws which bind the elements of which he is composed; and so the dust, gases, and humors, which make up his corporeal nature, are all destroyed, or give place to other dust, gases, and humors, and in a short time he becomes literally a *new man*.

Time would fail me to rummage the charnel-house of the past, to rake from the ashes the dry, disjointed bones of the millions of the mighty, whom the universal Undertaker has shovelled into his bottomless vaults; to present again the sophomoric topics of Greece and Rome, and Tyre and Carthage; to visit the interminable labyrinth of discovery, and the world’s patent-office of invention; to drag from mouldering heaps the forgotten tread, and hand-mills, and the primitive, lumbering block-wheeled vehicles, to place them in antithesis with the gigantic machinery and lightning-spced locomotive of to-day; and finally, to contrast the theory of Plato, that the earth is an equilateral triangle, with that of Newton, of whose name each diamond of heaven that glitters reminds us, as we gaze on its unfading lustre.

Sufficient that these allusions will forcibly convince us that *man* as well as woman has been and will be '*varium et mutabile semper*;' to forewarn us also not to be surprised, though we should live to see our rail-roads and steam-boats sink into insignificance, from the superior advantages of the storm-driven balloon, or some still more perfect contrivance, which shall issue from the brain of some Jupiter of genius. Experience has profited us little, if it has not prepared us as well for prodigies in the mechanical and literary creation, as for rain in the spring, and snow in the winter. A gaping world admires and applauds a daring adventurer in any science or pursuit.

Pine then no longer, thou bright but timid child of Apollo and the Muse, who, as oft as thou hast closed the hallowed page of Milton and Shakspeare, hast given vent to the trembling despondency of thine heart, in the weak and unfounded assertion, 'that the English language is all *used up* ; that no garland of fame remains unplucked for thee !' Look upward toward Fame's proud temple, and read the new names which each revolving day there registers, and let thy fainting heart be cheered ; then break at once the fetters that bind thee to rhetorics and lexicons, those clogs upon the stately, stalking, stride of Genius ! Be no longer content with aping the manners of others, and with chattering, like the mocking-bird, the stolen warblings of original minds. *Oddity*, now, is the *true* mark of genius ; and the horse that, tired of drawing in the old 'diligence' of preconceived notions, resolutely kicks out of the traces, is the only noble animal. Variety is the spice of composition as well as of life. The spice ! In the opinion of the world, it is the very eggs and sugar ; all else is but the un-kneaded batter.

The world, by its encouragement of novelty and originality, has macadamized the road to pretension and quackery. See how the very soul of quackery beams from every page of a modern genius ! Off he goes upon the top of a black, loud-bellowing cloud. Instantly he is among flashing, sparkling constellations, and among 'ethereal quintessences of ethereal ether !' Thus far he is followed readily. The simple scholar recollects having had *fac similes* of those expressions in some of his *earlier* college productions, and listens with delight, almost flattering himself that the genius is actually quoting some of *his* original ideas, published so long ago in that carefully-preserved number of the village newspaper, and begins to indulge a timid hope of his own immortality. But ah ! he knows not the illimitable potency of Genius ! A single moment more, and genius pierces through the clouds and constellations, and plants his right foot firmly on the rock of that 'inevitable dualism which bisects all nature ;' by a prodigious display of power, he next swings his limbs over the top of a 'deceptive nonentity,' and clenches his nails fast in the flesh of a 'tactual phantasm ;' 'time, space, and the five senses' serve for stepping-stones in his glorious progress. Onward, still onward, upward, still upward, he climbs, he flies ! Alas ! he has entangled himself in a net of verbs and adjectives, pronouns and interjections, which trips up his heels, envelopes him like a fog, and buries him in Egyptian darkness !

Originality and fancy, when employed on an intrinsically valuable and instructive work, are like rich jewels and an elegant dress, which set off to advantage the complexion and figure of a beautiful woman ;

but when originality and brilliant fancies are employed only to make the surrounding darkness more gloomy and more palpable, it is like putting the same dress and jewels on a queen of Ethiopia, or an ebony maiden of Timbuctoo.

The young aspirant must not only *leave* the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, but openly condemn not only the road they travelled, but the old-fashioned hob-nailed shoes they wore. Discard their old Saxon vernacular, and their plain and comprehensible ideas. Come out, too, with unblushing assertions; state them as indisputable aphorisms; as axioms not only needing no demonstration, but so plain as to be utterly incapable of it. A bold and confident assertion is ever more readily believed than a modest statement with reason to back it. Does shrinking Modesty seek for precedents? Timid thing! why seek for that of which you have no need? Your very anxiety for precedents, proves your utter poverty of genius, and shows a total want of that consummate impudence which must be your passport to success. But do you still demand them? Then, were it not that my soul abhors the idea of injuring the feelings even of a canker-worm, I would present you with a catalogue. Be content with a single instance. Some years ago, in England, a writer* of acknowledged talent and literary reputation published a book, in which he spoke of Nero as a humane and amiable man, and deservedly popular; the burning of Rome, under the administration of this lovely personage, the author considered a wise measure; and the great fire of London, also, a voluntary expedient to purify the city, and widen the streets! He spoke of homely old John Locke as the most elegant of English prose writers. Now what could have been the object of filling a book with such 'inane twattle' as this? The author understood well the world's love of novelty, and its virtual encouragement of every species of quackery. *He* did not timidly vacillate between the sublime and ridiculous, between sense and nonsense, but boldly determined to administer to critics and the people such a broadside of the latter, as should convince the world that he was no base literary pirate, laden with bullion obtained by a general plunder on the high seas of literature. The stake he played for was notoriety; Fortune had loaded his dice, and one cast decided the game.

See Byron in the latter part of his career. So soon as the novelty of his style began to diminish, and his figure to grow smaller on the public retina, and pity for his misfortunes was fast dissolving into contempt for his egotism and vices, his determination to become once more the prevailing subject of public attention became manifest. He bent the energies of his mind to the production of a work which should possess at least the attraction of novelty, and cause the whole world to applaud or condemn. To him it mattered not which. Distressing reflection! that a man like Byron, a man who had won and could still win the admiration of all intellectual men; one who had

‘Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,’

could stoop to dip his pen in the slimy pool of licentiousness, and

besmear a ream of paper with a poem which is spurned by the intelligent and virtuous.

But why should we cross the ocean, to find illustrations of principles as common as the air we breathe? Though America has not, since the days of the elder Adams, been honored by the visit of any of those quacks whose business it is to annihilate iron and produce gold in its place, yet we can point to our Cagliostros and Signors Dammi in every other department. Quack philosophers and quack philanthropists are as plenty as quack ministers and quack doctors. A few weeks' rumination on the shoe-bench, or cogitation on the tailor's board, is sufficient to perfect either. Though our American pretender must, to adopt an agricultural phrase, 'hoe his own row,' and worm his way into the hearts of the people, without the aid of protectors or dependents, he is always certain of considerable success, because the ground is well fallowed, and the heart already corrupt.

Possessing also, that versatility so peculiar to his nation, so soon as he finds his card-house tumbling from neglect, as its only attraction, novelty fades away; he neither goes grumbling about the streets, nor bisects his weasand in a fit of indignation or desperation; but instantly dismounts from his spavined and wind-broken hobby, turns it out to grass, saddles another, and good-humoredly chinking his well-filled purse in the lengthened faces of his former followers, mounts the fresher charger, and rides away, full of hope, on the new road to riches and notoriety. But more generally, our original charlatans, by astonishing displays of seamanship, backed by invincible impudence, and generally by some powers of lungs, manage to keep their doctrines for some time afloat, by frequent tacks and new manœuvres; lightening ship, bending on new sails, and luffing to heavy squalls of opposition; thus, though the beach is strewn with the ribs of warning wrecks, we may at this day see squadrons of other quackeries on the broad bosom of public opinion, boldly breasting the billows. 'Such is the iniquity of men, that they suck in opinions as wild asses do the wind, without distinguishing the wholesome from the corrupted air.' The excellent Bishop Taylor would have been, perhaps, less severe upon mankind, had he ascribed this to the love of novelty, which begets all error upon the world's excessive crudulity.

We designate every thing as quackery, which pretends to be what it *is not*; which pretends to more than it does or can possibly accomplish; systems and societies which are productive of no good, or which are productive of positive evil. It is well for the world, that most quackeries are harmless to the public; that is, that they injure none but those whom they seduce. We attach no greater importance to quacks in general than we do to the disagreeable vermin that suck our blood and infest our cupboards; and we are selfish enough to say, that so long as they neither torment *us*, nor eat our substance, we are willing, if they can find others who have blood enough and to spare, and whose store-houses and barns are overcharged, that they should instantly dip their suction-pipes into the veins, and apply their molars and grinders to the corn, of those who are content to harbor them, till their employers shall be ready to cry, 'Hold! enough!' of their own free will and accord.

LINES TO THE BLUE-BIRD.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

I.

Come rest on my window thy soft azure wing,
Most welcome of songsters — first bird of the Spring!
O, come at my bidding, and pour forth again
That soul-stirring, mellow, enrapturing strain!

II.

Bright Blue-bird! Thy carol of joy hath unsealed
A fount in the bosom, by Winter congealed,
And pleasant remembrances flow in a throng,
As liquid and sweet, as the notes of thy song.

III.

Fair skies, vernal fields, running brooks and wild-flowers,
Commingle, as scenes that have gladdened past hours;
And Hope, the bright morning-star, shining once more,
Proclaims that the night-time of Winter, is o'er.

IV.

Thy heaven-taught melody, beautiful Bird!
I welcome, as first the lone exile, some word
Which comes in the tone of his dear native tongue,
More sweet to his ear, than the music of song.

V.

And who that 'mid strangers hath long-time sojourned,
While his heart for the land of his fathers still yearned,
Knows not, how is valued that voice which doth come
From the lowliest shades of his country and home?

VI.

But yet when the wanderer once more doth kiss
The soil of his birth, in the fulness of bliss,
That same humble voice, which his bosom once stirred,
'Mid the thousand glad voices, may pass all unheard.

VII.

And thus, lovely warbler! 'twill be with thy song,
When Summer restores us the feathery throng
Whose voices will blend in a glorious choir,
Where thy lay shall yet swell, while its *charm* doth expire.

VIII.

But *thou* dost awaken pale Nature from death,
Dost bring to revive her, the balmy wind's breath;
And bid her come forth in gay colors again,
Flower-crowned, with new beauty and glory to reign.

IX.

And so to *thee* Blue-bird, above all the rest,
We'll give our heart's offering of praises the best;
And 'mid birds who sing sweeter, of gaudier wing,
Still remember thy carol first Bird of the Spring!

 S K E T C H E S O F T H E C O U N T R Y .

 N U M B E R T H R E E .

ONE of the liveliest descriptions in Goethe's *Faust*, is that of Sunday, as it is spent by the middling and lower classes in Germany. William Howitt alludes to this description in his '*Rural Life in England*,' a work by the way full of the most delicious pictures of country scenes, and well worth the perusal of every man of taste, and he sets off by way of contrast his own charming account of a summer's Sunday in England. Beautiful, and true to life, undoubtedly, as both these pictures are, there is something wanting about them, by which they fail fully to realize our idea of a Sunday in the country towns of New-England. Making due allowance for the difference of national manners, there is still something, even in the most remote corners of the old countries, something made up from the influence which the associations of former time, or of a national church, or of

'The old heroic halls from ages gray,'

possess over the minds of the population, which makes a wide disparity between their religious character and the fruits it produces, and our own. With all their world of beauty in the cultivated scenery around them; their luxuriant plants, and blossomed branches, and sunny walls of cottage and castle; their fair hills and flowery dales, and deep secluded vallies, give to me my own native New-England, whose rugged mountains overshadow a people to whom the Sabbath is not only a day of rest, but of worship; and whose deep vallies in their stillness on that holy morning reflect back the pure tranquillity of heaven!

During the tour alluded to in a former number, I spent a Sunday in my native town, on the north shore of the Winnipisseogee Lake. It is the *country*, in its strictest sense, for its population is made up almost exclusively of farmers — the true, hardy, home-loving farmers of New-Hampshire. So far as I have ever learned, it is remarkable for nothing, saving that a stranger might notice a habit which has obtained here, as in most of the northern towns in the State, of designating every small cluster of buildings as a *Corner*, and of adding to it some cognomen, sufficiently characteristic and amusing. The only three white painted houses in the town stand near together, and have thereby gained the appellation, *par excellence*, of *The Corner*. Within two miles from this, are to be found Upper Corner, Lower Corner, Cram's Corner, Uncle Jake's Corner, Mackerel Corner, Barville Corner, and Tough-Scrabble Corner; eight corners in one town! Enough, one would think, to satisfy the most fastidious lover of hard names, and popular gathering places.

The calm, basking sunshine had lain on the green landscape with such richness and beauty on Saturday evening, that one could not distrust the pledge for a glorious morrow; and I had risen early, early even for the country, to enjoy the morning. It was indeed one of

peculiar beauty. There was not a cloud to be seen in the heavens. The sun was not yet up, but his brightness came before him over the mountains, as if waking them from their slumbers. All was still, as one loves it to be on a Sabbath morning, save the sweet orisons of the red-breast and oriole, going up to Him 'who feedeth the birds,' and the sound of a distant waterfall breaking clear upon the ear. I stood upon a little eminence, which overlooked the country a few miles around. The sun had now risen, the earth looked beautiful and new as at the creation, and lo! sunward a hundred peaks were glowing in gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of a world. Over the whole landscape there is a stillness, showing that man rests from his labors, and every thing rests with him. The sturdy ox which had toiled at the plough or dragged along the weary load, through the successive week days, is grazing quietly on the sunny slopes; the cows are sluggishly moving toward the pastures; the milk-maid suppresses her song as she bears the plentiful store from the farm-yard; and the very herd boy looks cautiously far up and down the lane, before he ventures the stone, twice aimed, at the unoffending chip-muck.

'All look as if they knew the day and hour,
And felt with man the need and joy of thanks.'

The breakfast is partaken in quietness; the Sunday morning breakfast, of rich brown mush; the tables are cleared and set away; and the household are assembled around the family altar, while from the 'big ha' Bible,' the father 'wales a portion with judicious care,' and leads in the devotions. After prayers, each betakes himself to preparations for church. The children are made ready in well-brushed Sunday clothes, with clean faces and smooth hair, and seated to their lessons for the Sunday school. So still is every duty performed, that the tick of the tall clock is audible through the house, and the sense of religious awe seems to live in the very atmosphere.

As we took our way to the church, the same stillness covered the whole face of nature, broken only by the hum of the honey-bees gathering sweets from the way-side flowers, or the cawing of the crows from the distant fields. Neatly dressed people were moving in groups toward the sanctuary; the bright-eyed girl and her mother; young men, children, and the gray-headed, with a sobriety and decorum in unison with the solemnity of the day. The church was a neat white building, standing just out of the deep mountain forest, and overlooking a wide country of water and land, many miles around. It had no bell, no steeple, no organ; nothing but the four unadorned walls, the simple pews, and the high massive pulpit, where the rich man found no incitements to his pride, nor the poor man temptations to his envy. Every thing was in keeping; the people with the house, the pastor with his people. There was not only a sincerity and solemnity, but also a congruity about the whole, which I have often felt the want of in more splendid sanctuaries.

Notwithstanding the change which increasing years bring over our affections, I can never visit the church to which I was wont to go in my childhood, without deep emotion. The place, the occasion, the old form of worship, carry one insensibly back to former days, and make us forget for a time the interval which has elapsed. The changes which have taken place affect the mind with sadness. That

is the same scene from the window on which I used to gaze during the service; this is the same pulpit; these are the same quaint, old-fashioned pews. But where are the inmates? How few, very few of them remain! The scythe of Time has made dreadful havoc. The old have passed away like a tale that is told; the mature, such as remain of them, are gray headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys are transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness has given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me is a generation which, mushroom-like, has sprung up in my absence; and more than once I mistook the children for their parents, pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old.

Our good pastor, whose gray head and kindly greeting have so associated old age in my mind with benevolence of heart, that I can never yet separate them, is not here. How well I remember his grave deportment, his calm and deliberate air, and his venerable presence, which inspired an awe I have never since felt in the presence of any man. He has gone, years since, to receive the reward of 'those who turn many to righteousness.'

Our country doctor, too, with his red, round face, and small, gray eyes, is gone. He sat in the pew yonder, just below the pulpit; and it requires no great stretch of fancy, to see his queued and powdered head peering above the railing, or to mark his grand and self-complacent air, which however offended no man's self-love, as with cocked-hat and top boots, for he always affected the old style of dress, he followed the minister out of church. He was a man of great eccentricity of character, and had he fallen in the way of Charles Matthews, it would have made the comedian's fortune. During his professional studies, the doctor had been the pupil of the celebrated Warren, whose name is so intimately associated with American history, by his lamented death at the battle of Bunker's Hill; and in his eyes, Doctor Warren was the greatest man the world ever produced. If you differed from him in opinion, no matter what the subject might be, he would all at once stare you in the face, draw his long queue through his hand, and close upon you with the unanswerable argument, 'Sir, the immortal Doctor Warren thought so!' After this there was no more to be said, for Doctor Warren was the oracle, whose authority admitted neither of doubt nor appeal. He had great vivacity and fund of anecdote, was well read in his profession, and had a strong fondness for antiquarian research. His office was a perfect Noah's ark, hung with old paintings, and stuffed full of all sorts of curious things. Alas! that kind heart and busy head are now resting in the quiet grave!

And Uncle Jacob too is dead! Kind hearted, easy, thriftless Uncle Jacob! He was our oldest man in town, and his stories of olden time were the wonder of my childish imagination. He had served in the war of our revolution; and nothing delighted the old man more than to find a good listener to his long stories:

'While thrice he vanquished all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain.'

If one might believe him, his feats had been more marvellous than those of Munchausen himself. He was none of your hesitating, half-story tellers, ever distrusting your faith, and doubting how far he should

go ; but a bold, hearty liar, plunging at once into the very fulness of your credulity. Indeed, you could never disbelieve him while he was talking to you, for his well bronzed face was turned toward you in earnest sincerity, and the current of his thoughts flowed as clearly as one of our own mountain streams. In fact, I doubt if he had not cheated himself into a belief of the wonderful feats he recounted. My earliest recollections of him are as the leader of our choir, and until I left the place, he sang every Sunday, I was about to say 'to the honor and glory of God,' but I fear it was sometimes to the honor and glory of the sons and daughters of music around him, in whose proficiency he so exulted.

And Aunt Anne — not Uncle Jacob's wife, gentle reader — oh no ! shade of the virgin queen shield us ! — for the bare supposition of such a thing, would start her very bones from their mouldering cerements ! our maiden Aunt Anne, too, is gone. She was the very beau ideal of stale aristocratical virginity ; a meddling, gossiping, curious, busy old maid. Her stiff, starched figure, sitting upright in her pew, and her grimalkin eyes, peering from beneath her false puffs, during prayer and sermon, lest some graceless youth should gaze on the fair niece by her side, were the fear and hatred of my boyhood. She was a genuine daughter of the Doleful family. Sitting sour in her solitary blessedness, watchful lest the corners of her mouth should relax into the sin of smiling, I verily believe she would have spoken evil of the sun, when he edged the dark clouds with light. But let her pass. She too sleeps in the church-yard :

'De mortuis nihil, nisi bonum.'

But it was not the aged only whom I missed from their wonted seats in the house of God. Many of the associates of my boyhood were gone ; some doubtless to distant places, but many more to the quiet home of the grave. As I walked through the church-yard after the evening service, there were many names on the plain head-stones which I remembered, and with which were associated the pleasantest scenes of my early life. Among them were some I had loved ; loved as the heart only loves in the spring-time of its being. Many of them had died young. I could not mourn for them, for they had carried with them the warmth of the affections, the beauty of the soul. One slept there, who in her gentle and spotless virtue might have claimed kindred with the beautiful spirits of heaven. Perfidy had never chilled, unkindness never wounded her. Her heart was still in the bloom of its first emotions, and with its last throb turned to the eye of love, which for her had never changed.

But I have wandered far away from my description of a Sunday in the Country, and it is too late to retrace my steps. To those who would know the true value of the Sabbath, as it dwells in the heart of a descendant of the Pilgrims, from which all worldly thoughts are banished, and where the mind is freed from every earthly association, we would point out the plain good men who yet live in the secluded glens of New-England. I have dwelt far from the home of my childhood, and have seen the day spent in rest, in mirthfulness, in formal devotion ; but never yet has it returned to me, without bringing with it the associations of awe, and love, and humble piety, which are connected with the sunny tranquillity and unbroken quiet of a Puritan Sabbath.

THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

IBN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the inhabitants, the leaves of which were said to fall only at long and uncertain periods; and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored at once to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently waiting the falling of a leaf.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
The sacred cypress tree about,
And from the wrinkled brows of Age,
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there,
Through weary night and lingering day;
Grim as the idols at their side,
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet,
Unseen of them, the island flowers
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;
The lightning wrapped them like a shroud,
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?
The Moslem's sunset-call — the dance
Of Ceylon's maids — the passing gleam
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf
Of which the wandering Jogees sing;
Which lends once more to wintry Age
The greenness of its Spring.

Oh! if these poor and blinded ones
In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
A youthful freshness steal:

Shall we who sit beneath that Tree
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
In answer to the breath of prayer,
Upon the waiting head:

Not to restore our failing forms,
Nor build the spirit's broken shrine,
But, on the fainting soul to shed
A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary at our watch,
And murmur at the long delay?
Impatient of our Father's time,
And His appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
When on the heathen watcher's ear
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
 Than prison-cell or martyr's stake,
 The self-abasing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
 Our erring brother in the wrong ;
 And in the ear of Pride and Power
 Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
 Than 'watch one hour' in humbling prayer ;
 Life's 'great things,' like the Syrian lord,
 Our souls can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,
 From waters which alone can save ;
 And murmur for Abana's banks,
 And Pharphara's brighter wave.

Oh ! Thou who in the garden's shade
 Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
 Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
 Forgetful of Thy pain :

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with Thee !

AN AFTERNOON LECTURE.

BY THE REV. DEMOCRITUS HUMDRUM.

'Faith, Hope, Charity — but the greatest of these is Charity.' — SAINT PAUL.

I would fain know, (quoth the Rev. Democritus, as he reclined one Sunday afternoon against the wall of a summer-house, his portly person threatening destruction to the two legs of the chair which supported him,) I would fain know why the clergy so belie the loveliest of the Christian graces, Charity. Under their hands she has sunk to be a mere hospital nurse. Does not the word charity now-a-days suggest putting your hand into your pocket, or your name to a subscription list ? Ah ! that was not the glowing thought which lighted up the Apostle's soul. It was Love he wrote of — love for our fellow men ; the offering of our hearts to humanity, not of our purses.

It is not difficult to perceive in what manner Charity became chained to the ground. We need not have recourse to begging Franciscans and Benedictines to account for it. The rich and the powerful were ever ready, by a sacrifice of what was to them no sacrifice, to make their peace with Heaven ; and the Church, alas for it ! was but too willing to be thus appeased. A robber baron, whose life had been one long scene of iniquity and debauchery, would separate from the spoils of the plundered the wherewithal to build a chapel to the saint whose aid he had invoked in his expeditions, and some holy father would present him with a written acquittal of all sins up to a certain date, by way of value received ; or an assassin would order a certain

number of masses to be chanted for the soul of his victim, and return home with the pleasing conviction of having more than expiated his cruelty to the body, by his solicitude for the soul of the slain. What could be more comfortable or satisfactory to both parties, than such a method of proceeding? The one was willing to pay for his pleasure, the other too happy to receive gold for words. Well may wealthy sinners regret the days when innocence was for sale in every convent, and admittance into Heaven purchased as readily as admittance into a play-house.

We, however, in our times, venture to doubt of the efficacy of this means of making one's peace with Heaven; yet, if we consider a moment, we shall find that many of us are travelling on the old path. We read of the all-importance which the apostles attribute to charity: we desire to practice this beautiful virtue. We hear a voice from the pulpit, crying 'Give! give! that is charity;' and we pour out our five dollar bills for Tract Societies, missions to Nova Zembla, or for any object which is urged upon us. We feel contented. We have at least done something to merit favor. Like Polycrates in Schiller's beautiful ballad, we have sacrificed what we held most dear, to propitiate the powers above. But be not self-deceived, my friends. The clear unequivocal words of the epistle must strike you with awe, when they so forcibly represent the futility of your actions. *'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'* No! Money, unless it be the widow's mite, is not charity.

Others, belonging to the class of men of good principles, so called, conclude that this mere giving is not sufficient. We must visit the sick and the afflicted, they say; we must go to them, and carry them relief. But they do it from principle, not from pity. The heart is not engaged. It is not charity. It reminds one of the tears which the marble statue shed. It savors of the hair-shirt and the discipline. When Sancho Panza had a penance of stripes imposed upon him for his master's sake, he scourged the nearest tree, making loud outcries the while. Ye marble men of principle, follow his example; hire a man to go about for you and save yourselves the trouble; so that at least the poor may not be the losers by it. One sigh for the wretched, a kind look, a soothing word to the sufferer, the gentle pressure of the hand, lay up more treasures for man than the cold-hearted gift of heaps of gold. Our hearts will be scanned at the judgment seat, and not our calculations. *'Man sees the deed, God sees the circumstance.'*

Giving to the poor, though doubtless a duty of the rich, does not constitute charity in itself. It is a very small part of it, even when the result of the most generous motives. There is a charity for us all, deeper and holier, which tinges with a soft rose-color the life of him who practises it. Charity toward our equals. Charity to the world. This we have hourly opportunities of exercising. *'What do the world think of it?'* *'What will the world think of it?'* are, whether we know it or not, at the bottom of almost every thought, every plan for the regulation of our conduct. Living together as we do, the opinion of our fellows has an unrelaxing hold upon our minds. We cannot despise it if we would, unless we feel a consciousness within that they do not know us fully, and will one day admire what now

they neglect. Every man carries in his heart a standard of self-estimation, in which his opinion of himself vacillates like the mercury in the thermometer; so sensitive, that it is raised by the slightest favor, and depressed by the most indirect coldness. In a word, without the inward consciousness we have mentioned, the opinion of the world concerning us regulates our opinion of ourselves. Praise and distinction are so sweet, because we prize ourselves the more; neglect and insult so bitter, because they sink the mercury down to zero, and inflict upon us all the tortures of self-contempt. This private standard of worth is called the vanity. To flatter it, is Toadyism; to respect it, Charity.

Defraud a man, plunder him, cudgel him, stab him and leave him for dead, run away with his wife, (O anti-climax!) and he can easily be made to forgive and forget; but injure his vanity, however unwittingly, and the poisoned dart rankles for ever. He hates you — he hates himself. He hates the beauty of nature, and the bright light of day: he detests the whole human race.

Need I tell you how these tortures are inflicted? Need I admonish you to repress the sneer, that ill-natured offspring of a bad heart; the sarcasm, that unfeeling gratification of self at the expense of another? You will all answer, 'No.' And yet how many that go about among the sick and poor, allow the fierce glances of envy and malignity to dart through the veil of sanctity with which they have decked their faces! How many of those who cry 'Lord! Lord!' at every corner, will open like hounds on an unlucky friend whom Scandal has seized in her relentless claws. What is poverty, what is disease, what is hunger, compared to the pangs of wounded feelings; to the self-loathing of a humiliated soul, when it recalls with fearful exactitude the painful details of the never-to-be forgotten event, and feels the fire of hell raging within? These are wounds for which no hospitals are built, the depth of which no surgeon can probe; which even Time, the great physician of the soul, fails to cure.

Love to all, is the charity which the apostle delighted to praise. Nothing is more difficult to attain. Mere negative good-nature is far from sufficient. We should set a watch on the smallest details of our conduct toward our fellows. To glance carelessly at a deformed person, as we pass, instead of fixing a curious eye upon him, is charitable. A pitying and attentive look would painfully recall his misfortune to his mind. This is trivial, perhaps; but there are a thousand similar occasions constantly presenting themselves, in which this spirit may be exercised. A good heart will go far toward making a polite man, for politeness, worn though it often be as a mask by the false and the foul, is based on charity. Let us then labor strenuously to remove asperities from the path of our fellows, and to make the wheels of society move without any harsh grating or jolting. Choose your topics, to avoid giving the slightest twinge of pain to any listener: more than this, cast yourself before an envenomed shaft that you may see aimed at a sensitive breast. Rejoice with the prosperous, for Charity envieth not; weep with the afflicted, for she is kind. Does man's conduct admit of two interpretations, a good one and a bad, believe the good; for Charity thinketh no evil. Has he sinned against the right rules of the moralist; condemn him not unheard: consider

the circumstances under which he acted, and palliate if possible his offence ; for Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity. And if an enemy who has injured you grievously, falls into your hands, pardon him freely, for Charity is not easily provoked. Sustain the weak. Encourage the timid. Defend the absent. Have a firm trust in the good and the fair which are in the heart of every man, and extend a helping hand to the erring mortal who seeks to retrace his wayward steps.

CHARITY, LOVE, is the mystic word, stamped on the soul, before which the gates of St. Peter fly open. Money or aught else will prove as useless as the cries of the unlucky Cassim.

THE Rev. Democritus paused a moment to take breath, and observing that two of his friends were fast asleep, and the third eagerly looking over the garden fence at a pretty milk-maid, who was tripping home behind her cows, prudently resolved not to continue ; and to console himself for the inattention of his hearers, by incorporating these remarks in his next discourse from the pulpit.

SONG.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL, ESQ.

I.

THE night is dark ; the hollow wind
Is breathing faint and low :
Though loth to leave my love behind,
Perforce away I go.

II.

Away o'er mountain, and o'er moor —
My guide, no friendly star ;
No window light, to lead me o'er
The heath, that spreads afar.

III.

Though dark the night, a darker shade
Hangs heavy round my heart.
How deep it sank, as cold she said
Those bitter words : ' We part !'

IV.

We part, and ay, forever too :
My love for thee has gone.
I turned, and bade no last adieu,
But wildly hurried on.

V.

O! on through sleet and driving rain,
Still let me ever haste ;
Day breaks not on my heart again,
Life lies forever waste.

VI.

Away o'er mountain and o'er moor,
Though cold the gusty wind :
No light to cheer me on before —
Hope, love, all left behind !

THE JEALOUSY OF LIBERTY.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

WHEN General SCHUYLER arrived at Albany in July, 1775, to take charge of the military command in the department of New-York, under his recent appointment from the Continental Congress, a public reception was given him, under the direction of the Committee of Safety. The processional display on this occasion was probably not distinguished for its regularity or magnificence; and it gave rise to the following anonymous publication:

THE MODE OF A LATE VERY EXTRAORDINARY AND VERY GRAND PROCESSION.

- I. The Congressional General.
- II. The *Deputy* chairman, and who is only chairman *pro tempore*.
- III. Mr. Ten Broeck — through a mistake.
- IV. The Chairman.
- V. The Committee.
- VI. The troop of horse, most beautiful and grand. Some horses long-tailed, some bob-tailed, and some without any tails, and attended with the melodious sound of an incomparably fine trumpet.
- VII. The Association. A SPECTATOR.

It will not for a moment be supposed that such an audacious attack upon 'the American cause' as that thus made by the occult author of the *scandalum magnatum* contained in this paper, would escape the vigilance of the 'Sons of Liberty,' or that it would be suffered to pass with impunity by the 'Committee of Safety, Protection, and Correspondence' for the ancient county of Albany, and who had also in charge the dignity of the city, in carrying out the arrangements for the reception of the Congressional General. True, the high-souled patriots of '75 regarded the freedom of the press as the palladium of their liberties, and they were ever ready to shed their best blood in its defence. But they were equally prepared to punish its abuse; and if need be, to bear off its sinning types and forms, at mid-day, and regardless of chartered limits, in equestrian triumph from New-York to Connecticut. Even their more matured wisdom declared that the liberty of the press should not 'excuse acts of licentiousness;' and was it not such an act, thus to traduce a patriotic procession, arranged by the honorable committee, embodying the sovereignty of the people, in honor of the gallant republican General, who held his high commission from the *pro libertate* Congress? And, what though the description of 'the Spectator' may have been true in point of fact; there had as yet been no disavowal of *all* subjection to the mother country; and was not the binding force of her all-wise common law style recognized, by which it was provided, that '*the greater the truth the greater the libel*?'

Most fortunately for posterity, and for the cause of enlightened truth and burning patriotism, in our day and generation, the course of the committee in this regard has not been left to the uncertain workings of doubt and conjecture. Their records show, that they entered with spirit and zeal upon the investigation of this momentous matter. A meeting of that body was forthwith summoned, at which it was gravely resolved that the anonymous paper 'contained scanda-

lous reflections upon the proceedings of last Sunday.' A system of espionage was adopted, to discover the supposed tory wight, who, 'without the fear of God before his eyes, and being moved and instigated by the devil, and King George the Third,' had evinced the temerity to pen and publish such an atrocious paper. The public was called upon to lodge all such intelligence as might lead to the discovery of the author.' The committee adjourned from time to time, in the prosecution of their singularly important labors. Public meetings were called and held, at which the subject was discussed. For several days, the agitations of the city were like the heavings of the earthquake, and it yet remained in doubt where the portended desolation would be stayed, or who would be overwhelmed by the threatened catastrophe.

But the reproaches of a guilty conscience left no peace to the concealed author of all this commotion. The important secret was at length revealed, and public indignation at last found an object for its hitherto undirected shafts.

PETER W. YATES, Esq., a member of the redoubtable committee, desirous to restore quiet to an agitated city, made known to his associates that HE was the writer of the obnoxious paper, at the same time making a very full apology for his indiscretion, and most solemnly disclaiming 'any intention to injure the cause of Liberty!'

The committee resolved, 'that the concession and acknowledgment were satisfactory to the Board.' This, however, did not appease the 'resentment of the public,' which was well nigh inexorable. The whole city was in an uproar on the occasion, and several public meetings were held, by which Mr. Yates' expulsion from the Board was demanded. In deference to public sentiment, Mr. Yates resigned his office of committee-man.

But the insulted Goddess of Liberty would not be thus pacified, nor would her offended dignity be appeased by the self-imposed immolations of *backing-out*, by a culprit whom she had marked as a fit object to be *turned out* from her agency and employ. The flagrancy of the offence called for the direct and positive exercise of her punitive power. In those pure days of jealous liberty, and unsophisticated political action, there was no indirect or back-door mode of escape from retributive justice, or public accountability. And, notwithstanding the resignation, the committee, as appears by their records, 'in order to satisfy the minds of the people, and for the sake of preserving harmony in the city,' proceeded to the severe and solemn task of a formal expulsion. Luckily, however, for the culprit, a total annihilation was averted, by a saving clause in the expulsive mandate, by which it was provided that 'the proceedings of the committee upon the said paper should not be published, provided the said Peter W. Yates, Esq., make a public confession in person to the people here assembled.' A committee was then appointed to wait upon Mr. Yates, and to 'give him assurances of safety, if he should be inclined to make the said concession.' Mr. Yates accordingly appeared before his assembled fellow-citizens, and made the required acknowledgment; 'the cause of Liberty' was vindicated, and her indignant but now appeased 'Sons' repaired to their homes, without committing any violence. Although this public acknowledgment saved his expulsion,

yet Mr. Yates persisted in his resignation. A new election was ordered a few days afterward, at which his constituents of the first ward evinced their unabated confidence in his patriotism by reëlecting him to the same station. Wounded pride probably deterred him from again taking a seat in the board, and his ardor in 'the cause of liberty' appears to have abated. His name, however, subsequently appears among the representatives in the state legislature, by which body he was also several times appointed member of congress.

H. C. V. A.

VAIN REGRETS.

BY HOWARD CHILTON.

I.

Would I could feel as once I felt,
 When, fresh in heart and pure in mind,
 I buckled on my boyish belt,
 And frolicked freely as the wind;
 I had no care to cloud my brow,
 Nor grief my little heart to melt:
 How altered are my feelings now —
 I cannot feel as once I felt!

II.

Would I could dream as once I dreamed,
 When, like a glory from above,
 Around my dawning heart there beamed
 The bosom-bliss of youth — first love!
 When Hope grew bold within my breast,
 And Fancy with gay visions teemed:
 Ah! fled are all those moments blest —
 I cannot dream as once I dreamed!

III.

Would I could think, as once I thought,
 This wide and beautiful green earth
 A paradise of joy, where naught
 But pure and holy things had birth;
 Where every scene with peace and truth,
 And friendship firm, and love was fraught:
 Ah! quickly undeceived is youth —
 I cannot think as once I thought!

IV.

I cannot feel, or dream, or think,
 As I was wont in days long past;
 And as I near the awful brink
 O'er which we each must lean at last,
 I think that all will soon be o'er,
 And give the world a parting sigh;
 I feel its shows can cheat no more,
 And dream of joys that cannot die!

New-York, April, 1841.

VOL. XVII.

O D D L E A V E S.

TORN FROM AN OLD BACHELOR'S PORT-FOLIO.

H O W T O C U R E G R I E F.

READER, has your heart made shipwreck on the barren, rock-bound insensibility of some worthless wight of a girl? I am enabled from sad experience to appreciate the full extent of your calamity, and I have a deep fellow-feeling for you in your distresses. Pray then let me advise you. Do not resort to drinking. *Eating*, EATING, is the remedy! Shun the bottle. It has never been a cure for sorrow. Trouble has never been to the drinker but the lame apology of a thirsty stomach. The well-filled plate is your sure resource. Do not drink, but eat, to desperation. Drinking quickens the movement of the brain into delirium; it stimulates the sensibilities, until they cease to act only from over-action and exhaustion: eating it is, that at once lulls and stupifies. The penitent who wishes to indulge in grief, fasts; the friend who wishes to assuage it, always advises you to eat. I have known one dissolved in grief before dinner, assume by degrees great moderation, on blunting the edge of his appetite, and become at length, on the conclusion of the meal, so evidently calm, that his conscious placidity of countenance, in comparison with his recent sorrows, evidently shocked and pained his inward sense of consistency. Then if grieved, try eating. As it is proverbially omnipotent over the temper, so it operates like a delightful narcotic, an opiate, upon the sensibilities; and beware, above all other things, when oppressed with a sense of calamity, an empty stomach. It is fertile of suicides.

C O U R T S H I P S.

'Militiæ species amor est.' — OVID.

'Love is a kind of warfare,' says Ovid; and he might have added, there are the same number of ways to win the heart of a lady, as to take a walled town from the enemy; viz., by storm, by siege, and by blockade.

A gallant assailant, with an army in high spirits, halts a few hours for refreshment, and gives orders for an assault. His forces advance with alacrity to the charge, place their ladders on the walls, and in a moment are in the heart of the city. The enemy, seized with consternation, make a brief and animated, but ineffectual resistance, and soon find their only resource in the mercy of the conqueror. So a gallant cavalier, armed in Cupid's panoply, with manners tempered in the school of the world, a heart full of confidence, and words full of flattery and fire, advances to one of Love's soft encounters; he penetrates at once into the citadel of the heart, and has it already garrisoned with his forces, before his opponent has fairly suspected his designs. In three days, he is engaged; in three weeks, is married. He has carried a heart *by storm*.

Another proceeds more regularly, according to all the recognized

rules and well-established usages of ancient warfare. He makes love in form. He asks the lady whether or no his visits will be agreeable, and begs to know, from the mother, whether they will be permitted. He sits down before the place, draws around his lines of circumvallation, and gradually narrows his approaches, according to all the slow and cautious methods laid down by the most safe and experienced generals. This is much more sure than the former method, in attempting which a party may be repulsed with severe loss ; but it takes time, and requires patience. The garrison at first, alarmed by this hostile show, but disposed to make a vigorous and gallant resistance ; resolved, if possible, not to be conquered at all, but if overcome by superior force, at least to secure all the honors of war, and not to surrender at discretion ; begins to find its supplies falling short. One or two occasional sallies are made, but at a great expense : the place must surrender, unless relieved ; no relief comes from without, and it capitulates, after an honorable and protracted resistance, but not without making excellent terms. A lady so taken, is taken *by siege*.

Another general, finding all these means fail, converts the siege into a *blockade*. The lady laughs at his show of force. Strong in her own resources, she makes fun of every demonstration. But the assailant is animated by a strong principle of faith. On his flag is written, '*Perseverentia omnia vincit* ;' and if perseverance or obstinacy can conquer, he is determined that he will. He is a veteran in warfare ; or, if young, Nature has endowed him with nerves of steel. He makes light of obstacles. If the lady laugh at his preparations, he does not or will not see the magnitude of his difficulties. Much time consumed, at length the lady accepts him, to get rid of his importunities ; as the desperate suicide embraces death to get rid of trouble. The assailant triumphs. The foe surrenders at discretion. The place is *starved* into a surrender.

S E C R E T S .

NEVER tell your secrets. If you cannot keep them, you have no right to expect from others what you will not do for yourself. I consider that the utmost a friend who so betrays himself can reasonably demand of me, is to use a suitable discretion in *selecting* the persons to whom I may impart his confidence, and not maliciously to aid in propagating the intelligence, by giving it the uneasy properties of a professed secret.

For, it must be remembered, a secret, however inconsiderable in itself, bears, from the simple fact of its being a secret, a monopoly price, and sells at a high premium in the social mart. The confidant has at once a motive for telling, and the busy-body a motive for listening.

A secret has a kind of fermenting quality. The mind is uneasy in the possession of it. It swells and expands, and produces a bursting sensation. It seems necessary to set it free, to prevent the danger of explosion. In this instance, the tongue, which is always so admirable a ventilator of the thoughts, serves also the purpose of a safety-valve. Indeed, a conscientious man, intrusted with the important responsibility of a secret, finds that, as his only available resource, if he would avoid telling it to others, he must altogether forget it himself.

THE PILGRIM'S WALK.

I.

There is a calm and holy light,
A beam intensely pure,
That makes the path of duty bright,
The Christian's footstep sure.

II.

Though clouds involve the mountain height,
Or storms the cliffs assail,
The narrow path becometh bright
Along the glen, the vale.

III.

Step after step is trod in beams
Of truth, of mercy, love —
That, when his course uncertain seems,
Fall radiant from above.

IV.

Yet oft ascends in thrilling tone
The prayer — that Light Divine
Not on his path, his way alone,
But on his breast, might shine :

V.

'Oh for Thy Garden-Passion's sake,
Redeemer! King! controul,
Exalt Thy light, that it may break
Across my dark, dark soul !

VI.

No longer let the storm within,
Thine Image thus deface ;
Me rescue, utterly, from sin
By Thine effulgent Grace !'

VII.

Still, o'er the path, remain'd the ray ;
Unheeded seem'd the prayer ;
Slow moving on his lonely way,
I saw the pilgrim there.

VIII.

Again, again, the conflict came ;
Again the Voice, the call
Of supplication on the name
Of Him who died for all !

IX.

Now seem'd his heart assuag'd, his fear
Half-lighten'd of its load, —
Smiles of young Hope transfus'd the tear,
As on his way he trode ;

X.

Some latent charm o'er selfish pain
Around his judgment play'd —
Each human good to him was gain —
Man was his Brother made.

XI.

I watch'd him through the thorny brake,
The bruised reeds, the Grove
Of Jasmine near a martyr's stake,*
And saw him onward move.

* Cranmer's Indecision and Death.

XII.

At length, a brook his path there cross'd,
He kneel'd beside the brink, —
Bitter the draught; the way was lost; —
I knew not what to think,

XIII.

When forth, once more, in prayer he broke,
And answer'd was the strain!
His longing wish scarce had he spoke,
When came the beam again!

XIV.

Not now upon his path alone,
Not now upon his way!
Full on his breast, his face, it shone —
'T was Heaven's own perfect day!

XV.

A change came o'er his visage faint,
Oh more than Hope! than Joy!
Beauty, more pure than words can paint,
Till seraphs words employ

XVI.

Burst from his form and upward rose
Along the beam divine! —
His bones beside that brook repose —
Reader, his end be THINE!

JOHN WATERS.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL, whose ancestors came to America with WILLIAM PENN, resided in Philadelphia from the age of thirty until his death in 1797, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a member of the Society of Friends, but his devotion to the liberties and rights of the Colonies procured his excommunication from a body which denied the lawfulness of defensive warfare. In his sixty-fourth year he commenced a diary, from the MS. of which the following interesting paper is taken. Mr. MARSHALL resided at this time in Lancaster.

FIRST Mo. 1, 1778. — Fine clear sunshine morning, and pleasant for the season, and still continues to freeze hard. Wind but little at southwardly. Thus has the morning of our new year been ushered in. God grant that this serenity may be a happy presage of that longed-for peace and tranquillity which is promised in the Scriptures: that 'nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more!'

2ND. — Our assembly, since they received the petition of the thirty-first, are busily employed, in conjunction with the Executive Council, in taking proper steps in order to grant the prayer of such petition. It's said that two committees are appointed, one to prepare a bill adequate to the prayer, the other to draw up a spirited remonstrance to send to Congress with the petition and their resolve; these to be sent by express. It's said that fifteen wagon loads of ready-made clothes for the Virginia troops came to, and stay in, town to-night. To-morrow they proceed for our camp. It's further said that ten other wagons, loaded with the same commodity, are come in here, going for our camp, but I could not learn from what part they came. It's said

that our camp* looks as large as Philadelphia, most of their huts being built, laid out in streets, and very warm; and it's said they seem quite contented to rest there, and let Howe keep the city for this winter; but I am in hopes they will be mistaken, as our assembly and Executive Council are determined to call out the strength of this State, and therewith make a bold push; and their resolutions, I hope, will be attended with the blessings of Heaven, the consent and approbation of Congress, joined with the zeal, fortitude, and courage of General WASHINGTON, and his brave army.

3RD. — News that a brig from New-York, driven ashore by the ice above Wilmington creek, was boarded by Colonel Smallwood and his men. She mounted twelve guns, but lay upon one side. The colonel brought two pieces of cannon with him. It's said before he boarded, a boat full of men and officers put off for the Jersey shore and got away. After our people's firing a few shots, the vessel struck her colors. It's said they found and brought from aboard her between fifty and sixty men, fifty ladies, complete suits of clothes for four regiments, eight thousand seven hundred and fifty stand of arms in three hundred and fifty chests, twenty-five in each chest, the baggage for the officers of four regiments, a great quantity of clothes not made up, twelve pieces of cannon with carriages, some hogsheads of spirits, sugar, raisins, currants, oranges, several casks of wine, a quantity of baggage for different officers, ladies, etc., that a number of the goods were landed at Wilmington.

4TH. — Soon after came in W. A.'s son and daughter, inquiring for the doctor. He was just gone out. The request was, that he would go over to our neighbor's house, to take care of an English prisoner (but he turns out to be one of the new raised levies in Jersey,) that they had sent there to be nursed, he being very poorly, and his name was Mrs. A.'s maiden name; and this had induced her to take so much care of him. A poor excuse, when at this same time there are near upon two or three hundred of our States' soldiers in the greatest distress and extremity for real want of common necessities, even the want of a little straw to lie upon. O, poor Pennsylvania! how art thou fallen! — so that thy sons who are daily maintained and nourished by thy posts of profit, are the very men that prey upon thy bowels, and who, under the show of friendship, are making deeper and ghastlier wounds than either Gen. Howe, the head of monsters and brutes, has or ever will be able to make; for this reason, *they* come as an army of banditti and savages, to steal, kill, and murder; but *you*, false, base, and atrocious enemies, wound, steal from, and murder, your best friends, supporters, and benefactors; even those who have raised and lifted many of you up from poverty and contempt! Yet this is now your reward to them, acting the cruelest of deceit and hypocrisy, in the same strain and in the same line; actuated by the same spirit as Judas of old: 'And forthwith he came to Jesus and said, Hail Master, and kissed him:' Matthew, 26: 49. Mark, 14: 45. O, ye false sons of Pennsylvania! be ye alarmed, and look and behold the dreadful precipice over which ye are standing!

* At Valley Forge.

Cease now, while mercy is yet stretched out to you by the Almighty Hand of Love, who sees and marks out all your hidden works of darkness ! Now is your appointed time, now is your day of salvation, the which if overlooked, your master in iniquity, whom you now so zealously and fervently serve, will in the end leave and forsake you as he did your forerunner in hypocrisy and deceit, in which you have so greatly exceeded him. Read his destiny, as it stands upon record as an example to all the betrayers of God and their country : Matthew, 27 : 3, 4, 5.

5TH. — Various thoughts ran through my mind during this engagement, as being entirely alone, and as the times bear such a melancholy aspect ; and as the expectation of the poor inhabitants of the city's returning to their habitations is now quite over ; as our army is now gone into winter-quarters, this makes their schemes to be all abortive ; therefore blessed shall all those be, who have their minds retired and fixed upon God alone ; for these will have peace in the most violent commotions that Nature can be agitated with, as their wills are subjected to the will of our Heavenly Father. This is the state my soul longs to be an inhabitant of.

6TH. — Spent some time in conversation with Capt. Markoe, John Hasley, and some others, on the affairs of the times, which appear very gloomy. By accounts from the city, Howe lives there in great plenty. None of our people attempt to molest them. By two women who left the city, it is reported that they have a great concourse of market folks from Bucks county, who attend the markets constantly ; that this day week, fifty or sixty men went inside of their works at Kensington, and after some time returned back without any interruption from the sentinels, they appearing to be very careless, and not under any apprehension from our army. They further said that three topsail vessels were set ashore by the ice between Gloucester and Coopers' ferry ; that it is said the Jersey people had pillaged what they could, and then set them on fire ; that during this time there was a constant fire from the city and Kensington upon the people, but they had not heard whether they had killed any or not.

As I have in this memorandum taken scarcely any notice of my wife's employment, it might appear as if her engagements were very trifling ; the which is not the case, but the reverse ; and to do her that justice which her services deserve, by entering them minutely, would take up most of my time ; for this genuine reason, how that from early in the morning till late at night, she is constantly employed in the affairs of the family, which for four months has been very large ; for besides the addition to our family, the house is a constant resort of comers and goers, which seldom go away with dry lip and hungry bellies. This calls for her constant attendance, not only to provide, but also to attend at getting prepared, in the kitchen, baking our bread and pies, meat, etc., and also on the table. Her cleanliness about the house, her attendance in the orchard, cutting and drying apples, of which several bushels have been procured ; add to which, her making cider without tools, for the constant drink of the family ; her seeing all our washing done, and her fine clothes and my shirts, the which are all smoothed by her ; add to this, her making of twenty large cheeses, and that from one cow, and daily using milk and cream,

besides her sewing, knitting, etc. Thus she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; yea, she also stretcheth out her hand, and she reacheth forth her hand to her needy friends and neighbors. I think she has not been above four times, since her residence has been here, to visit her neighbors, nor, through mercy, has she been sick for any time, but has at all times been ready in any affliction to me or my family, as a faithful nurse and attendant both day and night; so that I can in great truth take the words of the wise man and apply them truly to my case: 'Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' Proverbs, 31: 10, 11, 12, 29.

News of the day is various, and whether true or not is uncertain. From South-Carolina; it is said that a sloop is arrived there which had been bound from Grenada to New-York, with seventy puncheons of rum, and six hogsheads of sugar, brought in by the mate and crew, who had confined the captain; that by Messrs. Otis and Andrews of Boston, agents for purchasing clothing for the continental troops, upward of five thousand suits, with shoes, stockings, shirts, etc., have been procured, and are now on their way to camp. This, with the other supplies from Virginia and other quarters, gives a pleasing prospect of seeing our whole army completely clothed in a small time.

7TH.—After tea came George Bryan and Dr. Rush; spent the evening; near nine they went away.

By the conversation with those gentlemen to-night, there appears to be a general murmur in the people about the city and country, against the weak conduct of General WASHINGTON. His slackness and remissness in the army are so conspicuous, that a general languor must ensue, except that some heroic action takes place speedily; but it's thought by me that G. W. must be the man to put such a scheme into practice. Notwithstanding, a cry begins to be raised for a Gates, a Conway, a De Kalb, a Lee, but those men can't attain it. Such is the present concern of fluctuating minds.

8TH.—While alone, the care of our Heavenly Father presented itself to my view in this, that notwithstanding His judgments are visibly over this land, and that although we the inhabitants do not learn righteousness, yet He is daily guarding and blessing us; an instance of which appeared to the view of my mind, respecting the capture of the brig, run ashore near Wilmington, related in Dunlap's newspaper of yesterday, wherein, amongst many things enumerated, are three hundred and fifty chests of arms, with twenty-five stand in each, (eighty-seven hundred and fifty;) clothing for four regiments, with the baggage belonging to the officers of four regiments, etc., etc. These appear to me to have been ordered by General Howe, in order to be ready for the troops of General Burgoyne, for which transports, it's said, are sent, under the pretence of carrying those troops for England, but instead thereof to fetch them into Philadelphia; as by our enemy's behaviour it seems that no faith respecting the law of nations is to be kept with rebels. Thus has

Providence again assisted us in a wonderful manner, and defeated this deep-laid scheme of our inveterate enemy.

9TH. — I was visited by Dr. Newman, who arrived in town last night from Pittsburgh. He brings an account that the Indians in that quarter are pretty still during this cold weather, but are expected to be troublesome when the spring approaches. He says it is a fine country for provisions of all kinds, wild fowls, beasts, and fish in great plenty, vast quantities of what's called sea-coals, for firing, to be had with very little labor; but for all these blessings, a monstrous spirit of infidelity and profaneness reigns through every department of men in those parts, for which reasons, the blessings intended by Providence for our good we prostitute to base purposes, so as to make them to be a curse.

10TH. — Came Captain Markoe, who said that John Benezet was just come to town, who had left General Gates yesterday, at Nazareth, who informed him that the Canadians had risen and taken all General Burgoyne's baggage, and the officers with theirs, amounting, it's said, to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; the officers kept prisoners. By letter to — Young, from his wife's relations up the North River, it appears that an English twenty-eight gun frigate (it's thought the Mercury,) going up the said river, ran upon the chevaux-de-frieze there, and in about five minutes she sunk, and every soul perished that was aboard.

15TH. * * Just thereupon came Joseph Robins, French starch-maker, from Philadelphia. We then drank tea, while he gave a wretched description of poor Philadelphia, the destruction that has attended the different interests there, as well as some accounts of the havoc made of some of mine, that he knew of. He had brought some of Humphreys' newspapers with him. I set-to to peruse some of them, which are so replete with lies and falsehoods, that I am really astonished.

17TH. — My mind seems anxiously concerned on account of our distressed friends and acquaintance, with our brave General WASHINGTON; as he and his army are now obliged to encounter all the inclemency of this cold weather, as they with him are living out in the woods, with slender covering; our poor friends in town many of them in want of fuel and other necessities, while our internal enemies, under the protection of that savage monster, Howe, are reveling in luxury, dissipation, and drunkenness, without any feelings for the distress of their (once happy) bleeding country. Here I must stop, as the theme is too melancholy and distressing.

Yesterday was sent to prison by order of president and council, — Dingee, of Chester county, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance; nor would he give security for his upright walking and good conduct.

18TH. — News is, that the Jersey people have destroyed thirteen sail of English vessels, that were put on shore in different places in our river by the ice, and plundered as many of them as they could, before they burned them.

19TH. — News to-day that a vessel is arrived at Carolina from France. The Captain brought the letters, but upon the letters to Congress from Franklin being opened, they were all a blank. In

his to his son-in-law, Bache, he refers him for news to the members of Congress, as there he was very particular. This makes it to be presumed that the messenger in France had suffered the letters to be taken away, and those substituted in the room of them. Time will discover this fraud, and by whom it was transacted. It's said that Thomas Willing, with some others in town, had purchased a parcel of blankets for our prisoners there, but before they would deliver them, applied to General Howe, acquainting him of their intention. He sent them for answer not to send them any, as they should receive no such donations but what were sent directly from General WASHINGTON to them for their use. This message and answer, I understand, are transmitted to General WASHINGTON. What his judgment on this singular affair is, has not yet transpired, as I have heard.

21ST.—News to-day is, that the plan formed by assembly and president, sent to congress for their concurrence, is adopted; sent by them to General WASHINGTON, is approved of, and to be carried into execution as fast as possible.

22ND.—This is a wonderful place for variety of sentiments and behaviour. You may speak and converse with some whose sweet countenances will tell you that you are highly agreeable to them, while you talk to them in their way; but change the discourse by asking them to spare you some hay, oats for your horse, wheat, rye, wood, butter, and cider for yourselves, etc., to be paid for in congress money; or that the English army is likely to be defeated, and our people to get the victory, oh! then their serene countenances are all overcast; a lowering cloud spreads all over their horizon; they have nothing to say; nay, scarcely to bid you farewell. I went into town to William Henry's. While there, arrived Hugh Hughes, wagoner, from Philadelphia, who came with ten other wagons, and three officers as commissaries, with clothing for the English prisoners. These are permitted to travel where they please, without any control, and to pay for what they purchase with congress money; but our poor wagoner must not enter with provisions in Philadelphia, without a guard, and that at night, and brought back directly the same way: our commissary, with twenty-five head of cattle, taken in with a guard, and not suffered to have a receipt for them, nor suffered even to shake hands with some of his acquaintances, nor to purchase any thing but with hard money. The wagoner was John Moyer; the commissary with the cattle, John Chandler. O, poor Pennsylvania! how you are imposed upon, and suffer your children to be made dupes! Hugh Hughes, as above, was detected in passing forty-five shilling bills counterfeited, sundry being found on him, and was sent to our prison by William Henry. No doubt some of the officers have of the same money.

25TH — After dinner, came back into town the eleven wagons with baggage, that it's said were sent a few days past by General Howe from Philadelphia, for the use of his people who are prisoners in this State, and which arrived here a few days ago, and left it the day before; but by order from the Board of War they were sent after, the goods put into our stores, the wagons and horses sent to the continental stables, the officers under restrictions at Jordan's, the wagoners and some prisoners sent to prison, and the women to ramble about the town.

It's said that John Brown is now discharged from prison, but not to go above five miles from Manheim, and £500 security for his good behaviour.

28TH. — News is, that the December mail was arrived at Philadelphia, but that Howe would not suffer any of the letters to be delivered. It's said Lord Chatham is at the head of affairs at London, and that General Howe has ordered all the shipping in the Delaware to be got ready for sea; that flour in Philadelphia was £5 per hundred, in hard money, beef two shillings and six-pence per pound, fire-wood (oak), £4 per cord, and other necessities, such as eatables, in proportion; great quantities of dry goods, but all to be paid for in hard money, but none to be taken out after being bought, except by stealth.

29TH. — After dinner, went down to John Dunlap's for the supplement to the Pennsylvania Packet, it containing the resolves of congress relating to the acts of retaliation upon General Howe's prisoners, agreeably to the usage that our people who are with Howe receive.

Passed through this town from camp to Yorktown this day, General Conway and the Marquis de La Fayette.

30TH. — A person from York brought sundry letters from, I apprehend, some of our Tory friends there, and in Virginia, to be forwarded; but upon conversation, he took them to some more suitable persons to have them sent. By him was learned that John Parish and Isaac Lane the elder, with two or three other Friends, were then at York with the congress, soliciting the discharge of the Friends that were sent away by the president and council of safety, into Virginia; but their request was not complied with when he came away, but they were politely received.

31st. — Last night was a grand ball or entertainment kept at the house of William Ross, the tavern-keeper, which it is said was very brilliant; at which it's said were above one hundred men and women assembled, dressed in all their gayety: cold collation, with wine, punch, sweet-cake, etc., music, dancing, singing, etc., held till four this morning. Who were the principals in the promoting or the expenses, I did not learn, but neither the president nor any of his family was there.

THE PIRATES' SONG.

I.

SWIFTLY o'er the waters glides
Our gallant, stately bark;
Like a noble swan she rides
Over the billows dark;
Are our hearts less glad and free,
Do they dance less merrily?

II.

She hath dashed through many a sea,
While high the white foam flew,
While the winds howled tumultuously,
Yet still she labored through;
O'er her deck washed many a wave,
Are our souls than her less brave?

III.

Now the glorious light of day
Shines upon the wave,
Gilding with its golden ray
Many a seaman's grave:
Do our thoughts less brightly glow,
Or in narrower channel flow?

IV.

Lightly flutters from our mast
The signal we obey;
No other duty holds us fast,
We own no other's sway:
With that pennant we'll maintain
Our rule o'er the unmeasured main!

AN HOUR IN THE LOUVRE.

IN A LETTER FROM PARIS.

BEARING in mind, dear DIEDRICH, your request that I would send you something for your unrivalled Magazine,* I have penned a short description of what I conceive to be the most interesting feature of this French metropolis — THE LOUVRE. Those who have not enjoyed the luxury of this ornament of Paris, will hardly imagine the entertainment it affords, not only from its fund of the best paintings and statues, but also from the numerous people from all parts of the civilized world, who make the Louvre a resort for their leisure hours.

You will see Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Russians, Englishmen, Americans, and others too numerous to name, all conversing in their own respective languages, and descanting on the beauties of the master-pieces of art, which greet the eye at every turn. Sometimes you will observe these visitants walking in parties, sometimes in pairs; and sometimes a solitary lover of art is seen loitering slowly through its ample saloons, or sitting absorbed before some work that demands more deliberate contemplation.

You will see peasants from the provinces, who have snatched a few hours from labor to spend in the meditation of this collection, of which every Frenchman seems to have heard, and which they *do* enjoy; notwithstanding the opinion frequently set forth that the rude mass of mankind cannot relish such productions. You will see officers from all parts of the country loquaciously discussing the beauties of Claude, Paussieu, Le Sieur, and Paul Veronese, more earnestly than we Americans discuss politics, though not half so angrily. You see the 'Lunnun' tradesman, with white-topped boots, and plump wife and daughters at his side, the latter often very bewitching, strutting with grave, important look, and catalogue in hand, from picture to picture; saying, 'This is monstrous pretty,' or 'This is monstrous bad,' just as it happens to strike his fancy.

You will always see — But who is this, leading at rapid pace a select party? It is the English Bishop, Doctor L—e, an enthusiast among amateurs. Follow him, if you would have your wonder excited.

'Yes, it is true,' says the bishop; 'Yes, yes.' 'True; fact,' say others of his party. They have decided that the picture which they are looking at is the *original*, in opposition to some other one, produced by an adventurous picture-dealer, who claims the honor for the '*Gem*' which he has picked up.

This Louvre is an unlucky place for your dealers. They buy the copies made here, and a year after, they bring them back to Paris, and swear they are originals, and that the originals are nothing but copies; and sometimes, they actually convince people that they are *duplicates*, by the same hand! But generally the purchasers in such cases get laughed at for their bargains.

* Oh, don't! 'The truth is not to be spoken at all times.' — D. K.

You will see *living* originals likewise at the Louvre ; odd fellows, honest warm-hearted friends withal, when you once become acquainted with them, but full of the strangest whimsies. Your half-pay officers turned amateur painters ; your gentlemen of small income and large expectations ; too much for work, but not enough for dashing ; who amuse themselves a season in Paris, then go over to Holland, from thence to Germany, and so onward. While I was looking with much animation at a beautiful English lady, who was leaning on her father's arm, (he wore the white-topped boots before mentioned,) one of these odd fellows said to me :

'Pshaw ! now don't you be in love with her ; it is all nonsense.'

'So you *pretend*,' I replied ; 'but if I do not mistake you amazingly, I shall one day, not far distant, see you deep enough in the thralldom which you affect to shake off.'

'I hope you *may* see that day,' he replied, laughing contemptuously ; 'but before that time happens, you and I will be old men.'

'You are now two years short of thirty,' I replied ; 'I'll wager that you are a married man in less than three years.'

'Oh, that is not unlikely ;' he replied, 'if marrying is what you mean. In fact, I am now engaged to be married to a lady, whom, if the truth must out, I do not care five straws for ; but as for this dreamy nonsense which you seem to be looking after, *this love*, why it is sheer humbug !'

'Then the lady has a fortune ?' said I, rather inquiringly, and like a true Yankee.

'No ; she has the wherewithal to pay her part of the expenses. You would not expect me to sacrifice my little independence ? Faith, no ! But she has no fortune. I get married because I consider it the *duty* of every gentleman, when he can do so without inconvenience. But as for love — *whew !*'

A few days after, I saw this philosophic notionalist walking in the Louvre with a lady. I recollected our conversation, and was quite willing to believe that he was not in love. The damsel, though evidently pleased with him, was not qualified to captivate. But he looked to the good things of old England. The lady, though not wealthy, was connected with some of the best families of the English gentry ; and could at once give him a position in society, which mere wealth never could do. The Fates, however, were not in favor of our philosopher's notions. He died in a few months before the marriage rites were consummated ; and the lady was left to mourn his loss, and to seek out some new philosopher equally enamoured.

There are croakers at the Louvre, of the extremest degree. Your old lieutenant is an intense croaker. Your old captain is not much better. They both complain bitterly of having nothing to do. No prospect of promotion ! They tell over their disappointments in love matters, and censure most unmercifully the old fellows who bother them about marriage settlements. So they go on, until some one happens to croak a good joke, which sets them all in a roar.

There are happy fellows too at the Louvre. The student who lives on a pension, halts awhile here, on his way to Italy. He is secure for a few years, and leaves the future to the will of Providence ;

taking care to enjoy the present hour, in the indulgence of what constitutes his highest earthly bliss, his taste for 'the great works.'

These, and a multitude of similar scenes, are of every-day occurrence. On Sundays and holidays the populace of Paris is admitted; and this immense gallery, a quarter of a mile in length, is crowded to overflowing with all classes of people, whose business does not allow them leisure on other days to make this their resort. Whole families, men, women, and children, dressed in their holiday attire, flock to the Louvre; and they all seem pleased and happy. As you pass in by the grand entrance, you see multitudes of canes, umbrellas, swords, etc., which are not deemed proper instruments for pointing out the beauties of art. The servants are pompously arranged, in cocked hats, which they touch with true French ceremony, as you pass the door. You go on through the splendid saloons of statuary and paintings; you observe the people, always orderly, quiet, and careful not to annoy each other; you see their happy faces, and think how much better all this is than an English or an American gin or grog shop. Paris is the city of amusements; all cheap, and many of them free on holidays; and what I tell you is true, *you will rarely see a person drunk*. The French laborer puts on his fine clothes, with a flower in his button-hole, tied with a pink ribbon; and he walks forth with his sweet-heart, or with his family, to see the *spectacle*; and he spends a few sous for wine and raisins, which he shares with them; while your English laborer skulks into the pot-house alone, leaving his family to amuse themselves as they may. I really believe you will meet a thousand drunkards in London and America, where you shall find one in Paris.

But I am making my letter too long; and what I intended merely as a description of the Louvre, I find is assuming the character of a *critique*. At least, it would do so, if I told you all I think on the subject. I cannot but believe if we had some such regulations in America, much vice might be prevented. All this, however, belongs to the future.

r.

S P R I N G .

THE gladsome days of Spring have come, the happiest of the year,
With all their bright inspiring hopes, once more the heart to cheer:
The 'wailing winds and naked woods' are heard and seen no more,
While warmer suns and brighter skies earth's lovely scenes restore.

The 'robin and the wren' have come — the blue-bird and the jay,
To wake the groves at early dawn, and hail the coming day:
And now in sweetest melody, through all the morning long,
The mocking-bird, with varying note, pours out a joyous song.

The gaily-blooming flowers have come. The sunny banks are bright,
Where violets and daffodils their braided hues unite;
While all the garden favorites their brightest tints assume,
And sweetly on the gentle air breathe out their rich perfume.

How rife with scenes of beauty this heritage of ours!
The glories of the vernal months — the trees, the fields, the flowers!
'The lines' to us full surely 'in pleasant places' fall,
And give us cause for gratitude to Him who made them all!

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

CHAPTER FOUR.

'FLUMMERY,' said I, 'you will please put CONGER before the old gig which stands in the hovel — I believe I will ride in the old gig to-day — and mind you, Flummery, don't forget to tar the wheels, and to brush the cobwebs off the top.'

The ancient domestic looked at me with astonishment; for the vehicle which I had ordered had not been on the road in fifty years, and had been early discarded in the youthful days of Dr. Minime. But I gave him to understand that I should listen to no objections; and before the expression of surprise had departed from his face, he had started off at a rapid pace to the shed where the old gig was deposited, and dragged it out into the open air. And let not my readers suppose that I was actuated by any desire of appearing strange or peculiar in giving such orders, for I had sought in vain through the neighborhood for any carriage which would suit my purpose so well. As it would take some time to get it respectably clean, and to remove the dust and the mud of half a century, while Flummery was engaged in pouring water over the wheels, I took my hat and cane, and walked over to the farm-house of Mr. Kushow, to see Burks. I had received advices early in the morning that he had lost the balance of his mind, and was very much 'out of his head,' and that he had been 'ravin' all night.

On arriving at the house, I had a better opportunity of looking about me than during the hurry and bustle of my former adventure; and I noticed several things which may as well be mentioned here, as they apply pretty generally to the whole section of country in which my practice lay. The main part of the house, containing the 'best parlor,' and other rooms which were not in constant use, was shut up, and kept continually darkened, in order to protect it from dust, dirt, flies, and the wear and tear of feet. This would be sufficient to give the house a melancholy and inhospitable air, were it not for the wing, a part of the building devoted to the kitchen, whose doors, always thrown open, disclose the very abode of plenty, cleanliness, and thrift. It is here that the simple machinery is placed which regulates the whole domestic economy. Here the family assemble around the plentiful board; here the cradle is rocked; friends and neighbors meet in kindly intercourse; the tale is narrated; bargains are clenched, and swains make their declarations of love. It is only on occasions of frigid ceremony, as the afternoon tea-party, that the best parlor is unlocked, and the splendid carpet revealed in all its bright colors, and pristine gayety.

The Long-Island farmers have a fondness for negroes; and I observed, sitting on a large stone before the sill of Kushow's kitchen, and basking in the full blaze of the morning sun, the oldest negro in this part of the country. He had reached his hundred and twentieth year, and had lived in a part of three centuries. His hair was snowy

white, and his limbs attenuated ; but he retained his animal propensities, ate ravenously, slept until late in the morning, sometimes until the middle of the day, and did nothing but live on unmolested. I could not look at him without interest, forming as he did a sort of link between the present and the past, and I would have gladly conversed with him about the men who lived and moved in another age ; but alas ! he had fallen into second childishness, and into drivelling idiocy ; ‘ sans eyes, sans hair, sans teeth, sans everything.’ Grawdus had always been attached to the estate from his birth, and the successive owners for several generations past had received him as a fixture, which could not in the nature of things remain long.

One day the late mistress of these domains having some carpenters employed, told them that while they were there, they might as well take some of the refuse boards and scantling, and make a coffin for Grawdus, for he could not hold out much longer. They obeyed her commands, and having constructed a rough box, hid it away in the barn for future use. But Grawdus’ motto was, ‘ Never say die.’ His mistress departed this life at a good old age, but he lived ; and as he stood over the grave, neatly dressed in his Sunday clothes, he embodied in his person an innocent sarcasm, which could hardly fail to provoke a solemn smile.

As I stood looking at this very old man, somewhat amused at the manner in which the departed lady had missed her reckoning, I was suddenly called up stairs to see Burks. The room was full of people, and he was quite crazy.

An idea had taken possession of his mind that a conspiracy had been formed in the family to take his life, and get him out of the way. I found them all hotly arguing the point with him, and attempting to convince him that they cherished no evil designs ; but they only excited his suspicions the more. His sister Polly was very much distressed, and took me aside.

‘ Only to think, doctor,’ said she, with tears in her eyes, ‘ brother will have it that we want to kill him, when it is n’t no such-a thing. I do n’t see what could put sich strange notions into his head. Do try and convince him, doctor, that we do n’t want to do him no harm.’

‘ Oh,’ said I, ‘ never mind what your brother says. Do n’t you see that he is n’t exactly right in his mind, and that of course his words go for nothing ? Only leave him to me, and I will try to administer something that will soothe his apprehensions ; and in the mean time, perhaps you had better not dispute with him.’

‘ Oh ! but,’ said she, ‘ I *must*, doctor ; he says I want to kill him, and he believes it ; when you see I never even dreamed of sich a thing !’

‘ Yes,’ added an old woman, who drew near at the moment, ‘ we ’ve did all that we could to get that notion out of his head, doctor, but it seems somehow as if we could n’t kind o’ succeed.’

‘ It ’s very hard,’ rejoined his sister Polly, ‘ to be a-doin’ all that I can for him, and then to be treated this way.’

‘ Yes, and it ’s wery ungrateful in him,’ said Mrs. Lackadaisy, who thrust her cap into the group ; ‘ I do say, it ’s wery ungrateful in him ; and as to our wantin’ to kill Burks, you know, doctor, that there ’s not a word of truth into it.’

‘Oh no, of *course* not, Madam; do not pay the least attention to what he says: his head is not right. May I trouble you for a pinch of snuff, Mrs. Lackadaisy?’

‘I’ve been thinking,’ said the latter lady, ‘that a little penner’yal tea would be good for Burks. I’ve hearn of its doin’ wonders. But, dear me!—what’s the use o’ doin’ any thing for him, when he’s so ungrateful?’

‘No, Mrs. Lackadaisy,’ replied his sister, ‘you shan’t say that. He never was ungrateful.’

‘Ah, Polly! Polly!’ exclaimed the sick man, lifting up his head suddenly, ‘I see you! You’re a-plottin’ ag’in me.’

‘There, did n’t I tell you he was ungrateful?’ said the widow Lackadaisy. ‘Did n’t I tell you so?—but you would n’t believe me; and now there’s proof positive.’

‘I say, you’re a-plottin’ ag’in me, Polly, and so are all of you there. You’ll never be contented until you kill poor Burks. That’s what you’re after, and nothing short of it.’

‘Why, brother, how can you say so? What makes you think so? I’m a-doin’ all that I can for you.’

‘Yes, and so are we all a-doin’ all that we can for you; and you goin’ on at this rate. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Burks.’

‘Hold your tongue, you she-murderer! Try and p’ison me ag’in, will you? You was always trying to harm me; but, Polly,’ said the sick man, and here his voice somewhat softened down, and he spoke with pathos, ‘Polly, I *did* expect better things of you: it’s very cruel in you to persecute me; it’s very cruel in you to want to take my life.’

Polly was touched by the voice and manner of Burks, and burst into tears.

‘Brother,’ said she, ‘how often must I tell you that I do n’t want to kill you? Why will you harbor such a dreadful idea? I would n’t hurt a hair of your head; I would sooner die than do it.’

‘Oh,’ replied he, ‘you need n’t talk. I know you. I know you well enough. Get away! There’s that old critter yender; she is in the plot with you. You’ll compass your end betwixt and between you, before long, and then when I’m gone, you’ll laäf.’

‘Brother, who’s been putting such a falsehood into your head? You never would have thought of it yourself. Some enemy has done this. I’m ’fraid the Father of Lies himself has been doing it.’

‘Ha! ha! ha!—so you thought I would n’t find it out, did you? You thought I was a fool, did you? You thought I could n’t find out when folks wanted to murder me?’

‘Dear me! dear me!’ interposed Mrs. Lackadaisy, ‘what will the man think next? I make bold to tell you, Burks, that you’ve got a lie into your head, and as Polly says, the Father of Lies——’

‘Be still, Mrs. Lackadaisy; don’t charge poor Burks with lying, when he’s sick and peevish, and it all comes o’ that.’

‘Why, did n’t you do it yourself, Polly?’

‘Hoity-toity!’ exclaimed Mrs. Kushow, entering the room at this moment, her eyes on fire; ‘what are you jawing about?’

I now feared that there *would* be murder, and trembled at my

knees and heart, when I remembered the torn muslin, and saw those fiery looks again flashing vengeance and defiance.

'What are you *jawing* about?' said Mrs. Kushow, coarsely. 'Do you want to make bad worse?'

'No, that we don't,' replied Mrs. Lackadaisy; 'only here's Burks charging Polly and me and all on us ——'

'There must be an end of this conversation,' said I angrily, and in a decided way, 'unless you wish to aggravate the disease of the sick man, and unless you wish to kill him in earnest.'

'Oh, no, certainly not, doctor,' whispered Mrs. Lackadaisy, deprecatingly.

'Oh dear! oh dear!' sobbed Polly.

'And you *will* be the death of him,' said Mrs. Kushow, 'if you do n't hold your tongues.'

'Ha!' said the sick man, rising up on his elbow, and throwing his pillow away from him, 'that's what I was saying, was n't it? Doctor, is that you? You may go home again. They're determined to have my life, and I do n't mean to object to it much longer; so you may put your jalaps into your pocket. Look a-here,' said he, pulling me down, and speaking in a mysterious whisper, 'would you believe it, my sister Polly is the very worst of these devils. But she has n't been able to murder me yet; and she's so disapp'inted, that there she sets a-cryin' about it.'

I turned around suddenly, and made signs to the accused person to say never a word. She was on the point of starting up, but drew back reluctantly, and obeyed the mandate.

'You think they want to kill you?' said I, humoring the patient. He immediately pricked up his ears, and was attracted by my tone of voice.

'Be sure they do,' replied he; 'judge for yourself. They've had their heads together whispering for a whole week, and it's nothing but *chu-chu, chu-chu*, all the time.' Here he drew his head between his shoulders, and making a horrible grimace, imitated the conversational whisper of old maids in deep conference.

'They thought I did n't hear them. There they were mistaken. For they kept all the while saying among themselves, 'Why don't he give up to die? Why don't the old son of a bitch give up to die?'

'Shocking! shocking!' said I, turning round, and making a sign to the company.

'Not contented to try and kill me themselves, they hire men to do it, doctor. There's that fellow M'Davy, with his long gun; he is sneakin' about the house all the time, and lookin' in at the windows a-tryin' to get a shot at me. And they keep urgin' him on, and whisperin' among themselves, 'Why don't the old son of a bitch give up to die?' I'm a-feared to eat a cracker, doctor. Polly tried to p'ison me with a cracker.'

The accused, in spite of signs and entreaties, could not endure this grievous charge, but broke out with much feeling: 'Oh! brother, brother, it's no such-a thing. Why here's the very cracker that I wanted to give you; and you see there's nothing on it. I never *dreamed* of sich a thing!'

'Oh! but you *did*, Polly. You did n't put it on the outside, but

you split the cracker, and then you j'ined it together, so as I could n't see it; *that's* the way you did it, Polly. And now you think I'm a-goin' to drink that tea out of your hands ?

'I'll tell you what it is,' said I to the patient; 'I see it will never do for you to trust these people as they are now; but I have hit upon a plan. I shall take them all out of the room, and *qualify* them to give you medicines; and then you need n't be afraid of them, for they cannot do you any harm, if they try. And as to M^cDavy, I shall *qualify* him to stay away altogether.'

This arrangement pleased the sick man very much; and Polly being taken out of the room, was duly *qualified*, after which no difficulty in administering the medicines ensued. I suppose I should have attempted in vain to quiet either party in the usual way, so tenacious were they, and determined to carry on the dispute.

As to Burks, he was so convinced of foul play, that he had broke loose and ran into the fields on the previous night, being chased by M^cDavy with his long gun. His sister Polly was a great favorite of his, when he was in his right mind.

Having left Burks, I stopped a few moments at the next neighbor's, to see Bob Allen, who was seriously ill of a fever, and greatly alarmed on his own account. He thought he was going to die; nor did I think such an event unlikely. Bob Allen was a big, blustering bully, when in sound health, a dealer in large oaths, and notoriously bad. So long as he had a firm foot-hold upon life, no one could exceed him in flinging defiance to high Heaven. But oh! what a change had now come over his spirit! He had just cause of apprehension; the evil deeds of his past life rose up in array before him, and he stood aghast with the most abject and cowardly fear of death. He became transformed in his temper and disposition; was mild, amiable, forgiving, and ready to form any kind of compact with Heaven, if it would spare his wicked life. I found a Methodist minister in the room, together with many friends, trying to administer consolation, and to lull the patient's terrors. But they only partially succeeded. He was willing to repent, but he annexed a sort of condition to the act, that his life should be spared. 'But what if he should recover from his malady,' suggested the minister, 'and be restored to perfect health; would n't he go back to his sinful practices, and live jist as he had done, and offend the Almighty continually ?'

'Oh no! — not he; he would be as innocent as a lamb, and live a godly, righteous, and sober life.'

'Would he never curse, nor swear, any more ?'

'Oh never, never !'

'Nor break the Sabbath, nor get drunk, nor frequent taverns ?'

'Oh no! — he would promise faithfully to abstain from all these.'

'And would he forsake all his bad companions, and wicked courses, and join the meeting, and lead an entirely new life ?'

'Yes, yes — he would do all.'

'Very well,' exclaimed the Methodist minister; 'then let us unite in imploring the Almighty to spare Bob Allen;' and with that he got on his knees, with the rest of the company, and offered up a long prayer, the patient frequently interrupting him by screaming out historically, '*Amen!*' When he had got through, Bob Allen insisted on

praying for himself, which all approved of; but in the confusion and terror of his mind, he mingled together all the prayers which he had ever heard, and imperfectly remembered, rattling them over with the rapidity of one who had no time to lose. 'Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; kingdom come; will be done; earth as it is heaven; give us this day daily bread; I believe in God Father Almighty, maker Heaven and Earth; now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. There,' exclaimed the terrified man, 'have I said enough? Will that do?'

Some one thought he had said enough.

'Tell me the truth,' said he; 'I'd rather say too much, than not enough;' and forthwith he went on again: 'No man may put off the law of God. My joy is in his law all the day;' and presently dropping the extracts from Webster's Spelling-Book, he resumed the incoherent prayer he had just repeated.

Some of the friends seemed almost to think that it was desirable for Bob Allen to die, he was in such a heavenly frame. The Methodist minister was less sanguine, but he thought him considerably softened; and he made a singular but very just remark, that the sinner's heart was 'often improperly said to be as dead as a *stun*, whereas it could not be compared to a 'stun,' because it had the principle of life in it; but he thought it might be likened to an *egg*!' I was under the painful necessity of smiling at this remark; and after examining all Bob Allen's symptoms, I told his friends that they were more favorable, prescribed medicines, and came away.

As I drew near Mrs. Quaintley's, I observed quite a little assemblage curiously inspecting my new equipage. 'Guy!' exclaimed they, with one consent; 'wonder where the doctor is going now!'

I felt vexed to have attracted their attention, for when one is disposed to go quietly about one's own business, it is very annoying to be compelled to give a reason for every thing. But I found that I had got among a very inquisitive people, who did not permit even slight matters to escape their notice, and that I should ruin my popularity by bearing with an ill grace what was not ill intended. I am told that the late Dr. Minime, who was a blunt man, acted after a different fashion; and when accosted by the road-side with 'Where are you going, doctor?' or some such irrelevant question, he always replied with a tart promptitude, 'None of your business, Sir.' On the present occasion I got rid of the crowd by jumping into the gig and driving off, never heeding the cries of Mrs. Quaintley, who threw up the sash of her bed-room window and screamed after me with all her might.

But I have no objection to state the real cause of my journey to the unobtrusive reader. I had been attending for a week past a poor English boy, who was ill of the consumption, and drawing gradually nearer to the grave. His parents were the tenants of some rich lord, and he had come hither in quest of fairer fortunes. But the severity of our climate undermined his constitution, and I knew by unerring signs that he would soon die. There was that in his appearance which caused me to feel, from the first moment that I beheld him, an unusual interest in his welfare. He exhibited a pensive melancholy

and poetical cast of countenance, and a mild demeanor, independent of the languor which illness occasions, and not very frequently met with in the lower ranks of society.

His features were gently aquiline ; his eyes were dark and tender, and his pale face was tinged with the hectic which comes upon the cheek when Health gathers his hues into one resplendent spot, before he departs for ever. I watched him decline continually ; but every day, in answer to the usual inquiry ' how he did,' the response came more feebly, but with a distinct and hopeful enunciation, ' better, better.'

One day I went into his room, at the usual time to visit him, and found it empty. His bed and furniture had been removed, the window was thrown up, and not a trace of him could I find. ' He is dead,' said I ; ' really, I had not anticipated his departure so soon. Poor fellow ! He has perished far from his parents and his home, and all the endearments which soften the pillow of death.'

In the midst of such reflections, I turned upon my heel and went out. The woman of the house met me on the stair-case. ' So, William is gone ?' said I.

' Yes, he's gone, doctor, and for the matter o' that he ought to have been sent long ago, for his money's all spent, and it's too great a tax on us to take care on him, when it's pretty nigh as much as we can do to take care of ourselves.'

' Is it possible !' said I, angrily ; ' and why did you not make the case known ?' I instantly perceived from the words of the woman that the youth had been sent to that den of filth and abomination, the COUNTY POOR-HOUSE. He had been removed, it appeared, in spite of tears and entreaties ; the hand of man had anticipated the hand of Death, and dealt more cruelly with its victim.

' William begged hard not to be sent,' said the woman, ' and I am sure I was won'eful sorry to part with him, for he was a nice young man, and always paid his board regular while he had his strength. But charity is charity ; and as my husband says, it's a great wirtue, and it ought to begin at home. But you see, Tompkins was going right past the poor-house with a load of manure, and he said he would take William on top of the load. So, thinks I, that's very kind of him, and quite providential. So, says I, ' Don't cry, young man, for you'll be much better purvided for than you are now, and you'll have plenty to sympathize with you.' And that warn't no more than the truth, doctor, for there's some desput sick creeturs there, I assure you.'

' I do not doubt it, Madam, and I can only hope that those who are now blessed with health and plenty, may never be sick, and stand in need of such sympathies, and that those who have now a home, may never be thrust into such a shelter.'

As I shall never have occasion to recur to her again, I will here mention that this woman died in that very poor-house.

It was the morning after this event, that I went out to visit the county poor-house, determined to bring the young man away at all hazards, that he might breathe his last in a pure atmosphere, with some show of decency around him, and some tenderness to mitigate the pangs of death. After driving for some distance over a desolate moor,

I drew near the place of destination. A small house of one story, painted of a dusky red, stood alone, without fences, or trees, or garden, or any thing to alleviate its dreary solitude. There was no object on which the eye could rest, or the senses receive pleasure, but a dead flat extended on all sides, as far as the eye could reach. Every blade of grass in the vicinity was dead, and the pools of stagnant water were dried up by the summer sun, and exhibited their bottoms of baked clay; and myriads of flies and wasps were buzzing around, and inflicting their poisonous stings on all living things. How emblematic was this external cheerlessness and drought, of the hearts of that miserable brotherhood, to whom the public charity doles out its morsels with a pitiful hand, and will bestow on them nothing with pleasure but a grave! Here was indeed a fitting abode for Poverty to eke out the penalty of its misdemeanor in an affectionate fellowship with Crime; for Crime and Penury, forgetful of caste, seemed to stand upon equal ground, and to jibe and chatter on the brink of the grave. Here in this hidden place, where the foot of the world never intruded; where Charity never came with her open palm; where the light of smiles and cheerfulness was never known to break, and where the voice of lamentation, of bickering and complaint, never penetrated beyond the walls of the little pandemonium.

The County Poor-House! What horrible associations are connected with the name! How do all, save those who are hardened and insensible, shrink back from those walls, and tremble at the humiliation of such a home! I had some curiosity to examine a place of which report did not speak favorably; and truly can I say, that its actual terrors deserve to be held up as a warning to those who have entered on the career of poverty and crime; and may God pity those who, without any fault of their own, have arrived at a place to which the grave itself is preferable!

I entered the walls, and soon saw enough to disgust and sicken. The miserable inmates who were able to keep out of their beds and to eat, were assembled in the refectory; and there a sanctimonious man, whether chaplain or superintendent, or what not, with uplifted hands, was imploring Heaven's blessing — shall I be believed when I state the fact? — upon a dinner of BOILED HORSE-FEET. This species of shell-fish is used in maritime districts to enrich the soil, and vast quantities are brought up out of the sea for that purpose, and are scattered over the fields, tainting the air for miles around. Swine are sometimes fattened on this fish, which renders the flesh so strong and disagreeable that it is scarce eatable. But it is only in the *County Poor-House* that this noxious food is administered to *men*. The paupers started from the table in disorder, when they beheld a stranger; and some of them coming toward me, stretched out their hands for alms. Poor Timmy Timmons, who had known much better times, and had lived on a good farm all his life, but being a simpleton, had lost his all in the times of speculation, came to me with his mouth full of horse-feet and complaints. He had no peace by night or by day. He could n't get enough to eat, and his fellow pensioners kicked him, and bit him, and knocked the hat off his head. Joe Haywood, classically educated in England, and a drunkard and a vagabond by his

own fault, stretched out his hand and said, '*Salve Domine!* — give me a six-pence to have my beard taken off.'

'Fie, fie, Joe! — a gentleman commoner asking for alms?'

'*Tempora mutantur,*' replied he, '*et nos mutamur cum illis.*'

Phebe Thompson, a miserable hag, likewise wanted a six-pence to replenish her gin-bottle; and these sort of requests were thickening, when the superintendent who had said grace, started from his seat in a fury, and told the poor wretches to finish their 'meal of wittles,' and to stop their beggarly mouths. 'The most of those who come here,' reasoned I, as I turned from the tables, 'pay the penalty of their own crimes, and therefore to feed them would be holding out an inducement to vice; but is that any apology for putting up the county paupers yearly, and selling them to the most reasonable bidder? Is that any apology for subjecting them to the avarice of contractors, and for importing large quantities of horse-feet from the sea, and surfeiting them with dainties which the very swine reject?'

I passed into the room (there were only two rooms in the house) where I expected to find the patient on whose account I had come; but I recoiled instinctively the moment I entered. It was small, black, begrimed with dirt, and the air insupportable. And there on their low pallets, which covered the floor in all directions, crowded together and unable to stir by reason of loathsome diseases, black and white, male and female, lay the most wretched part of the county paupers! The palsied, the leprous, the paralytic, on whose countenances suffering and hellish passions had ploughed their deep furrows, had there laid down to die, with their filthy rags about them. What a foul and revolting spectacle was this, to behold human beings herded together like the beasts that perish; without care, without comfort, without hope! I cast my eyes around the room for an instant, and then, like him who looked into the dungeon and saw the poor prisoner computing his melancholy calendar, I 'felt the iron enter into my soul.' Here were a few who had 'seen better days,' and among the rest, lying as far apart as possible from his companions in misery, in one corner, on a little straw, I found the poor boy. He did not notice my approach. A white film was over his eyes, which were only half closed. His countenance was much changed, and looked very death-like. I feared he was in the article of death, and too far gone to be removed.

'William,' said I.

He opened his eyes gradually, looked wildly around, and then seeing me, he rose suddenly up, and a gleam of hope seemed to dart over his countenance.

'William,' said I, 'I have come to take you away.'

The gleam of hope brightened into a smile of inexpressible pleasure and gratitude.

'Thank you!' said he, clasping his hands. 'Death—death!—*any thing*, but this horrible abode!'

'Are you strong enough to endure the journey, William? It is a long ride.'

'Oh, yes, yes! I shall be better. I shall die here. Do take me away! My parents would weep to know that I was here.'

'Very well,' said I; 'are you ready to go at once? I am come

expressly to bring you. I have an easy carriage, and we will accomplish the journey at our leisure.'

He arose at once, with more strength and energy than I thought him possessed of, and walked out of that horrible den. With a little assistance, he ascended the carriage. Timmy Timmons, whose misfortunes had destroyed his mind, came to me as I was about to depart. 'Doctor,' said he, with an idiotic smile, 'wont you take *me* too? Why did n't you come and take dinner with us? Ah! did you hear Tony say grace? Was n't it a pretty grace?'

No sooner had we turned our backs upon the place, and commenced the journey homeward, than the young man buried his face in his hands and wept. They were grateful tears, springing from a pure well-spring, and with them a load of grief was removed from the heart, and hope revived; and the fresh breeze, and the boundless fields, and the blue sky spoke again of life, and happiness, and love. We passed over the desolate moor, and then we came upon a bright landscape. The young man looked abroad, and thought of the green lanes, and parks, and lawns of old Merrie England, and of his father's dwelling, his own happy home.

It was the harvest-time. The corn waved every where in golden ripeness, or was falling by the reaper's hand, and the new-made hay smelled sweet. The trees had not yet lost their leaves, nor the fields their verdure, nor the birds their song; and from the hill tops, and from the vallies, and from the rivulets and dark groves, there came up a hymn of thanksgiving to the God that crowned the harvest. Oh! who that sees the candle of his life grow dim, and feels his heart-strings breaking, can look for the last time upon the face of Nature without a sigh, nor feel that the tomb is dark, and that the earth is bright and beautiful! Alas! we are the creatures of a day, and we want the faith to look beyond the grave, and to believe the word of God, that there is another world, perhaps among the stars which we so love to gaze at and adore; a world more purely spiritual, whose angelic beings shall partake an immortality, ambrosial, without tears, without death, without sorrow; where the summer shall know no end, and where the flowers shall be more sweet, and the skies more bright, and the landscapes more charming.

A willow tree which grew by the road-side lay in our path, and its lithe and pendent boughs, swayed by the summer breeze, approached us as we passed. The young man grasped convulsively at a tender shoot, and plucking it from the parent limb, held it as a trophy, and seemed passionately to admire and envy its life and freshness. He said he would take it home, and plant it in the ground. I told him to do so; for I knew that it would take root, and flourish; and when the winter was gone, and the leaves put forth in the spring-time, it would be fit to transplant upon his grave.

It was three days after the little journey which I have just recorded, I was sitting, when toward sun-down, in Mr. Waller's room, discussing the merits of the old English poets. It was a warm afternoon; the sash was thrown up, and the schoolmaster lay on the grass in front of the house, playing on the German flute. A long pause occurred in the conversation.

'I think,' said Mr. Waller, 'that the poor English boy up stairs nnot hold out much longer: his sun will soon set.'

‘Yes,’ replied I, gazing at the opposite sky in a sort of reverie, and hardly knowing what I said, ‘the sun has just sunk below the horizon; the shades of evening are drawing on.’

Just then a slight tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Quaintley insinuated her cap. ‘Doctor,’ said she, ‘I’m afeared the young man is gone. I jist been into his room to take some currant jelly. You see I thought currant jelly would be so nice to a sick mouth ——’

Mr. Waller started to his feet. ‘Let us go, and see for ourselves,’ said he. He led the way, and in a moment we stood over the couch. I looked at Mr. Waller, and a tear trembled in his eye. It was even as we had supposed. The youth was dead. He expired just as the last slant beams of the setting sun were trembling on the wall over his head. He expired, and in a land of strangers, afar from his father’s house. But the consolations of religion, and the accents of kindness, had soothed his dying bed; and with the rites of christian burial he was afterward committed to the grave; the grave, with its sweet-scented earth, its unbroken rest, and its perpetual quietude.

W I N D S .

‘THE wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whither it goeth, nor whence it cometh.’

WINDS, that come rushing o’er the distant main,
Whence do ye spring, and whither are ye bound?
I ask in vain!

And why, with ever-mournful sound,
Sweep ye the restless waves, the desert rocks?
I ask again:

My feeble voice your ceaseless murmur mocks.

Whether upon some icy mountain’s head,
Andes or Himmalah,
Roused by the sun, ye first awoke,
Or on the desert grave
Of Babylon or Ninevah;
Or on the Dead Sea’s wave
Dreams of the past erst broke
Your slumber first,
(Its chain by Terror burst,)
I know not: fast ye fled,
And o’er these hills I hear your hurrying tread.

Ye say not whence! Can any answer give?
Mysteriously ye live
Amid the infinite, whose depths untold
The rolling Earth in their vast bosom hold!
Secret your path — unmarked your place of birth.
My soul! art thou not like to these wild winds?
Passing in fitful swiftness o’er the earth —
A wanderer that seeks and never finds!

My soul replies:
‘Look at the ordered skies,
See how each planet keeps its glorious path —
The swift-winged comets do not stray;
The winds have their appointed way,
And so thy spirit hath.’

c.

AN INCIDENT ON LAKE GEORGE.

'SWEET lake! that, dotted with a thousand isles,
Art calmly couched like to a spotted deer,
Nestling among the hills.'

ANON.

It was on the morning of the last of our keenly-enjoyed days, on that most charmingly picturesque of American lakes: the trout had not 'bit' quite so sharply as we had a right to expect, since we had thrown them 'line upon line,' to say nothing of other 'bait;' and so I had slipped quietly away from my companions at the 'City of Hague,' as its tavern, blacksmith's shop, and three saw-mills are called, the night before, and dropped a dozen miles or so up the lake, to try a pull at the bass-line, with farmer Burgess's boys, under the wilder shores of Black Mountain.

Breakfast had been despatched with angler-like impatience; and with a hasty shake of the hard hand of our most hospitable host, and his baker's-dozen of curly-pated children, we (myself and one of the 'boys,' of twenty odd summers,) found ourselves 'once more upon the waters,' just as the lazy sun was peeping over the wild old mountain, which here rose near two thousand feet above the waters, black with age, and bristling with scathed hemlocks, like some huge monster roused from his slumbers, and growling hoarsely at every dip of our oars.

The scene was beautiful! Before us lay Sabbath-day Point, and its little battle-field of Lord Howe's time, a green meadow now, with a slender trout stream rippling through it; beyond, the beetling cliffs, all bathed in the rosiest sunshine; to the right loomed Anthony's Nose, of Slawkenbergian size and Bardolphian hue, since Jack Frost had just given it a premonitory tweak; to the left rose Tongue Mountain, with its thousand echoes; and around lay the little cluster of islands, seemingly afloat, and half immersed in the transparent crystal, which looked scarcely denser than the upper sky it mirrored, with its troops of clouds, and thousand birds, whose wild music kept time to the ever-beating pulses of the glorious lake.

It was in the lee of one of these small rocky islands that our little boat lay anchored, on what are called the 'Middle-Grounds,' by a cable of slippery-elm bark, and a stone for an anchor, waiting the coming of the Caldwell steam-boat, which was to bear one of us back to the 'city,' and the busy hum of its three saw-mills. These middle grounds are a kind of piscatorial pasture or table land, that stretch out boldly into the lake to the very channel, which drops suddenly down from their moderate depth of fifteen or twenty feet, to ten times that distance. They are covered with long weeds and grass; and are the haunts of innumerable tribes of fish, which seem as much to delight in 'going to grass' as King Nebuchadnezzar himself. It is on these grounds that the bass are taken.

We had had capital sport, and the bottom of our light bark was all alive with yellow boys, such as Mr. Benton never dreamed of, though they would be just the boys for navigating the Mississippi *upward*. But they are not such weak fish as to be caught by a red rag; nothing

short of a real *shiner* will go down with the radical rascals of Lake George.

I had just succeeded in hooking a four-pounder, of the most extraordinary activity, when a loud cry from my companion apprized us that our anchor had dragged, and that we were drifting rapidly into the channel. Just at the moment the steam-boat rounded the point of the island, (we had been too busy to notice her approach,) and was bearing down upon us under full press of steam. The noise of the machinery drowned our cry, and our signal was not observed till too late! My companion seized the oars; but in the confusion of the moment, rowed directly for the steamer. Down came the rushing mass upon us, with the speed and noise of a whirlwind! The bows of the two touched, and our frail skiff went reeling under the guard, and into the foaming vortex of the wheel, that seemed to increase in velocity with every dash of its jarring arms. There was but one hope — *to dive below its reach!* Ten feet would clear it. I gave one spring; and, instantly, blinded with spray and stunned with the clang of the wheel, found myself whirling and tossing in the wake of the boat, like an egg-shell in a whirlpool, safe and above water! The wheel had stopped suddenly, and the back surge had swept us from under it. My feet had got entangled in some fishing tackle, just as I was about to take the fatal plunge, and my leap had resulted in a kind of backward summerset, that probably saved my life.

A few pulls at the oar, and we were welcomed on board the Caldwell by her red-capped old 'Commodore,' with a hearty grip, and a laugh worthy of Cooper's Hawkeye, that struggled with a tear or two on his rough but kindly cheeks.

'I tell ye what, youngster, you 've had a narrer 'scape! I tell 'd 'em you and the boy was gone suckers. But Davy's locker will be none the better to-day for you; and his larder rayther the wuss for the bass you have hook'd. Heave 'em in here, boy, heave 'em in! — and look out for the wheel next time, d'ye hear? Ladies, 'tant no use to keep faintin' no longer. The young feller is safe enough, though he does look a *leetle* pale, jest now.'

'Pale! wal, nēow, I wonder who *would n't* look pale,' said a tall yankee-churn looking chap, 'tu see a feller-critter broke under a mill wheel, as we 'd like-tu see jest nēow! I tell ye what, neighbor, though I do 'nt know your name yet, it's well my gizzard here,' spreading his huge palm upon his breast, 'was well hooped in, or by Gauly! you 'd 'a seen it hoppin' about the deck this very minit, like a poppit! It's ben banging at my wine-pipe to get out, perty smart, I tell you nēow! I hant ben so skart, sence I was published to be married, and had all our meetin' house lookin' at me, tu see if I warnt ashamed of myself!'

So saying, the warm-hearted creature gave me a hug, that set us all laughing, and brought back the roses to

'Cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;'

and so, telegraphing a hasty good-bye to my companion of the skiff, who by this time was far in the wake of the sylph-like Caldwell, we

were once more steaming it down the lake, as tranquilly as if nothing unusual had occurred; and it was not many minutes before I had booked a sketch of the scene; not forgetting the share of 'that boy,' who came so near 'being the death of me,' as Power says.

We were now fast approaching the 'City of Hague,' and its 'tall spires' of blackened hemlocks bristled into sight as we advanced. But, whether from a sudden attack of the social mania, or a growing disrelish of the music of its three saw-mills, I felt a singular inclination to give the 'go-by' to its many attractions, malgré Squire Garfield's trout-larder and his lady's nice feather-bed, and push on for 'Old Ti' at once. So, by the help of a pair of bright eyes and a musical voice, which I had just fallen in with, (there is nothing like a little danger passed to waken one's *love*,) we contrived to forget to hear the old commodore's cry of 'City of Hague! all passengers ashore as is goin'!' and soon found ourselves at the 'outlet,' as merry a group as ever puzzled a sketcher.

How we bestowed ourselves into sundry post-coaches, bound for the 'Old Fort,' and how we contrived to get the old folks packed away by themselves, quite *accidentally*, of course; how we gossiped over the road to Ticonderoga, and arrived at Chipman's just in time for one of his delicious dinners; how we visited the old ruins, and explored the secret passage which had echoed to the voice of old Ethan Allen, 'long time ago;' how I tried to strike up a loco-foco match in the magazine, for the special benefit of a certain 'fair Urania,' but the perverse thing would not be exploded; how we lighted ourselves back to the 'Pavilion' by the loveliest of sunsets; and how Captain Sherman's beautiful steamer *would* come along just at the time it should not, to break up our game of 'bagatelle,' (though not till a certain fair autograph was duly deposited with — no matter whom!) why, as the children say, '*that'd be telling!*'

F. F. R.

Philadelphia, 1841.

L O S T J O Y S .

As we sail down Life's dark river,
Onward tow'rd the boundless main,
Sights of beauty meet us ever,
Never to be seen again!

Many a flower of tender blossom,
Many a tree of living green,
Kiss the waters' glowing bosom,
Over which they pensive lean.

Yet the young and gay wayfarer,
Hastening on mid joy and song,
Ever deems that visions rarer
Will his future voyage throng.

But as the simple sailor wanders
Down the deepening waves of time
Raging whirlwinds, awful thunders,
Peal their echoing notes sublime!

Rochester, (N. Y.,) April, 1841.

D. W. C. R.

T H E T H U N D E R - S T O R M .

WRITTEN TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF HARVEY'S 'VIEWS OF AMERICAN SCENERY.'

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

A SHIP lay on her homeward track,
Right onward o'er the swelling sea;
She flung the impeding waters back —
She rode the tall waves fearlessly.

Thus cleaving her imperious way
From where the far horizon swept,
Since morning on the billow lay,
The gallant bark her course had kept.

The red sun lay on ocean's crest,
Lighting the broad empurpled sea,
While all the gorgeous cloud-piled west
Glowed high with heaven's own alchemy.

Now o'er the wave what dusky streak
Dim on the far horizon lies?
Hope lights the toil-worn seaman's cheek;
'Land! land ahead!' he joyous cries.

The paths his feet in boyhood pressed
In vision to his thought arise;
The stream, the bough, the wild bird's nest,
On Fancy's chart before him lies.

He leaps the gate, springs o'er the brook,
Sees the far smoke upwreathing dim;
And now, from out some hidden nook,
The old dog bounds to welcome him.

He feels each dear one's warm embrace,
And well known tones salute his ear;
Hark! from aloft, his dream to chase,
Sounds peal on peal the note of fear!

A tempest rides the murky cloud,
A midnight darkness veils the air;
Save when from out the dusky shroud,
O'er shattered mast and cordage bare,

The red forked lightnings swept the sky,
And blazed upon her riven sail;
While the mad waters lifted high
Their foaming summits to the gale.

Around, beneath, the hidden rock,
A threatening shore upon her lee;
Horror! she strikes, with rending shock,
And o'er her sweeps the engulfing sea!

And on the loud winds hurrying by,
Went oath, and shout, and muttered prayer;
And one long, loud, despairing cry
Rang wildly through the stormy air!

Morn rose in glory o'er the tide;
 All tranquil lay the molten sea,
 While o'er its rocky margin wide,
 The merry wavelets danced in glee.

Sad trace of wreck bestrewed the sand;
 There, to a rent and shattered mast,
 Fast bound by some despairing hand,
 A starred and tattered flag was cast.

And here, beyond the tempest's reach,
 Beyond the billow's wrathful sway,
 In death fast anchored to the beach,
 Sad sight! a youthful seaman lay.

No more for him, o'er cherished earth,
 The rising sun at morn shall burn;
 His place is vacant by the hearth —
 The DEAD may ne'er again return!

RETROSPECTIONS

OF A BROKEN-HEARTED BELLE: AN 'OWER TRUE TALE.'

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart —
 'T is woman's whole existence. . . .
 Man has all resources, we but one —
 To love again, and be again undone!'

WHAT a master of the female heart was BYRON! If men give Shakspeare the credit of a perfect knowledge of the heart of man, women must and do acknowledge, that Byron, by whatever means he obtained it, did possess the key to the labyrinth of woman's inmost soul. How reluctant was I to believe, while drinking passion from the deep, dark eyes of my first declared love, that I could ever again give away my heart, and recline on another's bosom with the same absorbing fervency and confidence! Yet have I *proved* that the heart, though baffled and driven from the shrine where it would fain worship, will seek another, at which to melt and adore!

Let me pass over in silence my childish fancies, my boarding-school sentimentalities. I would not dignify these ideal flurries with the name of *love*. I shall speak of the time when I had entered on my sixteenth year, and had become in all things a WOMAN. I was out of school, and my education '*finished*.' At my last seminary, all the valuable learning I had acquired had been forgotten. Byron and Scott had usurped the thrones of Goldsmith and Euclid. I resided in one of the minor cities of New-England, where an indulgent father pursued an honorable occupation, which yielded him a handsome income, but which he suffered his large family yearly to dissipate. I had also a kind mother — oh, *very* kind! She never permitted my white hands to venture over the edge of a kneading-dish, nor my little feet to be encased in any rougher substance than kid or satin: so that she attained one point of her ambition; she made my hands and feet the admiration of all male butterflies, and the envy of all

female wasps. I was 'very beautiful' — every body said so ! I had bright black eyes, and dark brown, glossy ringlets ; a full, rosy, tempting mouth, and a round and graceful form. My looking-glass told me all this — and so did my adorers. But I was too familiar with flattery. I despised them all.

But there was one who never flattered me, never wearied me with stale compliments ; and although Horace Eastman *was* a silly, boyish, foppish youth, yet it was a satisfaction to be in his company ; for I thought he despised me, and I was determined he should *love* me. I knew he was mortgaged to a fair, delicate girl in a distant city ; I knew too that she was rich, while my own dowry would be little or nothing. In the absence of his betrothed, my arts succeeded in part. At length he loved me ; yet his high sense of honor rendered the triumph of little avail to me. O, how fervently did I pray that *she* might die ! As I sat with him in the shady grove, reclining in his arms ; as I rode with him in his chaise, leaning on his breast, I cast my eyes upward toward his, and prayed aloud that heaven might be pleased to take her angelic spirit to brighter realms ; while he, bending till his lips met mine, proved by his eloquent but cowardly silence, that his wish and mine were one and the same. And I was proud that he was my slave !

He was at last obliged to depart for a neighboring city, to accompany his betrothed on a sea voyage, for the recovery of her health. 'Will she die ? Will he ——' 'The wish was father to the thought.' In a few months I received a letter — the superscription in Eastman's hand-writing. How my hand trembled as I broke the seal ! It was some minutes before I found sufficient firmness to open the letter. She had recovered ! Her beauty had revived ! He loved her again with a passion only increased by a sense of his former faithlessness.

I must be spared a recital of the effects of this letter upon my heart and my actions. A short time, however, sufficed to restore vivacity to my elastic and buoyant spirit ; and again I walked the sovereign of the evening party, and the queen of the ball-room ; and now willingly, though with unbending haughtiness, received again the adoration of a crowd of enraptured lovers.

At the age of eighteen I visited a relative, an officer of the United States' army. This was my first opportunity of becoming intimate with professional soldiers, though with those quack soldiers who parade once a year through the streets and over the greens, I had been sufficiently familiar to despise their vanity and doubt their courage. I had attended what *they* called 'military balls' ; and the ostrich-feathers, star-spangled coats of all colors, and all the other superfluities, constantly reminded me, when I thought of the every-day dresses and employments of the wearers, of those animals in a menagerie, which the keepers ornament with velvet frocks and gold-laced trowsers, to excite the risibles of the spectators. But here I was thrown into the society of *men* — men whom I knew to be noble, from their bearing, their countenances, and their conversation. Our sex is accused of partiality for soldiers ; and men who know us not, ascribe this partiality to the fascination of a gaudy dress. 'Turkeys and women are fond of red rags,' said that surly great man, Dr. Johnson, and thousands of surly little men have since his day per-

petuated the contemptible sarcasm. But those who know and love us better, will more justly ascribe our fondness for military men to the peculiar qualities which they possess for the fascination of the sex. They are generally noble and commanding in appearance and address; well educated, and acquainted with the world and with women; they understand well that airy kind of conversation which best suits our tastes and imaginations. It is moreover one great article of their creed to idolize woman; and for this too we very naturally give them our admiration.

I was supremely happy immediately on my arrival at my relative's station; for I was worshipped by men whose lofty and gallant bearing toward me and toward each other contrasted happily with that to which I had before been accustomed. Among those who were very attentive to me here, was an officer of southern birth, a proud and stately man, with 'an eye like Mars,' and a figure, the very beau-ideal of strength, agility, and elegance. His conversation was even more fascinating than his person; and I was at first mortified that he made me feel so sensibly my inferiority in intellect, in education, and in every thing. 'Can *he* see any thing in *me* worthy of admiration?' I asked myself. I felt him to be 'too dear for my possessing,' yet I thought him interested in my conversation; and the idea arose now and then: 'Will it not be *possible* to win his love?' I determined to devote my energies to the trial. An attempt to imitate him, I felt would not only be fruitless but ridiculous. I determined always to meet him with humble joy; to lead the conversation to some subject which would draw forth his stores of information, and then to listen in expressive silence. I appeared to know nothing, but to be desirous of learning every thing from his lips. He found me an apt pupil; and I soon discovered that he was as anxious to teach, as I was to learn. Our walks began to increase in length and frequency, and I found that I *loved*, with an ardor and devotion that no warning would have been able to diminish or impair. How could I help loving him? He was the first man of genius I had ever known; the first of my acquaintance whose superiority to myself I had ever been obliged to feel; one whose exalted beauty was so striking, that never did man or woman obtain a single glance, without seeking a second and a longer gaze. As I listened to his eloquent language, while he commented on the affection of his favorite Shakspeare for the unknown and unworthy object who so grossly deceived him, tears of unrestrainable passion stole down my cheek, and he *knew* my soul was his. In silence he kissed my hand, and I inferred from that silence that his heart was full; and my eager fancy pictured the unspeakable happiness of days to come. Yet again we parted, without any definite or personal conversation upon *the* universal and to me all-absorbing theme. My uneasy and excited vision soon saw, that at the pic-nic and the dance he seemed to be as much delighted with others as with myself, while I desired his whole attention. He laughed, and jested, and danced with every body; and hence I took it upon myself to be very jealous. I did not reflect, that he had never breathed a syllable about love to *me*.

An opportunity soon presented itself, to discover the truth. He invited me to take a drive with him in his chaise. A ride in a chaise,

in a solitary and romantic road, is not the most inconvenient circumstance in the world, when the discovery of a tender sentiment is hoped for; and I finally made him see as delicately, though as resolutely as possible, that a mutual understanding was desirable. He saw my object; stopped his horse, took my hand, pressed it fervently; looked meltingly into my eyes for a moment, and in accents of deep and unavailing sorrow, said, as he turned away his head, '*Mary, Mary, my heart I left in the Highlands of Virginia!*'

When I saw from his manner that he did indeed regard me with tenderness, I scarcely retained my self-command. But again I met his glance, and gazed, if happily I might discover a ray of hope. He understood my inquiring look, and answered it immediately by one of stern coldness. 'Let us return,' said he; and instantly the chaise was whirled around, and I sank back, while we proceeded homeward at a lively pace, without a single word from either. He knew not what bitter tears of shame and vexation I shed when I reached my pillow that night; and from that day I appeared to him, as to all, the most thoughtless and the gayest creature in existence. The change was observed, and I was complimented on my elastic spirits and cheerful looks. How incapable of judging the motives of actions are those best acquainted with human nature! It is solemnly true, that one day when I had been canvassing the easiest method of suicide, I was publicly envied for my utter disregard of worldly trouble!

I soon left the gay and intellectual society of this station, to return again to my native city. Two years more had elapsed in frivolities, and I had quite forgotten my unrequited passion, and also my regard for the many fine young officers, who did me the honor to regret that their duty would not allow them to escort me home; when my father, growing tired of the troubles of a life of business, purchased a farm and retired to the country. My leisure hours, instead of being passed in fashionable society, were obliged to be spent in reading novels, and I was compelled to love in imagination, since there was no reality near.

Every one knows how utterly destitute are our small villages at the North, of young men of gentility. The tide of emigration sets to the West and the South. Nearly every youth of education and enterprise, leaving hundreds of pretty damsels to bewail the roving habits of the rising generation, and to sigh in almost hopeless celibacy. It is only by accident that such villages are favored with the society of *any* young men.

I had resided in the place for six months, with very few companions save my books, for the young ladies were not *fashionable*. I returned the calls of a few, and for these of course I was obliged to profess great friendship; to drink their tea, and be worried to death by their insipid conversation. At length a young theological student came to town to complete his studies with a divine of considerable eminence. All the young ladies were on the very toe-nail of curiosity. We could hear nothing of him, except that his name was Arnold Mc'Lellan. A pretty name is to me as good a letter of recommendation as a good face. We soon after learned, moreover, that he was a graduate of Yale, and a very promising young man. For many an evening our village belles sat in their parlors, glistening in the finest

of finery, in anxious expectation of a knock at the door. Centre tables were loaded with all kinds of books that could be scraped together from musty garrets and dirty shelves ; the leaves of Shakespeare, Milton, and Young, were run over with electric rapidity. For days and weeks, the ladies made no evening calls, but each remained at home, it being as yet a matter of doubt who would be honored with the first visit. But notwithstanding all these preparations, the student came not. He seemed quite indifferent to all their eagerly-exposed charms ; and even in church never took more than a passing glance at any one of the fair damsels, although he could not but know that he was the cynosure of all the female eyes in the house, which were criticizing his person to the minutest particular. It was voted after church that he was very plain-featured, and in fact had no expression of great intelligence, unless a certain twinkle at the corner of his eye might be so construed.

It was one day rumored that the student had requested Miss Diggins (a maiden lady, the walking newspaper of the village, who had some how or other scraped a street acquaintance with him,) to introduce him to the Misses Higgins, and that the said Miss Diggins had concluded to comply with his request that very evening. Can words describe the joy of the Misses Higgins ! And though the Misses Brown, Mason, and Dobbs were secretly bursting with rage, they determined to stifle it all, and make one universal accidental call on the Misses Higgins that very evening. For myself, I was too proud to stoop to so low an artifice. I had in fact by this time concluded that if the student could discern nothing attractive in me, he must be a simpleton indeed, from whose acquaintance I could derive little advantage. I felt convinced also that a young man of two-and-twenty, who could take delight in nothing but cobwebbed and sheep-skin tomes, even though he was intending to become a minister, must be utterly incapable of love, or even respect for the sex.

Well, evening came, and the parlors of the Higgins' were crowded ; yet '*he*' came not ; and though the ladies extended their call to the late hour of nine, at which time their staid old parents were all safely in bed, they were fain at last to go away, disappointed and sick at heart. The next day it was rumored that Miss Diggins with the student had approached the house, entered the front gate, and even latched it ; but that observing through the window the long line of physiognomies within, had at once beat a retreat. On hearing this, I was immediately convinced that he was one of those unfortunate and always but half-bred beings, a *bashful man* ; and imagined myself *the* person of all the world best calculated to relieve him of his load of diffidence, and place him at ease, in my company at least. I therefore wrote a note, with my compliments, informing him that I should be at home on Wednesday evening. By my messenger I received an answer of acceptance, written in terms of perfect etiquette. 'Why, he certainly is not a *boor*,' thought I, on reading his answer.

I was quite surprised at the easy air with which he entered the parlor, and saluted me ; then offered his arm, with a request to be introduced to the ladies ; and having made a sparkling remark to each, drew me toward the sofa, and seated himself between me and Miss Julia Higgins, a young lady considered the most beautiful in

town. 'Surely, a singular specimen of bashfulness!' thought I; and I immediately rallied him on his generalship in effecting a retreat the other evening.

'Really, Miss Manton, I hardly think you are justifiable in ascribing my retreat to bashfulness. I am an exceedingly *modest* man, and by consequence meritorious, and of course must have my share of the 'scoffs which patient merit of the unworthy takes.' Your pardon, Miss Manton; the truth is, I had carelessly started to make the call on the Misses Higgins in my red study-slippers, and in these circumstances, when I was dazzled by the view of the galaxy within doors, I could not muster impudence enough to enter, and so concluded to postpone the call to a more convenient season — much to my sorrow, Miss Julia, I assure you.'

Julia returned an answer so playful, and looked so fascinatingly into his eyes, that for my life, for the rest of the evening, I was quite unable to attract his attention, and was forced to amuse myself with the married men of the party. When the time for separation arrived, he requested the pleasure of attending Miss Julia home. Smothering my displeasure at this ominous circumstance, I requested him to call and see us often, to which he returned a gratified answer, and bade me good evening. The very next day he took tea with the Misses Higgins, and stayed the whole evening. Anticipating this, I called there myself in the evening, intending to exert all my charms to captivate him if possible: not that I was yet in *love*; it was to gratify my vanity. I talked *too much* — I was too anxious to please. I was ill, moreover, and did not look surpassingly pretty that evening. Julia was splendidly dressed, was full of animation and wit, and talked *just enough*. The rosy glow of health mantled her dark brown cheek, and the light of love sparkled in her eye. Against such odds I was unsuccessful, and was forced to yield the field at an early hour. I had been charmed with his wit, and my heart throbbed in sympathy with his sentiments. At parting, he professed to have passed in our company one of the most delightful evenings of his life.

I was now twenty years of age, a date at which women begin to think seriously of their prospects for life. The clear horizon begins now to be darkened by scattered clouds; we are now less presumptuous: the curling lip, the scornful gaze, are not so frequently brought into play. This is an age for the exercise of the greatest female cunning. If we lack this, we are undone. We must now play with men as with kittens; draw the gilded tassel gently before their eyes, and be careful lest we frighten or disgust them by hurling it into their faces.

Julia was but seventeen. An advantage of three years is no trifle, when the game is for a lover. I am obliged to confess, also, that at times she was very beautiful; but that was not the day time; for then she appeared almost as black as an Othello dahlia; but by candle light, her complexion was the richest I ever saw, in conjunction with her dress, which she well knew how appropriately to manage. Her black eye was perfectly enchanting; her manners too were calculated to please one who had seen much of the formalities of the world. She was so frank and forward, that in fashionable circles she would have been considered hoydenish; but M'Lellan thought her an artless, con-

finding girl, and tortured me greatly by recounting her virtues, to all which I was knowing enough to agree, and to add something more. I insisted that she would make an excellent wife — for a man with plenty of means ; but I informed him of the fact that she was already engaged to a physician in New-York.

At this intelligence he reddened with surprise and evident mortification ; for Miss Julia, being in fact very much of a coquette, however artless she might seem, had taken pains to have this studiously concealed, so far as she was able ; but he replied to my remark :

‘ I am greatly indebted to you for that information. I was very near being in love with her, I believe : in fact — heigho ! But I might have reflected that she is too gay, thoughtless, and dashing, to make a good wife for a humble minister.’

And here the conversation turned very naturally upon religious subjects ; and I interested him greatly by my very solemn demeanor, while he expatiated at large on his favorite theme. I also observed that he appeared highly gratified at my readiness in quoting Scripture, and with the feeling manner in which I recited a hymn of Dr. Watts. He however continued to manifest much partiality for Julia ; insomuch that the slander-loving villagers whispered about that the match between her and the doctor was to be broken off. He rode and walked with her frequently, and they were as familiar as brother and sister ; and since they did not care for whispers, Scandal did not stop here, but soon began to speak in louder tones. But Julia was too independent to notice any thing of the kind :

‘ An auld wife’s tongue’s a feckless matter
To gie aue faah,’

said she to me one day, when I told her what was said about her connexion with M’Lellan ; and truly she manifested the indifference of Robbie Burns himself to public opinion.

I sincerely believe that ambition, both in man and woman, is as great an inducement to conquest as love itself. You shall notice any belle, who is surrounded by a cloud of suitors ; one or two perhaps are fascinated by her beauty and accomplishments, and really *love* her ; others would win her merely because she is sought for by others : they seek her as they would the purse at a race. They would win her, because she is a contested prize ; more to enjoy the honor, than for the value of the prize itself. A woman will desire to effect a conquest because the object is loved by others, or honored for his talents by the world at large. I was anxious to captivate M’Lellan, because I knew he had genius and energy, and I thought it very probable that he would one day become famous. I saw that he was more pleased with Julia than myself ; and here, ambition to win what another possessed, urged me to greater effort. In short, I had thought so much of M’Lellan, and was so firmly determined on curing his indifference, for so I deemed it, that I again found myself absolutely and unequivocally in love ; and now, as ever before, I had fixed my affections where contrary inclinations opposed barriers. But it was ever my nature to strive against fate. I should have been born a man !

I was uncertain how to manage M’Lellan. I was not quite sure

that I understood his disposition. At times he seemed a miracle of frankness and simplicity; at others, directly the reverse. I thought him quite indifferent to me, but felt equally sure that were Julia married, or out of the way, I should stand a good chance of success. I could devise no good plan, and felt obliged to let matters take their own course, hoping the best as to the future.

Two or three months passed away, and I thought myself gaining, though slowly, in his estimation, when one day he invited Julia and myself to a long ride. We were gone the whole day, stopping to dine at a hotel, which was to be the end of our journey. During the ride thither, Julia was his idol. She was perfectly happy; I was equally unhappy. But after dinner he began all at once, without any cause that I could discern, to change his tone toward me, and to be less assiduous in his attention to Julia. She saw it, and like a little cur, whose jealousy has been excited by his master's notice of another, she redoubled her playfulness and her fawnings. But he perseveringly though gently repelled all her advances, and finally turned away from her, and asked of me some trifling favor, which Julia might have done, and which she expected always to do. It was impossible to understand fully the meaning of all this, until I saw her black eye flash with rage, her dark face grow ashen, and her lips pressed bloodless together; her bosom heave convulsively, and her foot beat quick upon the ottoman; *then* I was quite satisfied that something had occurred. From the suddenness of this strange yet petty incident, we were all for some time silent, Julia from sheer wrath and surprise, I from surprise and satisfaction, and he probably from embarrassment at the dilemma in which he found himself placed. I broke at length the painful silence, by recommending an immediate return home, at which all started up; he to order the carriage and horses, and we to dress.

'What *does* it all mean, dear Julia?' inquired I, as soon as M'Lellan was out of hearing.

'I neither know nor care,' replied she, snappishly; 'some whim, I presume. He will repent of this before night.'

Observing my wicked and incredulous smile, she added sharply, 'I suppose, Miss Mary, you imagine that your beauty has at last entrapped him whom you have so long courted in vain.'

I was always too proud to scold or to quarrel; I merely gave Julia a Byronic *look*; and an instant's reflection drove the really good-hearted girl to my arms, begging forgiveness. M'Lellan soon reëntered, offered his arm first to me, and then to Julia. She had forgotten something, and bade us go on, and she would follow. During the whole ride back, she opened not her lips: for my part, I had recovered the use of my tongue, and was very lively the whole way. In due time Julia was dropped at her door, and we rode on. M'Lellan then asked me to grant him the pleasure of a promenade with me the ensuing evening. So reasonable a request I could not refuse. I watched at my chamber window long after night-fall, feeling constant alarm and anxiety lest something might have happened to prevent his coming. At length I descried his figure under the window; and a few seconds only elapsed before I met him at the door. At the commencement of our walk, he began talking in a very abstracted

way about the weather, and continued so long talking to himself, without noticing my remarks, that I was at length obliged to recall him to this world, by the vulgar inquiry, 'What is the matter?' He answered not a word, but I felt his sinewy frame tremble. I then expressed my fears that he was ill, and proposed returning to the house till another evening. He protested that he was perfectly well, and preferred not to return; and I thought it advisable to give him all the time he desired to arrange his ideas, and commence the subject which I was now sure was uppermost in his mind. Finally heaving half a dozen very heavy sighs, he seemed to erect and brace himself for the dreadful task. Had he known how perfectly delighted I felt, his mental agonies had doubtless been materially less.

He told me he *loved me*, and had loved me since first we met; that he had appeared indifferent to me, nay, deeply attached to Julia, only that he might have better opportunities to judge of my character; that he was fully satisfied, and now felt that the time had come to make a declaration of his affection. He concluded his harangue with the usual query whether it were possible that an *angel* like myself could reciprocate the affection of a mere mortal like him? According to prescribed rules, I declared it was the first time that actual, personal matrimony had ever entered my head; that I really felt so embarrassed — I *liked* Mr. M'Lellan — must ask father and mother — In short, it was impossible to answer such a question so soon; he must wait a few weeks. He declared that a single week's suspense would be equivalent to a large dose of Prussic acid, and insisted on an answer the very next day.

The next day we were engaged!

Of the delicious hours I enjoyed while he remained in town, I cannot speak in the same tone of levity in which I have recounted the proposal and acceptance; for I cannot even think of these, without shuddering at my wickedness and folly, and hating and despising myself a thousand, thousand times. Those days are gone, 'as a pleasant dream when one awaketh!' I have indeed awoke to wretchedness and remorse. O, the curse, the bitter curse of Memory! It crowds my chamber nightly with the spectres of my folly and hypocrisy.

M'Lellan completed his studies, and having received an invitation to become pastor of a flourishing church in the south, left me to think on what was past, and sigh alone. Thence he wrote me weekly. *Such* letters! How I worshipped them! How my friends admired! How proud was I to show them, as proofs of my own power! But soon the hand of disease laid him prostrate, and kept him very feeble through a long, long season; so that his letters to me became less frequent, and in consequence of his enfeebled state of mind and body, less ardent, though still sufficiently affectionate. But a year's separation had its usual effect on my volatile heart, and I found it convenient to pretend jealousy, and to discover a want of due feeling in his letters; and being flattered again by attentions from young men of my native city and elsewhere, I had already been hasty enough to address M'Lellan in a tone of great peevishness, nay, almost with insolence, hoping to make him doubt *my* affection; to become disgusted, and propose a dissolution of the contract; for my conscience, seared as it was, hindered me for a time from making this proposal to him.

My scheme took effect in part. He answered with perfect coldness, but made no proposal to dissolve. I continued the same tone of impudent complaint, as I fancied the opportunity of speedy marriage becoming more apparent; and when I found myself really addressed by a wealthy widower, with an invitation to relinquish my southern possessions and take his instantly, I sat down and wrote a short and tender note of dismissal to M^cLellan, concluding with 'God bless you!'

The miserable ambition to ride in a gilded carriage was soon gratified; but my heart pants still for that which it has not, and alas! can never have again! I have a beautiful villa, and an indulgent husband; but I heed not his attentions. I *cannot* return the love he bears me. Who can bless the immediate cause of one's crimes and the utter and eternal ruin of one's peace?

Five years are gone, and the green laurel of fame freshens and blossoms daily upon the brow of him whose honors might have been mine! Whether he knows what has become of me, I could never learn, and may never know; but O! could I see him but *once* again, my soul would spurn dictation from Duty or Prudence. I would fall on my knees, and beg his forgiveness, and ask his prayers; and my trembling lips should

Tell him I love him yet, as in that joyous time,
Tell him I ne'er forget, though memory now be crime!
Tell him when fades the light upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night—he must not dream of me!

'H E A R T - W A R D !'

'FOOLE, said my Muse to me, looke in thine heart and write.'—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

'Look in thy heart! Look in thy heart!
Look! What seest thou?
'I see—I see a sunny bank,
'Tis 'larded all with flowers'
Of brilliant hue, and springing rank,
Fit guests for Paphian bowers.'

'Look in thy heart! Look in thy heart!
Is Love amid those flowers?'
'Ah no! I'll see—no, all is still,
And quiet every thing,
Save when a wayward breath at will
Its whispering song 'gins sing.'

'Look, look again! Canst see aught now
Is strange amid those flowers?'
'Reclining 'neath a rosy bud,
And plucking now and then
A leaf—a flower—a stem—a bud,
Ah! do n't ask me again!'

C H O R U S .

'Tis Love! blind Cupid now again
His wonted power doth try;
Flings down the flowers,
Swift pass the hours,
For Love himself is nigh!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE: BY MISS M. E. LEE.

'LAMARTINE,' says a recent English critic, 'has not his peer in France, not to say Europe, in the peculiar department of poetry in which he is best known. He paints the affections as with hues of light; and like the light, his pen sheds a beam upon every thing in the scope of its theme. It is often by the slightest touch, that he develops the force and beauty of a *latent* thought, which his reader at once admires and takes home to his heart, wondering only that it was never before awakened in his own bosom.'

I.

WHEN in my childhood's morning, I rested 'neath the shade
Of the citron or the almond tree, with fruits and blossoms weigh'd,
While the loose curls from my forehead were lifted by the breeze,
Which like a spirit haunteth each living thing it sees;
Then, in those golden hours, a whisper soft and light
Stole on my senses, thrilling each pulse to wild delight;
'T was not the perfum'd zephyr, the dreamy pipe's low swell,
The tones of cherish'd kindred, or the distant village bell:
Oh! no, my Guardian Angel, that music in the air
Was but thy viewless pinions, that hover'd round me there!

II.

When deeper founts of feeling within my bosom sprung,
And Love, with soft enchantment, its varied cadence rung;
When twilight after twilight still found me lingering near
Yon green and wavy sycamore, to meet with one most dear;
Whose least caress could liberate the full springs of my breast,
Whose kiss at every parting gave strange but sweet unrest,
Ah! then the self-same whisper upon my spirit fell;
Say, could it be his footsteps, which woke the mystic spell?
Oh! no, my Guardian Angel, who watchest over me,
My heart return'd that echo of sympathy from thee!

III.

And when in bliss maternal I cluster'd round my hearth
Those blessings God had lent me, to make my heaven on earth,
When at my vine-clad portal I watch'd their buoyant glee,
As my children, wild with frolic, shook ripe figs from the tree;
E'en then, though half-defin'd, that voice with sweetness fraught
Pour'd out its notes familiar upon my raptur'd thought;
What mov'd me then? — ah! was it the bird's song unrepressed?
Or the breathings of the baby that slumber'd on my breast?
Oh! no, my Guardian Angel, I felt that thou wert near,
To echo back the gladness of my heart-music clear!

IV.

And now old age hath planted its snow-crown on my head,
And shelter'd from the bleak winds that through the forest spread,
I feed the blazing embers that warm my shrinking frame,
And guard the lambs and children, who scarce can lisp my name;
Yet in this wither'd bosom, as in the days of youth,
The self-same voice consoles me with words of love and truth;
'Tis not the joys of childhood that haunt me in my sleep,
Or the lost tones of the dear one, whom even now I weep;
Oh! no, my Guardian Angel, my tried and faithful friend,
It is thy heart that twineth with mine till life shall end!

C U B A I N 1841.

LARGE numbers of invalids are yearly flocking to Havana, in the hope of regaining health, yet knowing little or nothing of the country and climate to which they go, and from which the majority never return.

To such invalids, and to the community in general, it may be interesting to know something more of this beautiful island; and as for several years past I believe nothing has been published in the State on this subject, (save a few occasional short letters from a private correspondent in the 'Herald' and 'New World' newspapers,) I propose presenting to the public the following extracts of a journal which I have kept during the last three winters' residence in the island.

I close these few introductory remarks by saying, that my repeated and long visits to Cuba have not been made on account of my health, and that the following observations were therefore not made under the disadvantages of enfeebled constitution, or disappointed hopes.

To begin then with the entrance into the port of Havana, so famed as it is for its beauty, and natural as well as artificial strength, and fitness for the harbor of a fortified town. You pass at once from the open sea through a very narrow passage, each side of which is crowned by a strong fortress, and where any ship refusing to answer the challenge from the 'Moro' Castle might be almost instantly disabled by the guns on either hand, into a large and broad bay, where a fleet might lie in perfect security at anchor. The shores, though not remarkable for boldness, are beautiful; and the tall, majestic palms and other tropical trees, the general softness and beauty of the foliage and verdure, the rich glowing sky, the fervent sun, and even the boat-loads of oranges, cocoa-nuts, and other peculiarly tropical fruits, which directly surrounded the ship, impress you with the fact that you are indeed in the land of perpetual summer; forcibly bringing the mind to dwell upon the time when, after long scheming, and weary watching and trial, the little bark of Columbus, with its gallant and enterprising adventurer, first rested in peace and gladness before the sunny island of Cuba. A glorious and triumphant moment truly, for the successful discoverer; and who could have foreseen that through such means this paradise should have been changed to a hell?

The town of Havana strikes the eye of the traveller from its novelty, not from its beauty or grandeur. The streets are narrow, very narrow, and dirty; the houses are mostly of one story, although sometimes of two, heavily, clumsily built, and mostly with flat roofs. The windows are very large and high, reaching almost from the floor to the ceiling, but without glass, and protected by iron bars, which, added to the thick massive walls, give the passer-by the feeling that he is in a city of prisons. Add to this, that the color of the outside of these houses is little attended to, and though sometimes pink, blue, or white, is oftener of a dull and dingy hue, spotted and defaced, and that those among them which have not the flat roof, called 'azotea,' for promenading, are tiled with red pottery, and you may well conceive what a misshapen incubus upon the face of the beautiful country Havana

would seem, to the eye of the stranger. There is but one place that I have seen within the walls to which these observations would not apply, and that is the 'Plaza de Arenas,' a square before the Governor's palace, which is very prettily laid out, and forms a point of attraction, inasmuch as almost every evening a military band is stationed there, performing with great taste and skill parts of the best operas by Bellini, Donizetti, etc. This public and gratuitous amusement has been called, and not unfitly, 'The poor man's Opera.'

The walls of Havana are still kept in good repair, and the large gates are shut at half-past ten P. M., except on opera nights, or during holidays, as Christmas or the Carnival; but there are large suburbs without the walls, which contain as many inhabitants as there are within. Outside the walls are two public promenades called the old, and new 'Paséo,' which are favorite resorts for ladies in their volantes,* and gentlemen on horseback or on foot in the evening, just before and after sunset; and at this time they present a gay scene, as the ladies with their light dresses and bright 'kerchiefs and ribbons, and without bonnets, flock thither for their evening drive. On Sundays and other holidays, these 'Paséos' are often very much crowded, and the volantes are kept in strict line, and move round at snails' pace, while mounted lancers are stationed hither and thither, with the flame-like Spanish flag, to keep order. This indeed is the only exercise the ladies can get, as walking in the town is impossible on the narrow, dirty, unpaved streets, which are without trottoirs, and beside it is against all laws of Creole etiquette that a lady should be seen in the street, excepting in her volante. They might indeed walk upon their flat house-tops, which are built with such intent, and much enjoyed by foreigners, during the cool evening breeze and brilliant moonlight; but the Creole ladies are too indolent to move hand or foot, except under absolute necessity, and so they sit still in their houses, looking out of the windows, as their mothers did before them.

The favorite amusement of the Creole is the bull-fight and cock-fight, where he can freely indulge his gambling propensities. At Regla, a village on the opposite side of the bay, and connected with Havana by a ferry boat, these cruel exhibitions take place once a fortnight. They are conducted after the manner of old Spain, so frequently described by travellers; only with great deal more cruelty and less skill. The bull and horses are mangled and mutilated in a most revolting and sickening manner, too disgusting to describe; yet the spectators, who embrace all classes, and among whom you will find the grandee of Spain and the lowest black laborer side by side, and even betting together, will watch the proceedings with a savage delight, and every fresh wound will draw from them immoderate exclamations of satisfaction, amidst peals of laughter. The same with the cock-fights. I have attended both once, and seen human nature so degraded as to trample openly upon all feelings of humanity; I have watched the expressive countenances of the spectators, and have come to the firm conviction that cruelty is a strong trait in the national

* A VOLANTE is a vehicle peculiar, and peculiarly adapted for this country of execrable roads. They are in shape like an English cab, but the wheels are far larger than those of the latter, and the horse is not driven, but ridden by a negro in gaudy livery. They are much ornamented with pure silver, and cost from six hundred to a thousand dollars.

character of the Creole, and that he feels a savage, fiend-like pleasure in inflicting and witnessing bodily pain. Look at these bull and cock-fights; look at the treatment of the mules that bring molasses from the country; look at the whippings of the negroes, till their backs have the appearance of raw butchers'-meat; look at the manner in which live pigs and poultry are carried through the town for sale; and you will agree with me, that the savages of the north, the Indians in Florida, have more fine feeling than the Spanish Creoles of this island.

There are two theatres in Havana, one outside the gates, large and tasteless in its decorations, the other inside the town, small but neatly fitted up, and this latter is the opera-house. Of all public amusements you here certainly find the greatest; the performances being Italian operas, of the most favorite authors, by an excellent troop of Italian singers, and the orchestra powerful and good.

I have mentioned as one of the fortresses which guard the entrance to the harbor, the celebrated 'Moro' Castle, which is mostly hewn from the rock as it stands, and has underground communication with all the other fortifications in and about the town, in number I think eight. It is said that there are also within the 'Moro' vast arrangements for the storage of food and ammunition, in case of a siege. Indeed it is impossible to live half a day in Havana, or take an hour's drive, without being made to feel that this is a fortified town. The number of troops here is always very great, and they are undergoing almost constantly during the winter some form of drill or military exercise, either near their barracks or in the 'Campo de Mars,' a large enclosed square outside the walls, capable of containing forty thousand men. It is worthy of note, that all the troops, officers and privates, are from the mother country, the reason of which is, that there may be more confidence placed in them than the Creoles, in cases of disturbance. The troops are remarkably well dressed and drilled, and the arrangements of the barracks are highly spoken of by those who have visited them. Outside the walls is an immense prison, built by Tacon, and which now contains a thousand prisoners, partly criminals of the island, and partly sent over from the mother country for political offences. Governor Tacon obliged the prisoners to build their own prison, and now they are employed in other public works, but never allowed to remain idle. They are marched to and from their work morning and evening, under an escort of soldiers, and heavily chained.

Near this prison the public executions take place, and this is generally by means of the 'Garotte,' an iron collar attached to a stake at the back of a chair, on which the criminal is seated, with the collar round his neck. At a given moment the turning of a screw compresses the collar and breaks the neck, producing instantaneous death if properly done; but in Havana it is often so clumsily arranged, that instead of ending the sufferings of the poor wretch at once, it only mutilates and tortures him, in which case a platoon of soldiers finish the deadly work by a discharge from their muskets. The body however remains exposed for some hours in the same position. By a singular custom, on the day previous to execution, criminals are allowed to have whatever they may ask for, consistently with their safe-keep-

ing. Some ask for a good dinner, or segars; but many for opium with which to stupify themselves in preparation for their execution.

About a year since, a parricide was executed here. The ancient Spanish penalty for this crime is, that the criminal should be enclosed in a sack, with a dog, a cat, and a monkey, and thus, *all living*, be thrown into the sea; and so I believe the law still stands; but this was too barbarous even for Cuba, in the nineteenth century, and the criminal on the present occasion was first garotted, and then his body enclosed in a cask, on the outside of which were painted the figures of the prescribed animals, and thus given to the waters!

The frequency of apprehension, and the certainty of punishment for criminals, and consequently the amount of crime, have varied much under the different governors who have held rule in Cuba. Before Tacon's time it is said there was little or no safety for person or property in Havana. If there was a cry of murder in the streets, every body within hearing ran away, and the inhabitants of near houses shut up their windows in all haste, and retired to distant rooms, lest perchance they might see what was going on, and be held in some measure responsible, by virtue of the law, which ordered all witnesses on such occasions to be imprisoned until the trial of the criminal, then to appear against him. Thus the murderer was left free to escape. In order to prevent this, General Tacon altered this law, making all inhabitants of houses responsible for murder taking place near them, unless they did their utmost to prevent it, and secured the murderer; the effect of which has been the means of rendering the streets perfectly secure at all times. Tacon, too, set the example of equal justice toward high and low, and equal and firm punishment of crime, whether shielded by rank and influence, and backed by ready bribes, or when stripped of all these adventitious circumstances; a hitherto unheard of innovation in Cuba, and very obnoxious to the noble and wealthy. The time of his government is marked as that of the greatest order and improvement the island has known, and the good effects of his enactments are still to be perceived, although fast disappearing under his more lax and corrupt successors. The Creoles, not civilized enough to appreciate the blessing of being ruled by so firm, honest, and just a man, try to decrease his fame, but his name is mentioned to this day with the highest degree of veneration and esteem by the settlers from old Spain, and all foreigners, who are heard often to exclaim, 'O! if we could but have another Tacon!' Yet the Creoles have much reason to be grateful to his memory, for no governor ever did here so much for the public good: he rendered the streets and highways free from the knife of the assassin, and from the attack of robbers; he sent eleven thousand gamblers and rogues out of the island; he prohibited gambling and suppressed it; he improved the town and the promenades; he built an aqueduct of many miles' length to supply the town with water in abundance, whereas before his time they depended on rain alone. During the few years which have passed since his departure, public and private safety has become gradually less, though it has not yet reached so very low an ebb as before his time. Still this very winter a band of more than thirty desperadoes was taken near Matanzas, who had committed many robberies and murders, and in whose haunts a number of dead bodies were found,

who on the trial confessed their crimes ; and yet the ringleaders of this band are now again at liberty, having purchased their freedom by the payment of a large sum of money to the governor. The others will have to remain in prison till they are ransomed by some friends. Punishment seldom follows crime here, as long as there is a chance of ransom forthcoming ; and to have the pirates shot last summer has cost the English consul here an immense deal of trouble. Assassinations have taken place in the open streets of Havana about dusk several times this winter, and travellers in the country found it necessary to go armed to the teeth.

The Prince of Anglona has terminated his inglorious reign over this island ; for at the very moment that I am writing this, the guns proclaim the landing and installation of the new Governor General Valdez. The reputation that precedes him is, that he is an indolent but very honest and upright man. Well, we shall soon see what he is ; and the island cannot lose by the change, because a worse governor than Anglona has been is not likely ever to appear. His removal is a satisfaction to all classes here. He has been in office but little more than a year : he came out to this country poor, and apparently determined to make a fortune in a short time. Being a great gambler himself, and open to bribery, it may easily be supposed that the cause of good morals and civil order has suffered greatly in his hands, particularly as such law has never yet gained a firm footing in Cuba.

It will be a hard task for any government to effect permanent order or civil integrity while the religious and moral standard is so low as it is here. Havana literally swarms with priests, of various orders, and there are many processions, religious shows, ringings of church-bells, and the like ; but every man, woman and child knows, that there is no order of people in the island so utterly depraved and licentious, so thoroughly addicted to vice in all its forms, as these very priests, who carry dissipation and degradation written on their fronts in most legible characters ; and it is quite as well understood, that all these exhibitions of the Virgin, the Saviour, and the thousand and one saints, are in fact but farcical theatricals, which create no single thought in the by-standers but those of amusement or contempt. Do many men go to church ? I asked of a Spanish lady the other day. ' Yes, sometimes, to look at the pretty girls,' was the answer, quite seriously given ; and though there were many other persons present who heard both question and answer, no surprise was evinced. No Protestant church is allowed in the island by the Spanish government, and there is little or nothing to mark the Sunday as set apart from other days. It is a holiday, not set apart for religious purposes, but only for public amusement.

From one vice, however, which is grievously prevalent at the North, the inhabitants are comparatively free. I mean intemperance. It is rare, very rare, to see any one here, white or black, intoxicated, (excepting English and American sailors ;) and consequently in any cases of crowds, or holidays, the populace are more orderly than in most northern cities. This is particularly striking on those days when the negroes have most liberty, as for instance on the sixth of January, which is called ' All Kings' Day,' and is strictly a negro celebration. Servants

and slaves, almost without exception, have liberty on that day to dress themselves in their best attire, and many of them sport very gay habiliments, and go through the streets grouped according to their various tribes, dancing round one of their number, who is fantastically decked out in many colors, and often mounted upon stilts, representing the king of the tribe. On such an occasion a northerner expects, as a matter of course, that before the day ends there will be much disturbance, and very visible effects of potent libations. But he will be most agreeably disappointed. There is noise, certainly, but this proceeds from the cries, drums, and castanets with which the negroes accompany their dancing, but this is all; no mobs, no fighting, in short, no drunkenness. True there is a patrol stationed here and there in the streets to keep order, but this would not be sufficient for the purpose, were the populace as fond of 'the drop' as is too often found at the North. '*Aqua ardiente*,' or the rum distilled on the island, is very cheap indeed, and used plentifully as an external application; but as a luxury for the palate, most Creoles prefer cigars, which are in constant use with high and low, old and young, men and women. With women, however, there is little smoking, except among the lower classes.

Another virtue of the Spanish Creoles I would not omit to mention with due honor. I mean their very general politeness and courtesy of manner. In riding through the country you meet of course many on your way, and some of them certainly not of the most prepossessing appearance; yet they never fail to greet you, *en passant*, with their 'Buenas dias, Seignor.' In the streets I have been struck with a peculiar courtesy on one point, I mean that of giving and receiving light for cigars, between complete strangers, and without distinction of rank. Most people smoke in the streets, gentlemen, workmen and women, white and black; and it is not unfrequent to see a negress or a carman apply to any gentleman who may be passing, 'to give them fire,' which is never refused.

Of the native society here, the traveller, and indeed often the foreign resident, can say but little, as among the really higher classes of Spanish society there is much exclusiveness, and little desire for the acquaintance of strangers. Among the few Spanish families I have known, I have found both kindness and hospitality, but was often restricted in my intercourse by my want of thorough acquaintance with their language, although with many I could converse by means of the French language, which is occasionally spoken by the natives. As regards the externals of society, which any observer may note with a little pains, are to be found extreme attention to appearances and conventional proprieties. As an instance of this, it is not allowable under any circumstances that a lady should be seen in a volante with any gentleman who is not either her father, husband, or brother; and if she should be regardless of this prohibition, she exposes her character to the darkest of calumnies. There are many other such restrictions, tending to show suspicion and distrust of female virtue, which indicate at once, to the mind of the stranger, that where so much external prudery exists, the foundation is not of the soundest; the more, as scandal is constantly busy, and the fair fame of many a lady of high

standing is tarnished if not blighted by the many-tongued voice of evil report.

The Spanish women are many of them handsome, and have almost without exception fine black eyes, and abundance of raven hair. They are fond of bright colors, and display but little taste in any article of dress, excepting the far-famed mantilla, which is worn with much grace, even by the negresses. I am told by those who have seen much of good Spanish-Creole society, that the education of the women is very superficial, their reading of the lightest kind, and their conversation free, even to indelicacy.

The foreign society is of course comparatively small, and consists chiefly of American families, with a few of English and Germans. Small as it is, it is wonderfully split up and divided within itself. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact of the lamentable want of literature, and by the very limited circle, in consequence of which there are but very few topics of conversation; and gossip and scandal of every kind, the criticism of the character, actions, and words of the neighbor, plentifully intermixed with slander, supply the want of topic for a more rational and intellectual conversation among the foreign ladies, while the men discuss the interesting subject of sugar, exchange, etc. Of course breaks among families naturally follow such a state of things, and thus it is that small as the foreign circle is, it is yet greatly divided within itself.

The traveller bringing letters of introduction is very readily received, and calls and dinner-parties are the usual consequence. But with some few exceptions, there is little to be enjoyed in social intercourse in Havana, and this assertion is often made by the residents themselves.

A trip to Matanzas and its adjacent country is one of the most agreeable modes of passing the time for a traveller. A steam-boat leaves Havana three times a week for Matanzas at six A. M., and arrives there between twelve and one P. M. This little voyage in fine weather along the bold shores, that give you an occasional peep through their clefts into the rich valleys behind them, is a very pleasant one, and becomes highly interesting on approaching and entering the bay of Matanzas. This is indeed beautiful, and much larger than that of Havana; surrounded by a rich and fertile country. At the end of the bay, opposite the entrance, is the town, which though it certainly has not much beauty in itself to boast of, can hardly be said to mar the prospect, particularly as close behind it rises a range of high and picturesque hills, (and among them the 'Pan,' which to the navigator serves as first landmark) clothed with luxuriant foliage and crowned with the magnificent 'Palma Granda,' the monarch of tropical trees. Hither and thither, amidst the undulations of the country on either side of the bay, appear the houses of those who prefer living outside the town, and which look out very prettily from their little garden-plats. Still nearer the town are the long regular barracks of the soldiers, from the vicinity of which may occasionally be heard martial music, made soft and dream-like by passing over the waters. Ships from many parts of the world lie anchored at their moorings, bearing aloft the flags of their various nations, while little boats of various

shapes and descriptions, are almost constantly passing hither and thither, and give life and activity to the scene.

Within the town of Matanzas there is little to interest the stranger. There is a 'Plaza de Armas,' as in Havana, and music two evenings in the week, and a very pretty 'Paséo' along the sea-shore; but this is all. There are, however, many beautiful rides in the immediate vicinity, (a pleasure you greatly miss in Havana,) albeit over execrable roads; particularly one to the 'Coimbra,' a high hill some few miles distant, and on the left of the town. I have said the roads are *execrable*, but such an expression conveys but a faint idea of their utter wretchedness throughout the island. I think if an European were brought suddenly hither, to see human beings risking necks and ribs in a ride to the 'Coimbra,' he would pronounce such rash mortals bent on self-destruction. Yet with all this, it is an excursion which is not lightly to be foregone, and is worth a few bruises and aching bones. From the summit of this hill are to be seen a great number of sugar estates, with their waving harvest of rich bright cane, dotted and interlined here and there with trees of various form and hue, and interspersed with groves and deep woods, which luxuriate upon the rich, undulating country, and present to the eye a wondrously beautiful combination and contrast of light and shade, and varied tints. Turn to the other side, and the wide bay and wider sea are before you; the former with its beautiful shores, its calm waters, and graceful shipping; the latter with its majestic expanse, and its world of associations: and who will not feel that he has cheaply purchased such an hour, at the expense of almost any personal discomforts in the attainment?

The 'Canima' is a beautiful little river, which empties itself into the bay of Matanzas, and the lover of the picturesque can hardly wish for a more pleasing morning's pastime, than in rowing up this stream. It is usual to take a little boat with an awning over its stern, quite early in the morning at Matanzas, say five o'clock; then, rowed by a couple of stout oarsmen, you pass among the shipping, skim along the shore, and reach the entrance of the 'Canima' about the time of sunrise. The boat then takes a short turn from the bay, and finds itself on a beautiful though narrow river, flowing deeply and silently between high hills and woods, which reach to the waters' edge, and dip in their long branches. Onward and onward the little bark moves, turning now hither, now thither, as the river winds among the overshadowing hills, sometimes brushing under the overhanging woods, and sometimes drifting among bright flowers, which having been shaken from the trees, float on the surface of the water, and catch the sun's first rays in their crimson cups. Lofty palms, graceful bamboos, and multitudes of other tropical trees, oftentimes half covered with parasitical plants, are so faithfully reflected on the calm surface of the river, that one often pauses to ask which is more beautiful, the scene above or that below. Onward and onward still, and still new objects for admiration are presented to the enchanted traveller; till in two or three hours the eye is almost satiated with beauty, and the faculties which have been kept constantly on the stretch, are beginning to weary even of enjoyment. Just at this moment the river turns once more, and the 'Embarcadero' appears,

where you land amidst a cluster of houses, too small to be called a village. Here the boat navigation ends.

From hence the journey can be made either by volante, with two horses, or on horseback, as may be preferred, both being to be let at the tavern; but there is so much to be seen, that the latter method is far more agreeable, and on account of the horrid roads, decidedly more comfortable. Ever and anon the traveller stops to look around him, and to wonder and rejoice in the beautifully varied landscape. He finds himself in a hilly country, rich in its native productions, and rich in cultivation. Now he may pass through the waving sugar plantations, so beautiful in their fresh light hue of green, so graceful in the undulations of the long cane leaves, when swept by the gentle sea-breeze. Now he may gallop up a noble avenue of palms or mango trees, and refresh himself again in the cool shade of a bower of bamboos, which leads him to the garden-like coffee estate; where the deep sober green of the coffee-shrubs is relieved perchance by long branches of fragrant white flowers, or by a rich burthen of crimson berries, half shaded by the fringe-like leaves of the plantain, with which the coffee squares are abundantly interspersed.

The middle of the day is far too warm for comfortable riding or driving; and consequently most excursions are made in the early morning or evening, both which seasons of the day have their own peculiar charm every where, but most of all in Cuba. Shelley, in speaking of the nightingale's song, uses these beautiful words:

‘As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.’

And so indeed it is here. The silver light is softer and more caressing in its beauty, and seems to hold converse with the lofty palm, which stands so calmly and majestically, its polished leaves hung with dew-drops, and gleaming in the moonlight. The graceful, plume-like bamboo assumes a fairy delicacy, and the snowy bells of the campanella droop in almost startling beauty among the broad green leaves. In early morning, too, when every leaf and flower is yet covered with the heavy dew of the past night, and a mantle of vapor hangs about the hills, and rests in the deep valleys, the gradual coming on of day is very beautiful. The lighting up of the eastern sky with soft rose-colored hues, which are reflected from the west almost as vividly; the fringing of masses of fleecy clouds with living gold; and then the glorious rising of the sun itself, transmuting the clustered dew-drops to diamonds, and tinting the soft mist wreaths as they rise from the refreshed earth like Nature's incense.

At such times a ride on horseback, to one who loves natural beauty, is very delightful; and it is not unfitly ended by bringing him to the residence of some one of the hospitable planters, who make their residences almost too delightful to strangers, who come to them from the North. One thing, however, I am sorry to be obliged to notice, which is, that this very hospitality, for which the West-Indian planters are so justly famed, is the means of exposing them to much inconvenience from its abuse. Some people come, (it is to be hoped there are not many such,) who ‘having heard it was the custom,’ as they

say, deliver their letters of introduction, and forthwith take up their quarters, ordering the servants and carriage of their host about, as if they were their own, and inflict themselves for a most unconscionably long time upon the unfortunate family, to whom some unwitting friend has given them an introduction.

Notwithstanding the good nature of the planters, which is very great, there are few of them who have not some story of this kind to tell of their own experience ; and some even who having afterward visited the North, have received from their quondam guests no farther attention than a cool invitation ' to call whenever they may find it convenient.'

There is not much variety in life upon an estate, and those who are not fond of quiet country pleasures, and require the excitement of society, soon weary of it. This is more the case, because there is, as already mentioned in regard to the cities, a sad want of books.

Only about one half of the island is cultivated ; the other half is forest. There are more sugar estates in the vicinity of Matanzas, more coffee near Havana ; and the sugar from Matanzas and south thereof, are usually better than what you meet with about Havana. The cultivation of sugar is very fast on the increase, and of late years a great many new estates have been formed along the coast, or in the neighborhood of some river, to carry the produce off, whereas the production of coffee is very much diminishing. This article has recently fallen so much in value every where abroad, that the planters have hardly been able to pay their expenses, and some have deeply sunk into debt. Many have converted their coffee estates into sugar estates ; others again whose soil was too much exhausted, have abandoned them and bought new lands. It is here worthy of remark that they never manure their land. When exhausted, they say, it is cheaper to buy new land, than go to the expense of manuring the old. A sugar estate is a fine property here, and there are here many planters whose annual income varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The principal coffee plantations in the North are westward of Havana, in a flat country, and one very deficient in richness of soil to the south of Matanzas.

The interior is peopled by small farmers, the majority of whom occupy themselves with tobacco growth. This delicate plant requires a great deal of care and attention. It prospers best along the banks of small rivers, and in a slight tree-shade. That coming from the district called 'Vuelta de Abajo,' in the north of the island, is infinitely the best.

The pirates who used to infest the north coast of the island have been made to give up that profession by the American and British cruisers. Cardenas, a small sea-port south of Matanzas, was their head-quarters, and the market to which they brought their booty for sale. The government used to wink at their depredations and crimes, and they became very formidable. Now they have all turned fishermen ; but it is constantly to be apprehended that they will return to their old and more profitable trade, in case the American and British should want their cruisers elsewhere. They are a desperate, reckless crew, and think or feel no more in cutting a man's throat than in killing a musquito.

The feeling against the English is very strong and general in this country, among Creoles and Spanish settlers. They apprehend that the English government may shortly prevail on the Spanish to emancipate the slaves of this island against the payment of a sum, or some kind of compensation, as it is evident that the English have an eye on the slaves here. This feeling is so prevalent here, that the court of aldermen are said to have recently sent a representation on the subject to the home government, warning the latter against taking any steps toward emancipation, and expressing strong doubts of the loyalty of the people in such case. Exaggerated and often false stories, calculated to work upon the finest feelings of human nature, have been widely spread by the abolitionists in England, and have roused a general outcry in favor of emancipation there. A short residence in the West Indies must convince any calm observer that these negroes are unfit to take care of themselves, as long as they labor under the disadvantage of being without any kind of education. If slavery is to be abolished, declare all children born of slaves after a certain date 'free,' educate them, and the object of the abolitionists will be gained in progress of time, without the numerous disadvantages attending the plan of immediate emancipation. The English, sipping their wine after dinner, or taking their tea comfortably round a family fireside, pretend to decide what would be beneficial to a race, of which they have never seen any thing, except it may be occasionally a negro servant behind a private carriage.

This is a subject of too great and important interest to be so easily understood, and so lightly decided upon, and one which requires the action of calm and sober judgment, far more than that of enthusiasm, even though the latter be enlisted on the side of philanthropy.

But without entering upon an argument on this great question, I must say, that during my residence in Cuba, I have rarely seen cruelty practised toward the slaves. In one or two instances, certainly, I have been witness to a barbarity which has chilled my very heart's blood; this has not however been either practised or countenanced by masters, but was the work of those who, 'dressed in a little brief authority,' had the temporary power over those unfortunate beings.

It is a very common belief here, that the negroes are destined, in process of time, and probably not a very distant one, to possess not only Cuba, but the whole of the West India islands, to the exclusion of the whites. This it would seem is not unlikely. Certain it is, that if any dissension should arise between this and the mother country, the negroes could easily rise, and take possession of the island.

If I may be allowed to give my advice to consumptive invalids, with regard to their spending the winter here, I should say decidedly, 'Do not come!' Three winters' residence in Havana, Matanzas, and the adjacent country, have impressed me with the firm belief that the climate is very ill-suited for people suffering under pulmonary complaints in an advanced stage. In the first place, the changes of temperature here are, though not so frequent, yet fully as sudden, and sometimes as great, as in New-York, and far more severely felt and injurious than there, because here are to be found no glass windows to exclude the cold and piercing north wind from your room; no fire-place to warm your chilled limbs; no carpets, few wooden floors, none of the com-

forts of home. In the second place, on a warm day the rooms get too close, without the admission of a constant draft of air: it is even in winter suffocating without such; and how can a consumptive patient think of exposing himself to them? Finally, unless with a near and dear friend as nurse, an invalid can hope for little comfort of any kind. The residents have very naturally become more or less accustomed to the melancholy sights of suffering and dying invalids, who yearly flock hither in such numbers; and although kind, more cannot be expected from them. If these poor invalids die, unless the corpse is sent home, which is attended with very heavy expense, they are buried like dogs with us — heretics are no better in the eyes of the Catholic clergy — thrown into a grave a few feet below the surface of the earth, *without any coffin*, and so close to the sea that a high tide generally washes the bodies out, and there they remain till the buzzards have made so many meals of them as to leave nothing but the bones. I say again to invalids, who require care and comfort, ‘Stay at home!’ If you hope for health from the effects of a southern climate, go to one which is equable in its temperature, as for instance the south of this island, or St. Croix, Lima, etc.; but not to one where the temperature between evening and morning sometimes changes twenty degrees, and where you have no means of hiding yourselves from the cold, or excluding the dampness from your skin, your clothes, and every thing you touch; for in winter the northerly winds are always preceded by heavy rains, which render the atmosphere so damp, that you cannot keep yourself or any thing about you dry in the houses.

There is an impression abroad, that the yellow fever exists here only in summer and early in the autumn. This is a great error. I have had it myself in the middle of December, and great numbers of strangers died thereof about the same time. In winter the fever is said to be more fatal. The physicians in Havana are mostly Spaniards, who are very skilful in the treatment of the yellow fever, but very deficient in that of other diseases. Two Scotch physicians have most of the practice among the foreigners, being considered by these as possessing more eminence than the former; but after all, they are very ignorant men in their professions, behind the age, indolent, and inattentive.

On the whole, I think a short visit to the island of Cuba, for a person in tolerable health, will leave a pleasant impression, but I should consider a permanent residence any thing but desirable. The low degree of civilization of the people; their almost entire want of moral and religious principle, both among natives and foreign residents; the want of pleasant and intellectual society, of literature, of all comforts in the mode of living; slavery in its most hideous form; are, I think, good reasons for the above assertion; and all those who are as well acquainted with the state of society here as I am, will not be surprised at my leaving this beautiful garden without regret, but with the pleasing anticipation of soon returning to a civilized country.

AN EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

THIS is a silent city ; here the poor,
 The rich, the humble and the proud, lie down
 In fellowship : the pilgrim, whose long tour
 Hath made him weary — he whose soul hath grown
 Sick of the world, here throw their sorrows by,
 And on the lap of earth contented sleepers lie.

THIS is a haven, where the ships of life
 Deserted, helmless, all at anchor lay ;
 Their white sails furled, no more they dare the strife,
 But wait the ling'ring process of decay :
 Vain, vain the guiding compass God had given,
 They foundered in Death's fog — their freight returned to heaven.

How many a form, fast mingling with the dust
 To which it owed its being, checked its tears,
 Contented with the life-sustaining crust,
 To build a paradise for future years !
 The joy ungained for which their lives were given —
 May God reward their toil with happier joys in heaven !

Behind the scenes, fulfilled each various part,
 The actors in life's drama slumber here :
 Ah ! where are they, who with a pitying heart,
 Crept in the shade to dry the wretch's tear ?
 Nor wished the sun to strike the given mite,
 To blind a gaping world with charitable light.

THE greedy money-changers, where are they ?
 Whose hearts' pulsations quickened at the chime
 Of counted gold ! — where those who hartered clay,
 Shrining a soul immortal ? Death and Time
 Have levelled both ; the master and the slave
 Claims now an equal share — a coffin and a grave.

Where is the merchant ? — he, whose every loss
 Stamped a new wrinkle on his care-worn brow ?
 Where he who battled nobly for the cross —
 Whose spirit to no earthly power would bow ?
 They both are here ; the insatiate tyrant Death
 Smites with no partial hand — ALL wither at his breath.

YES ! all are here : the artisan, whose skill
 Mimicked his Maker's — he who groped his way
 Through Learning's dreary cloisters, at the still
 Dead hour of midnight, till the golden ray
 Of worldly praise lit up his humble name,
 And he had gained the all his life was spent for — fame.

BUT vain, thou ' grisly monarch ! ' are thy darts ;
 Creation and decay hold equal strife ;
 One dies, and one is born, yet human hearts,
 Are beating still the réveille of life :
 The eternal law of change is mankind's shield,
 And proof against the darts, the deadliest thou canst wield.

PEACE to the tomb's pale tenants ! We shall all
 Sleep side by side, when life's short dream is o'er,
 And wake together, when the sable pall
 Of death is drawn aside, upon that shore
 Where the new-risen legions of the dead
 Shall wait to hear their last, their final sentence read.

R. S. CHILTON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOCIETY, IN THE BARBAROUS AND CIVILIZED STATE.
By **W. COOKE TAYLOR, Esq., LL. D.,** of Trinity College, Dublin. In two volumes.
pp. 660. New-York : D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THESE volumes bear the modest sub-title of 'An Essay toward Discovering the Origin and Course of Human Improvement.' But this does not altogether express their character. The design of the work, which has in all respects been well carried out, is declared to be, to determine from an examination of the various forms in which society has been found, what was the origin of civilization ; and under what circumstances those attributes of humanity which in one country become the foundation of social happiness, are in another perverted to the production of general misery. For this purpose the author has separately examined the principal elements by which society, under all its aspects, is held together, and traced each to its source in human nature ; he has then directed attention to the development of these principles, and pointed out the circumstances by which they were perfected on the one hand, or corrupted on the other. Having thus by a rigid analysis shown what the elements and conditions of civilization are, he has tested the accuracy of his results by applying them to the history of civilization itself, as recorded in the annals of the earliest polished nations, and has thus been led to consider the principal moral causes that have contributed to the growth and to the decline of states. He has in this way applied recorded facts as a test of the accuracy of his reasoning ; and if in any part he may have erred, he has supplied the reader with the means of detection. The descriptions of the usages and customs of savage life have been taken from the travellers, ancient and modern, whose narratives have best stood the test of experience and criticism. Where it was necessary to make a choice, preference has been given to those whose views of the nature and tendency of barbarism differed most from those advocated by the author. Viewing barbarism as a degradation of our nature, it has been an object to point out the tendencies to corruption, similar in kind, if not in degree, which exist in civilized life, and to show how necessary it is that society should always keep in action its two great conservative principles, intelligence and virtue.

In the chapter on the Evidences of Lost Civilization, the author argues, that previous to its discovery by Columbus, America possessed a greater share of the arts and sciences than could be deduced from the present condition of the Indian race, or from the accounts given of them by their early conquerors ; and in his preface, he triumphantly refers to the reports of Messrs. CATHERWOOD and STEPHENS' recent researches, as unanswerable proof of the correctness of his position. In examining the scriptural account of the origin of civilization, Mr. TAYLOR says the spirit of reverence was permitted to regulate, but not to check, the spirit of investigation and inquiry, prompted by which latter, he throughout consulted the records in the original Hebrew, because of its simplicity, which no translation could preserve. In the historical investigations, our author shows that the principal delusions which have at different times exercised a

pernicious influence over humanity, were founded not on absolute falsehood, but on misconceived truths ; and therefore should be viewed, not with anger, but with pity and tenderness ; and he deduces from the records of mistaken opinion lessons of mutual toleration, mutual forbearance, and brotherly kindness, derived from sharing a common nature. The following passage from the preface is equally modest and felicitous :

"The examination of the diversified elements which have contributed to form our modern system of civilization has led the author over ground already traversed by the most eminent publicists of modern times ; they have shown how opinions embody themselves in forms and institutions, and how these institutions necessarily influence actions. He could scarcely hope to add any thing to the researches of such men as Lieber, Guizot, Jouffroy, and Victor Cousin, but he has endeavored to condense and unite their several disquisitions, so as to form an outline of the philosophical history of opinions, and their influence on life and action.

"Viewing indigence and vice as the great destructive agents in human society, he has deemed it necessary to examine the means adopted by public and private benevolence for their condition, and to test their efficacy by new recorded experience. This may be termed an inquiry into the conservative principles of society — a subject naturally suggested by the history of civilization, but one of too great extent and importance to be fully discussed in a single chapter. The author has therefore labored rather to point out what should be the subjects of inquiry than to answer the doubts and solve the difficulties which such a wide and tangled field of investigation must necessarily present.

"It would be not only presumptuous, but absurd, to assert that he has executed such a task perfectly and completely ; it would be saying in other words, that he had detected all the wrongs and errors of humanity, and had provided their appropriate remedies. He is aware that he has done little more than collect the scattered materials which eminent moralists and philanthropists have produced, and formed them into a kind of map, which may be both a convenient record of what has been already accomplished, and perhaps a guide to future discovery. To use the illustration of an American poet, he has been anxious to leave 'foot-prints on the sands of time'—

'Foot-prints, that perchance another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.'"

"In the discussion of such a variety of topics as necessarily enter into the complicated histories of barbarism and civilization, many of which have been the themes of bitter dispute and angry controversy, the author, without at all compromising his own opinions, has been anxious to avoid saying any thing which could reasonably offend persons of any creed, sect, or party."

We take our leave of this neatly-executed work, alike entertaining and instructive, and attractive in style, with a cordial recommendation to the reader to possess himself of its contents without delay.

A VOICE TO THE MARRIED. Addressed to Husbands and Wives. By JOHN MATHER AUSTIN. New-York : LANGLEYS, Chatham-street. Utica : O. HUTCHINSON.

WE can imagine the builder of this book chuckling over his literary project in its inception, with something like the following soliloquy : '*A Voice to the Married!*' That's a taking title ! It will cause the book to make money ; especially when I add, '*Addressed to Husbands and Wives.*' All husbands and wives will desire to buy it, of course ; and all those beside who expect to *become* such. It's a capital idea !' And down sits our 'author,' with a pile of miscellaneous scraps, cut from old country newspapers, and numerous passages, short and long, collated from the English-classic and modern authors, all to be forthwith tacked together, and interpolated, in connection with a sufficient amount of the compiler's long-drawn commentaries, and stale truisms, to make it pass as original, and form a book of four hundred pages. Many of these passages and sentences are pilfered and interwoven without acknowledgment ; nevertheless, the volume is full of 'As a distinguished writer observes ;' 'It has been well said ;' 'As is truly remarked ;' and the like expedients of a mediocra mind, to eke out a page. But reader, who do you suppose Mr. 'JOHN MATHER AUSTIN' really is ? We will inform you. We had not perused ten pages of his work, before we knew the '*Voice*,' and its owner. Mr. 'AUSTIN' is the author of the '*Tribute to the Memory of FITZHUGH SMITH*,'

* '*Psalm of Life*,' by Mr. H. W. LONGFELLOW, in the '*KNICKERBOCKER*' Magazine.

which was noticed in our last May number; a work of which the hapless publishers sold but *one* copy, and even that was doubtless bought by a friend of the author, or of his subject. We marvel not that the writer should desire to conceal his real name and identity, under these circumstances; although we confess a little surprise at the unmanly and dishonest method of disguise which he has adopted. But it is all in vain. No one who should sit down to the task of perusing this '*Voice*,' could fail to perceive, that its characteristics are precisely those which we set forth as distinguishing the '*Tribute*;' the same heterogenous compound of inflated common-place; the same crude, diluted, and nebulous disquisitions upon incontrovertible facts; the same '*weak, washy, everlasting flood*' of *words*, bristling with plagiarisms; the whole marked by a style dull and disjointed, without elegance and without force; and comprising altogether as pretty a specimen of spiritless *twattle*, as one could find in a summer's day. Women, who are the best judges in such matters, will render a speedy verdict upon the book. Two intelligent ladies, the one married and the other single, to whom we submitted it, for a confirmation or condemnation of our judgment, pronounced the work a miracle of labored common-place, and only valuable as a sedative. But we waste words and space upon a subject like this. We can only add, that if the printing of such trash be not felt as an insult upon the public taste, we are afraid it cannot be insulted.

CORSE DE LEON, OR THE BRIGAND. A Romance. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In two volumes. pp. 438. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. BULWER — we beg his pardon, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer — has exhibited his *beau ideal* of a highwayman in the pages of '*Paul Clifford*;' not a little to the detriment, wise ones say, of manners and morals among the rising generation. Mr. JAMES, the *other* great English novelist of the age, has presented us, in '*Corse de Leon*,' with his idea of what moral, physical, and mental excellence may coëxist with the practice of a profession somewhat similar. But what a difference between the highwayman, the bold bad man of the road, of Mr. BULWER, and the brigand of Mr. JAMES! The former outraged moral propriety, in making a hero of his villain, by dating his existence in modern times, when the general sense of mankind was adverse to unlawful appropriation, and when the gallows, and other agents of reform, were strenuously endeavoring to keep sinners from wandering into paths of unrighteousness; the latter has been wise and decorous enough to establish his brigand hero in an age when the laws of *meum* and *tuum* were as yet but vaguely recognized; when robbery on a scale more or less extensive was the principal employment of kings, courts, barons, and in short of all who could lay the strong hand upon whatsoever their eyes coveted, from a province to a purse, or from a fair young lady to a sheep of desirable pinguitude. Living in such an age, the furtive propensities of Mr. JAMES's brigand were neither so apparently detestable, nor the reasoning by which he justified them so offensively sophistical, as in the case of the accomplished Clifford; and moreover, there is no glaring inconsistency in the combination thereof with generous deeds and noble sentiments. In a word, we can sympathize as much as the novelist requires with the brigand of JAMES, while in reading of Mr. Clifford it is all but impossible to resist the constantly recurring impression that he was, to all intents and purposes, a scoundrel, and ought in justice to have been made experimental in trying the strength of a hempen suspender.

As for the rest, we see no occasion for remark upon the story of '*Corse de Leon*,' or the skill displayed by its author in concocting incident, or delineating character. His powers in these respects are known to all novel readers; and though the rapidity with which he brings out his romances does unquestionably subject him to criticism on points of style, he is deservedly a favorite with the public, and his books are always taken up with pleasure.

A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY: containing an Account of the principal Proper Names mentioned in Ancient Authors, and intended to elucidate all the important points connected with the Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, and Fine Arts of the Greeks and Romans. Together with an account of Coins, Weights, and Measures, with Tabular Values of the same By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. In one volume, 8vo. pp. 1430. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

DOCTOR ANTHON has done much for the promotion of classical learning. The textbooks he has published for the study of the ancient languages are distinguished by great accuracy, and uncommon fulness of illustration, and have deservedly won for the author a high reputation as a profound and able scholar. Their very general adoption in this country, and the increasing favor they meet with in European schools and colleges, are the best evidence of their merit. To complete the learned author's design of furnishing an uniform and full series of books for the study of the ancient writers, it was undoubtedly necessary that he should prepare a classical dictionary which should be more comprehensive and accurate than any hitherto published. This task he has accomplished in the volume before us, and in a manner, we think, that cannot fail of giving universal satisfaction. The subject of ancient geography, so indispensable to be well understood by the classical student, is treated of more minutely than in any similar work. In elucidating the most interesting points of ancient history, also, the author has been particularly happy. In the department of biography, and especially that branch of it embracing the history and character of the celebrated Greek and Roman writers, there is discovered great research, and a thorough acquaintance with ancient literature. The mythological articles are, we are pleased to see, in common with the rest of the work, entirely free from the indelicacies so often found in the old Lemprière. The fine arts among the ancients, also, afford a topic of great interest, and are very properly dwelt upon at much length.

THE POETRY AND HISTORY OF WYOMING: containing CAMPBELL's Gertrude, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by WASHINGTON IRVING, and the History of Wyoming, from its Discovery to the Beginning of the present Century. By WILLIAM L. STONE. In one volume. pp. 324. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS volume recommends itself forcibly to whomsoever takes it up, and but glances over its pages. It is most handsomely printed upon fine white paper, and embellished with nine engravings, executed in London. Mr. IRVING's biographical sketch of CAMPBELL, beside some admirable remarks upon authors and their judges, embodies several extracts from his original correspondence, and embraces altogether a clear outline of his life and character. But not the least, nor the least interesting, portion of the work, is from the competent hand of Colonel STONE, who in what purports to be, and is, sober history, has given us a romance, of the liveliest interest, from first to last. The eventful immediate and collateral history of the Wyoming valley, involving anecdotes and biographical sketches of its living and dead, and vivid views of its lovely and picturesque scenery, is no longer a desideratum. We found no small difficulty in retaining the volume for perusal, after it came into our hands; so that we but utter the popular voice when we say, that our readers will find it one of the most entertaining volumes of the season. A critic 'whose judgment cries in the top of ours,' justly observes, in speaking of one feature of the work: 'Mr. STONE has a sort of paternal regard for the fame of Brant, and has entered upon the defence of that great warrior's reputation against Campbell's epithet, 'the monster Brant.' As the author of the biography of Brant, Mr. STONE possessed materials for his defence; and the occasion of writing the history of Wyoming Valley, afforded an opportunity for that act of justice, without the appearance of starting, at this late day, a substantive exposition of Campbell's injuries toward the great American warrior.'

EDITORS' TABLE.

LEMPRIÈRE'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY AND THE NEW-YORK REVIEW. — It was the fortune of this Magazine, some moons ago, to become involved in what the French call a *polemique*, of no little raciness and vigor, with the North-American Review, on the subject of Professor ANTHON'S Greek Reader; vehement injustice having been done, as was contended, and to our notion somewhat convincingly proved, 'both to the 'Reader' and its accomplished editor, in the pages of the Review aforesaid. It may be thought, perhaps, that the success with which that warfare was carried on has stimulated a relish for such encounters with the quarterly magnates of criticism, when the KNICKERBOCKER is found lifting up its voice — feeble perhaps, but yet not altogether unheard in remote corners of the land, and even in 'furrin parts' — in firm though courteous remonstrance against what is conceived to be manifest injustice perpetrated by the last New-York Review, to the detriment of one who is no longer living, to vindicate his own labors and his fame.

The article in which this wrong has been committed, occupying twenty-two pages of the number, is an eloquent and learned notice of Professor ANTHON'S new edition, 'greatly enlarged and improved,' of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary; ably written, and we have no doubt on the whole just in its eulogies; although it seems rather hard to comprehend how, if the original Lemprière was indeed so meagre, inaccurate, and worthless as it is made to appear, it could be so long accepted, both in England and this country, as the classical student's indispensable companion, and run through so many editions, under the eyes of good classical scholars, without either rebuke or improvement. But we have no inclination to depreciate in one iota the labors or the merits of Professor ANTHON, whose scholarship, sagacity, and unwearied industry no one better knows or more truly honors than ourselves; and considering that Lemprière's harvest, both of fame and profit, from his Dictionary, has been ample, and moreover, that he has been dead some dozen years or more, we see no special reason for our interference, even if his demerits are somewhat exaggerated in order to heighten the claims of his learned and judicious editor.

But we think that injustice has been done in the Review — unintentionally no doubt, and through mere inadvertence — to others, countrymen of our own, at whose hands the work of Lemprière had received valuable improvements, and one of whom, as we have already intimated, has lately passed away, alike from mortal labor and mortal recompense. The reviewer takes no notice whatever of the two successive editions of Lemprière, published in this city in 1836 and '37, under the supervision of the late LORENZO L. DAPONTE and the (now) Reverend JOHN D. OGILBY; although there were important emendations effected by these gentlemen, which, considering that they obviated some of the defects in the original work most strongly and pointedly condemned by the reviewer, might fairly claim from him at least a passing word or two of recognition.

The heavy charges brought against the original work of Lemprière may be classed under three principal heads: gross and needless indelicacy, inaccuracy, and want of

method ; and it is for remedying these three classes of evil, that Professor ANTHON is most warmly lauded. We repeat, that it is far from our intention or our wish to deny him one particle of the credit justly due for the good work done by him in this behalf ; but we do say, that in the editions of DAPONTZ and OGILBY it had, to a considerable extent, been done already. As for the indecency, we need only suggest a comparison between their editions and either of the English, to show how thoroughly they did the needful work of expurgation. Their first edition, brought out in 1836, was prepared for the press under the urgent pressure of an exhausted market, and therefore in greater haste than themselves desired ; but even in this they accomplished much toward the amendment of the other two defects. They separated the mythological from the geographical and historical portions, and these two from each other. Obligated, however, by want of time, to limit their exertions almost entirely to the geographical portion, at once the most important and the most incorrect, they re-wrote nearly every article, applying to the subject the research of recent travellers and antiquaries, and added several hundreds. In the edition of the next year, bestowing upon it twelve months' most assiduous labor, they carried out the judicious plan with which they had commenced, consulting the best authorities that could be obtained in Europe, as well as in this country, and in short effecting improvements so extensive and so thorough, that the work came from their hands in fact as new, resembling Lemprière's in nothing scarcely except the outline of its plan. His mistakes were corrected, his omissions supplied, his grossness all expunged ; and with a scholarship far surpassing his in profundity and extent, the scholarship of the editors themselves as well as of modern European commentators, a character of accuracy was stamped upon the work which from him it never had received.

The reviewer dwells at length, and most justly, upon the new importance given to the Dictionary, by the labors of Professor ANTHON, regarded as a 'critical Thesaurus' for the use of scholars ; by this word 'scholars' meaning not students in school or college, but accomplished lovers and investigators of classic lore. In this light it must be and is most cheerfully conceded, that the Classical Dictionary of Professor ANTHON stands without a rival. The immense body of German learning, research, and disquisition with which he has enriched it, places it far beyond the reach or even the pretence of competition. It may perhaps be questioned whether for students merely, for school-boys, the less bulky and much less expensive editions of DAPONTZ and OGILBY are not still preferable. They are equally accurate, equally pure, more convenient for consultation, and, it is believed, quite comprehensive enough for ordinary school and college use, to which indeed it strikes us the immense elaboration of the Germans would be rather oppressive than advantageous. Be that as it may, however, we have thought it a duty to offer these few remarks, in justice both to the living and the dead ; rendering all homage to the talents, the learning, and the industry of Professor ANTHON, and feeling that he can well afford to dispense with applauses rendered at the cost of another's fame.

ENGRAVING AND EXHIBITION OF THE 'APOLLO ASSOCIATION.' — We are indebted to the supervisor of the Apollo Association for a copy of the superb engraving which has been presented to each of its members. The subject is 'General MARION in his Swamp Encampment, inviting a British Officer to Dinner,' painted by JOHN B. WHITE, Charleston, (S. C.,) and admirably preserved in mezzo-tint by SARTAIN, of Philadelphia. Alike in subject, conception, and execution, this picture does honor to American character and American art. We had hoped, to the last, to be able to do justice to the large and superior collection of paintings, etc., now exhibiting at the Gallery of the Association. Various indispensable and pressing engagements, however, have frustrated this design, greatly to our regret. We can therefore only again call upon citizens and strangers, who desire an hour or two of most pleasurable enjoyment, to visit the exhibition before its close, which will be in the course of two weeks.

THE EDITOR'S DRAWER is again overflowing, and we must have recourse to our ancient method of reference to a portion of its contents. From among the briefer prose papers, we select three or four, designing to present others, kindred in length and character, as occasion may serve. The subjoined, from a Philadelphia correspondent, is too graphic, and too naturally told, not to be a veritable sketch :

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A BACHELOR.

FOUND AMONG HIS POSTHUMOUS PAPERS.

AMONG the shadows and afflictions of existence, I have found many spots of sunshine and delight. I have seen hours, I have experienced sensations, which seemed to me as though they came direct from heaven, and were a foretaste of that better country to which the righteous are to be translated, 'where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures forever more.' These enjoyments always came after some peculiarly sombrous hours, or after some endurance of pain.

I recollect, several years ago, one summer afternoon, being afflicted with the tooth-ache. Never have I experienced, before or since, such excruciating agony. I am naturally somewhat nervous, and this lashed every fibre of my frame into fury. If a worm of fire had been confined within my jaw, writhing and turning about for liberty, I could not have been more completely tortured. Occasionally, the nerve would dart and throb, as if some mysterious power were pulling it for pastime, and the blood would sink to my heart, as if rushing from some enemy of the head. Altogether it was the quintessence of suffering—the *Ultima Thule* of pain. I became slightly delirious. A glass of camphor-water that stood near me, seemed transformed into some vast vessel, and the undissolved gums at the bottom turned apparently into fossil remains of the teeth of the mastadon.

It was a cloudy afternoon, and it had begun to rain. Now and then a gleam of lightning, heralding the sudden thunder, flashed upon my eye. I have a faint recollection of rushing into the street, overturning the cake-table of an old dame, who was hurriedly packing up her vendibles at a corner, and sweeping onward among the moving citizens and umbrellas of the town.

I know not exactly how I reached my dentist's. I confess a reminiscence of sitting in his great chair, with my head humming like a top, my nerves throbbing, and my wet locks hanging about my ears. I remember too the shuddering chill I felt, when the refractory *dent* was first touched with that potent instrument, vulgarly called, by way of brevity, '*cold iron*;' and I recall the great rain drops that kept pattering against the windows. In a moment, it seemed as if all the length of the worm of fire had collected into a ball, which hung to my tooth, and would not let it go. One rush of blood from my nostrils and mouth, and tears to my eyes, and I was free.

There lay the little mass of bone on the dentist's table. A speck not so large as the head of a respectable pin had undermined the integrity of that mutinous molar, and caused all my pain. I could not realize it; and I felt a kind of triumph over the inanimate article, as if I had vanquished an enemy, who was now impotent at my feet.

When I left the room where I had won the victory, not with but *over* the jaw-bone, the storm had passed over to the east, and the sun looked out from among the long bars of gold and crimson clouds in the west, with one of his sweetest smiles. I do not believe that I was ever before so happy—so full of exquisite delight. Truly, BURKE defined this word correctly, when he said it was the sensation of relief from pain. I went down to the river. Every body that I met seemed to feel joyous and good-natured: the sunlight lay mingled with the blue, half-sleeping waters around those verdant islands in the stream; the little sail-boats were glittering to and fro; ships were gliding down the Delaware; and afar over the woodlands of Jersey a glorious rainbow reared its gorgeous and many-colored arch against the floating drapery of the tempest. I was *full* of joy; such joy as can alone spring from the spirit, upon the departure of physical suffering.

WE have a capital gossiping paper from PRINCE GILBERT DAVIS, overflowing, like his capacious cellars, with bright and sparkling things, of various *kinds*, but all good. It shall appear anon; in time perhaps for many of our tasteful readers in the Atlantic cities to peruse after dinner, over a glass of some one (perhaps two) of his delicious summer wines.

THE author of '*A Connecticut Sunday*' will find his essay anticipated in the '*Sketches of the Country*,' in the present number, the writer of which has drawn a similar scene, with a faithful pencil; recalling to our mind a beautiful poem by the Rev. Mr. PINNEY, of the Episcopal Church, a New-England poet now resident, we believe, at the southwest, and President of a flourishing collegiate institution in that region:

S A B B A T H M O R N I N G .

How calm upon this holy day
Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
And upward takes her radiant way,
Triumphant to her throne on high;
Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast
The Morning flings her rosy ray,
And blushing from her dreamless rest,
Unveils her to the gaze of day;
So still the scene, each wakeful sound
Seems hallowed music breathing round.

The night winds to their mountain caves,
The morning mists to heaven's blue steep,
And to their ocean depths the waves
Are gone, their holy rest to keep;
'Tis tranquil all, around, above;
The forests far which bound the scene
Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
Like hills of everlasting green;
And clouds like earthly barriers stand,
Or bulwarks of some viewless land.

Each tree that lifts its arms in air,
Or hangs its pensive head on high,
Seems bending at its morning prayer,
Or whispering with the hours gone by;
This holy morning, Lord, is thine!
Let silence sanctify the praise;
Let heaven and earth in love combine,
And morning stars their music raise!
For 'tis the day — joy, joy, ye dead! —
When death and hell were captive led!

— .

A NEW correspondent, struck with the beauty and terseness of the following description of Venice, has translated it for our pages. It forms a part of the first chapter of a work by ALPHONSE ROYER, entitled '*Venizia La Bella*.'

—— Pianto ! Pianto !
Dimmi pur prego, si sei morta o viva !
—
Tell me, prithee, art thou dead or alive !

Petrarca : Trionfo della Morte.

AFTER fourteen centuries' dominion over the seas; after having filled the universe with her splendor and her glory; Venice died obscurely in one corner of her lagoons; and the sepulchre of a great nation has served as a pedestal to the young conqueror of Italy.

Venice died like an antique courtesan, lying in the midst of flowing bowls and flowers; without defence; her arms voluptuously folded under her head, her lids closed, and a smile on her lips; baring her bosom with recklessness to the knife of the assassin, as she had prostituted it all her life to the gold of nations; yet still, how beautiful she is in her coffin!

Bonaparte! in consummating this impious deed, didst thou not feel a remorse at heart, which seemed to say, 'Thou art a murderer!' Couldst thou, young man, see death seize on so beautiful a life, and the Austrian eagle hover over the noble corpse to devour it, with a tearless eye? Oh! thy soul must have bled in the presence of such a calamity! — so deep, so sudden, that the history of the world offers none to equal it!

Truly, it was in the destiny of both — great man and powerful city — that ye should meet face to face, that one might be annihilated! Thou hast accomplished thy mission, and one stroke of the pen executed this infernal sentence, in which thou didst act only the part of executioner.

Where is the artist, where the upright man, who can refuse tears to this great moral calamity, the hero of which is a whole nation? — to this assassination of a celebrated city, whose voice of complaint is the roaring of the sea in its channels? — whose sobs issue through eyes of marble and stone?

Would you realize a dream? Would you scan and touch with the eye and finger those vast piles which the imagination often creates in the exhalations of sleep? Would you conjure up those wonderful palaces, where the Arabian and the Gothic twine and embrace in singular colonnades; where the trefoil and the ogee, innumerable reproduced, seem to be curiously peeping through the walls, to behold themselves in the facets of the waves? The gondolas of Mestre and Fusine will transport you to Venice; to that holy shrine of pilgrimage where Byron bent his knee — that knee which had never bent, not even before God! For of all the cities of the world, Venice is the artist city; Venice is the daughter of the arts. She owes nothing to earth. The very sod she tramples on, was conquered from Nature; she disputes it day by day with the Sea. The water which quenches her thirst is received from Heaven, as well as the genius of her artists and her heroes.

THE following has been sent us as 'the production of a Boston wag, who thinks that Mr. RUSSELL, effective and popular though his style may be, may nevertheless give the public 'too much of a good thing' in his *old* this and *old* that;' and he desires us to say, that after hearing of Mr. RUSSELL's affecting song composed on General Harrison's 'Old Grey Wife,' and which so delighted the late excellent President, according to the composer, he himself sat down and wrote a very thrilling song, called 'My Old White Hat,' and another entitled 'My Old Humbug,' which he is anxious to dispose of to our vocalist:

'GRAND CONCERT.

'Mr. TWADDLE has the honor to announce to his friends, that he will give a concert on Saturnalia evening, at the Bassoonoon, at seven o'clock. The music by a most eminent composer.

PART I.

Reproduction. Piano Forte, - - - - -	TALLBUT
Song — Away! away! over Back Bay, ho! - - - - -	TWADDLE
Song — The Old Grist Mill, - - - - -	TWADDLE

'Can this be the grist-mill that nine years hence
Will be taken and used for a cow-yard fence?'

Song — The Old Church Mouse, - - - - -	TWADDLE
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'Near to a pew that was newly lined,
Sat an old church mouse, who had not dined,' etc.

Descriptive Song — The Rowdy. Words written expressly for Mr. Twaddle, - - - - -	TWADDLE
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'Light is the room! how light — no dark — how warm!
Drunk on the floor the last young spark falls down,
Trembling, not knowing what he was about.
He babbles — 'My mother, do you know I'm out?'

Hark! 't was a cat! No 't's a dog! No! it's Ned!
Clack! clack! 'Oh dear, if I *could* go ahead!
Why am I blind? I'm sure I once could see;
But eye and sight have failed. Ah, me! ah, me!"

Sleep on, old Ned! sleep on! 'T is nature's cry!
The bottle's all emptied, and I am *so* dry!
Eating and drinking have made me a brute!
My poor head will split, and my brain come through 't!
The bells ring for fire,' etc.

[This song represents a young man under *circumstances* too common to prove an exaggeration. We see the youth deserted by his natural good sense, in the extreme of folly and drunkenness, for the *pleasures* of frolic; the fire burns bright; the muscles of his body sink from no want of stimulus; the current of his thoughts is interrupted by

the entrance of a watchman ; the door opens, and he struts forth with an irregular zig-zag, regardless as the world of the gaze of the waiters.]

PART II.

Song — The Old Tin-Pail, - - - TWADDLE

Song — Foot it! foot it! I've lost my pig — the cow is gone! TWADDLE

Duet — The Old-Nurse Lamp — and Old Fine-Tooth Comb, TWADDLE

'Oh! deem me not an useless thing.'

Song — The Dropsical Idiot — by request, - - - TWADDLE

Song — (new) — The Old Irish Baby, - - - TWADDLE

Song — On Old green Frog-pond's rock-bound coast, - - - TWADDLE

If 'he may laugh who wins,' Mr. RUSSELL will relish the above as heartily as any one; for he certainly maintains his popularity with the simple music-loving public.

THE subjoined fanciful lucubration is the embodiment by an artist of his conception of a picture to which he has given the name of *Echo*, and which we understand may be found among the paintings of the National Academy:

ECHO: THE TONGUE'S INVISIBLE SPIRIT.

BY STANSBURY HOXIE.

THOU tenant of the lone, still solitude, the mouldering ruin; by the bold cliff, in the deep dell, and the dark cavern! Mysterious, incorporeal companion of the fairies, hermit of hermits, belle and beau ideal of inhabitativeness, lover of the poet's sweetest studios! Thou listening sentinel of sound; thou intangible mocker of the living, thou 'pretty poll' of acoustics; fascinating imitator, sweet counterfeiter, innocent forger! Obedient, responsive, untiring, sleepless recluse! Say, art thou male or female? Thou hast the softening spirit of sweet Woman; one loves thy 'yes, yes,' thy 'no, no,' thy 'come, come,' and sometimes thy 'go, go!' But ah! thou art not colloquial.

Thou art an undulating wave, a duet of one accord, Accordance personified; an impress upon air, a cast of sound, a double of the distance; twin of tone, fac-simile of utterance, auditor, auditress, and audience; air-mould of words; thy food is resonance, and thy capacity from the soft whisper of the gallery to the reverberating thunder among the mountains. I love thee, sweet one, and in my regard for thy identity, I trust that when Babel broke, thou wert not there: but if 't were so, I pity thee; thy love of quiet ~~now~~ needs no long tale. Thou hast thy spirits too, thou nymph, fay, elf, or faun; and once in moody mind I thought I ~~saw~~ thee 'teetering' upon a zephyr, with quick attentive ears, and ready ductile tongue, which one or many, seemed, as graceful motion changed its true position, evading sight, while close beyond, waving fac-similes diminished slow and sweetly in the distance, into small shades.

Thou paradox of tongues! thy last and fainting tones are leaving me that word of many memories, 'Farewell, farewell!'

'LINDLEY'S HORTICULTURE.' — The taste for horticultural pursuits has greatly increased in this country, within the last few years; and we are therefore the more pleased to welcome the excellent volume before us, from the press of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. The edition appears under the supervision of two American editors, Dr. GRAY, the eminent botanist, and Mr. DOWNING, whose botanic garden at Newburgh has been seen by many of our readers. Dr. LINDLEY of London is too well known as a vegetable physiologist, and by his many botanical writings, to require farther mention than to say, that in this horticultural work he furnishes a *thorough guide* to practical men, whereby they may avail themselves of the ascertained principles of physiology, in promoting and improving the principal operations of gardening. The volume is well printed, and rendered very clear by numerous good wood-cuts.

'THE DINING-OUT MAN.' — Among the portraits in that capital work, the 'Heads of the People,' is one of 'The Diner-out.' Following up the hint of the artist, a writer in a late English magazine has furnished several extracts from an imaginary diary of this personage, which are sufficiently amusing. He commences with underrating diners at country houses, where there is little chance of personal display with an old audience, always on the watch for the well-worn anecdote, like people at a pantomime, familiar beforehand with the tricks. Having been checked by his host, when about hitching in a pun — with the remark, 'that he had been circulating it all over the country, ever since he heard it from his own lips, five years before' — our diner-out resolves to visit the unbroken ground of Yorkshire, where a fresh audience of hospitable people, with a strong capacity for being amused, would better reward his exertions. But let us take the scene when Parliament has met, and the London season and dinner-giving begin at the same time. Thus our man of the world:

'My first care at the commencement of the season is to look over my list, preparatory to sowing cards for the dinner-crop; and a melancholy task it is! Two or three of my best dowagers are pretty sure to have dropped in the interval, as is the case this very year. There is old Lady Fivecourse, in Berkeley Square, whose cook was really a meritorious artist — a fellow who will one day rank with the Udes and Francatelles. I called at the door the other day, to inquire what was become of him; and find that one of the executors has bribed him off to Ireland! This is a public loss. Beside which, the man himself is lost. Genius of that description requires an enlightened audience. The Irish are scarcely up to more than roast and boiled. It is throwing pearls before swine to give them such a man as Survilliers, who has glimpses of real inspiration.

'I confess I had looked forward to many more pleasant dinner parties at Lady Fivecourse's. There was no more occasion for that woman to die! — though seventy-three, she was as strong as a seventy-four — (*mem. book that!*) — and might have lived to be a hundred. It was entirely her own doing. She *would* go dining out, when, with such a cook as Survilliers, it was her duty to dine at home. And then she called in a young apothecary, instead of adhering to Sir Thomas, who never does any thing, so that *his* patients *have* some chance of getting through. I do n't mean to be ill-natured; but if I were a man of sufficient consequence for my funeral to figure in the *Morning Post*, with a list of the mourners — 'third mourning coach, the medical attendant of the deceased Earl, John Pillbox, Esq.' — I would not employ a young apothecary, who knew that his connection in business might be established by such an advertisement.

'Poor Lady Fivecourse! What a capital set one used to meet at her house! It was one of the places where I most enjoyed myself. Nothing but quiet, humdrum, mediocre people, who understood nothing but eating, and for whom one's oldest stories had the charm of novelty. I remember at a dinner in Berkeley Square, last April, setting the table in a roar with an anecdote, which originally set me up as a dining-out man, in the time of George the Fourth! It was a story of Jekyll's; but he never did it justice, his imitation of the brogue being wretched. It improved in my hands. There are some stories, like some wines, which grow mellow with travelling. I never told it better than that day at Lady Fivecourse's, for I was taking pains. Lord Grangehurst was there; and I was wild to get an invitation to his new house, with the style and splendor of which the newspapers had been boring one for the last year. The spec. prospered. I dined with him three times after Easter, and was asked to Grangehurst for the *battue*. But, on the whole, I was not satisfied. His cellar is not what it ought to be. No man ought to pretend to Hock, who is not certain that his grandfather saw it in bottle.'

The diner-out has now established himself thoroughly. He has watched the conversation-men of the day, and studied their very studied mode of being unstudied in their wit, and discovered the most natural manner of lugging in impromptus made at leisure; and by dint of following up his vocation, he is enabled to boast, that not a man in the gastronomical metropolis enjoys a more intimate acquaintance with the contents of stew-pans simmering in aristocratic kitchens, and the sauce-boats of the great world, than himself. Hence he is entitled to give advice, of which indeed he is by no means sparing. Hear him:

'A vulgar-minded man, incapable of seizing the lights and shadows of social life, thinks it enough to push on straight to the mark; and with a predetermination to be entertaining, begins to open his budget before the soup is off the table. Whereas there is scarcely more art required in dressing the dinner, than in addressing those who are in-

vited to eat it. There are certain appointed epochs of a dinner, differing in different sets and countries, appointed for the specific introduction of certain wines — as sherry or madeira after soup, or hock between the courses. So also there are especial moments for the introduction of divers orders of anecdotes. The man who attempts a bit of scandal while the patés or cutlets are going their rounds, will find his risk rewarded by reproofing silence. People look as if they did not understand a word he was saying; whereas if he wait till after the second round of champagne, he will set the table in a roar. Even the first will so far thaw the faculties or decorum of the party, that a significant smile may possibly repay his pains.

'Soup admits of nothing of more stirring interest than the weather. People are not yet at their ease. They have not recovered the fuss of taking their places; they have not got accustomed to their neighbors, or to the brightness of the dinner room. They look blinky and perplexed. The edge of appetite, too, must be appeased. A few mouthfuls of hot, clear, spring soup, or *bisque d'écrevisses*, cheers up the spirits, and disposes to sociability. A sip of sherry perfects the charm. By the time turbot and its lobster sauce, or Severn salmon and its cucumber, figure on your plate, you may venture upon politics and the news of the day. If a clever man be near you, and you have important intelligence in *petto*, inquire of him whether he have any thing new; then, with easy negligence, let fall the startling news that is to fix every eye at table upon yourself. Choose that moment to take wine, or to whisper confidentially to the servant behind your chair a request for a second investigation of the fish-sauces. You should appear to be anxiously interested in the coaxing of your own appetite, when you announce the abdication of the Emperor of China, or that her Majesty's favorite parrot is sitting. All this, as stage effect, tends powerfully to the success of the piece.

'Any thing superlative in the way of wit should be reserved, like the hock, for the *finale* of the first course. Even in the best regulated household, there occurs a momentary pause most propitious to the explosion of a *bon mot*. The host is grateful to you; the *maître d'hôtel* is grateful to you; every body is grateful to you. A minute later, and the bustle of placing the second course on the table would be fatal to the success of your attempt. That most disagreeable interruption at an end, the real business of dinner conversation begins. The tide is setting in. Till the rubicon of the second course is passed, your careful talker feels that all is preamble. It is not worth while to hazard any thing of real excellence. It is waste of powder and shot to lavish pearls before the rapacious animals who think more of what reaches them through their lips, than through their ears.'

But the diner-out must talk up to his reputation. One dull dinner would undo him. 'A party,' says he, 'where the sound of knives and forks is audible from pauses in the conversation, reflects eternal disgrace on its component parts, when a regular diner-out is one of the offenders.' In 'cramming' from fresh foreign periodicals for a 'dinner-service,' one is liable to mishaps:

'I had received one morning a batch of pamphlets from Paris; and, as usual, extracted the pith for my private use. The gems thus strung together I intended to powder over my conversation that day at one of Lady Cork's choice dinner parties; and had consequently provided myself with nothing else. I entered her famous old china-gallery, on the divans and slender porcupine-chairs of which I found scattered the best and brightest of the season. 'All was prepared, the judges were met, a terrible show.' Unluckily I came late, having been detained running my eye over my notes; so that when I made my *entrée*, that pushing fellow, L., had already the ear of the company. Judge of my horror when I found him giving tongue to one of my most striking novelties! I longed to fly at him, and snatch it from his mouth — as one sees a sharp terrier when another dog has pilfered a bone from him! But it was all in vain. He had taken the first move. *Bon-mot* after *bon mot* did he let fly from his pigeon-trap, and every shot told. I had nothing left. The fellow subscribed to the same library as myself; had obtained a view of the books four-and-twenty hours before me — and reduced me to bankruptcy.'

Sometimes the diner-out becomes *passée* with his audiences, an event greatly to be deplored:

'People get fanciful in the matter of their conversation men. Though certain dishes must recur and recur again in their *menu* every spring — salmon, turbot, lamb, or turkey-poult — they seem to think it necessary to have a change in their talkers. It is only Rogers who blooms afresh every season, with the lilacs. There is always some new man — something that has taken an honor — or returned from the North Pole or Timbuctoo — or written a book that has been exalted in the Edinburgh, or cut to mincemeat in the Quarterly — or blown up a fort in Syria — or inherited half a million a year — or

run away with somebody's daughter, or *from* somebody's wife — or something wonderful or other, that entitles him to the veneration and dinners of an indulgent public. With such a card in hand, our friends grow ungrateful; forget how many a stupid party of theirs one's efforts had redeemed from the yawns; and invite one to a family dinner! I must do as poor Lady Cork used, when her popularity was flagging; viz. send an account to the newspapers of my own death, and next day, the contradiction. Something to this effect:

'We learn, with the liveliest regret, the death of that amiable man, and charming companion, ALFRED PRATTLES, Esq. Few persons could be so ill spared from the symposia of social life! Mr. Prattles has been for many years past recognized as one of the most distinguished members of the literary and fashionable world; and no party was considered perfect without the addition of his brilliant and highly piquant conversation. He was, perhaps, on the whole, the liveliest talker of the day.'

Followed by: 'It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction we learn that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumor of the premature decease of that highly popular individual, Mr. Prattles. We had ourselves the satisfaction of seeing him yesterday in St. James's-street, walking arm-in-arm with the Duke of Wellington; nor can we sufficiently despise the callous and wanton levity with which certain persons, for the furtherance of private pique, presume to harrow up the feelings of anxious friends by the circulation of reports of this cruel nature. We cannot sufficiently apologize to our subscribers for our insertion of so ill-advised a fabrication.'

'I foresee from hence the compunctious visiting brightening up the damped affections of my friends and acquaintance, on perusing such an announcement! 'Poor Prattles!' they will exclaim, 'I do n't know how it was — I had not seen so much of him lately: yet he is one whose company is always an acquisition — a most amusing little fellow — a man who knows every thing — a man whom every body knows. Heartily glad to find he is still extant! By Jove! I'll call on him to-morrow, and ask him to dinner!'

But after all, the diner-out's career is not the most pleasant in the world. Eat and drink he may, but to be really merry, is impossible. Viands and generous wines pass through his lips, without making the least impression on his palate. His attention is præengrossed. By venturing to dwell upon some dainty dish, he is sure to lose the opportunity of introducing some striking remark, or hazarding some neat little pun. His appetite is continually on thorns; and his rich stories spoil all his rich dishes.

'THE SETTLERS AT HOME.' — This, as we learn, is the first of a series of small volumes by Miss MARTINEAU, to be published by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 'It is an entertaining tale, written in the clear, vigorous style for which the authoress is distinguished: the incidents are connected with the condition of the Isle of Axholme in England, as it was two hundred years ago, when the most deadly enmity existed between the tenants of the isle and the dwellers in the neighborhood. The settlement of a Dutch family there, their manner of life, their troubles with a neighboring family, the misfortunes which befel them by the sudden submersion of the island by a flood, and the manner of their escape from death and the spirit manifested by the different individuals of their little group, as well as the effect of these calamities on their minds and hearts, furnish the materials out of which Miss Martineau has made a very delightful and instructive tale. Written as it is for children, there is no effort at fine or elegant writing: the whole is told in an easy, graceful style.'

MINIATURE PAINTING. — We must ask our citizens, who may desire a 'counterfeit presentment' of themselves or friends — father or mother, husband or wife, brother or sister, lover or friend — to glance over the frame of miniatures by Madame ISIDORE GUILLET, at the Apollo Exhibition. They will find them not only superior, as specimens of beautiful art, but what is far from being always the case, excellent likenesses, if we may judge from those which we recognized. Madame GUILLET's apartments are at the popular Institute of her husband, in Broadway, near Park-Place.

T H E D R A M A .

PARK THEATRE.—An antique, and to our thinking extremely discreet proverb, which according to the best information had its origin in Spain, thus oracularly speaketh: 'When there is nothing to say, it is best to say nothing.' Deeply impressed with the incontrovertible truth of this pithy maxim, we have for months been silent upon theatrical matters. Many opinions having been given as to the cause of the 'Decline and Fall of the Drama,' we respectfully beg leave to differ from the most of them, while we modestly offer our own. The Park has ever been held as the metropolitan theatre, *par excellence*, and why? Not only because it is the oldest in the city, but that it has through good and through evil report, under a popular management, held the first place. It has been always at the 'head of the class.' Its importations of talent have heretofore exceeded those of all other theatrical establishments; and as it has been, and still is, necessary to look abroad for the higher order of dramatic capacity, this theatre has generally presented the greatest attractions to the lovers of the legitimate drama. But of late years, a change has come o'er the spirit of the Park; and instead of those liberal exertions which in times past have been used in successful catering for the public amusement, a dull and lethargic state of indifference seems the ruling condition of things now. The causes of this melancholy torpor are not to be ascribed to the apathy of the public alone, which, superinduced by the scarcity of the 'circulating medium,' is said to have made them shy of the theatre.

The cry that a true taste for the drama has ceased to exist among us, is a humbug! All the taste for the drama that we ever have had, we have now; and moreover, the opportunities which within the last twenty years have been given us to enjoy its truths, through the medium of its greatest masters, have purified, if they have not increased, that taste. As for the first assertion, it is without the shadow of truth. Has there been any diminution, we would ask, in the expenditures of the public for amusements during the past three years? Have not balls, routs, parties, soirées, and other fashionable gatherings, been more the rage than ever? And will any one presume to say that the expense requisite for even a proper *attendance* upon any of these is not ten times greater than the mere price of a ticket to the theatre? Lectures too have been 'the agony,' upon all sorts of subjects, from the 'sublime and beautiful' to the ridiculous and disgusting. Concerts, vocal and instrumental, have emptied pockets, turned heads, and made night hideous with their harmony. In short, *other* attractions, greater than those which the only legitimate theatre that we have among us has seen fit to offer, have been the means of estranging the former frequenters of the Park from their first love. The causes which have induced the managers to be thus chary of their attractions are best known to themselves; but if they despond under the belief that there no longer exists a taste for the drama, they are destroying themselves with a false fear. The public are not, and cannot be any longer, satisfied with mediocrity. The managers of the Park themselves have unfitted them for that. The odious star system has created an extravagant and unhealthy taste; unwholesome to the public, as it is unjust to all worthy and respectable members of the profession; and no less unjust to them than it is ruinous to managers, with its present exorbitant demands. But this taste *has been* created, and a craving for novelty exists; and however false the appetite may be, it must for the present at least be appeased. Is it to be supposed that after being feasted for years upon the 'honey of Hybla,' we can now be fed upon treacle?

Far be it from us, as honest censors of the stage, to utter aught derogatory to the just merits of any one of the Park performers, either stock or star. Many of them are of a grade of excellence as far above our power, as they are beyond our wish, to injure. It is as much in justice to them as to the public, that these remarks are written. The star system has created an inordinate craving for novelty—not the novelty which consists in exchanging a new penny for an old one—which must be gratified, or there is no balm in Gilead that can save theatricals from the destiny of things that were. The true cause of the 'decline of the drama,' as it is falsely called, lies in a nut-shell: its future rise and progress will depend upon the liberality as well as the prudence of managers; and if fair encouragement does not follow on the part of the public, it will be because true intellectual enjoyment has no corresponding impulse in the mind of man.

The engagement effected with Messrs. GIUBELEI AND COMPANY, some weeks since, has not, we fear, resulted as profitably as was anticipated. The operas of 'Zampa,' 'Don Giovanni,' and 'The Gipsy's Warning,' have had the advantage of the talents of GIUBELEI, SEGUIN, MANVERS, JONES, MRS. SEGUIN, and Miss POOLE, with chorusses rendered more effective under the personal superintendence of Mr. GIUBELEI, than they have been since the days of old Garcia. Mrs. SUTTON in the opera of 'Norma' has gained great applause for her finished execution of the music of this piece. This lady has acquired many of the beauties of the Italian school, and is certainly very much improved in all things necessary to constitute a great singer; but we must confess our inability to enter

into the spirit which has produced the enthusiastic praise lavished upon her by many of her admirers. To our thinking, her art is too palpable; there seems an exertion to accomplish many of her great points, which takes away from the pleasure of her performance. We would make no unfair comparisons; but to exemplify the meaning which we wish to convey, we would contrast the execution of Miss SUTTON with that of Miss POOLE: the one appears grand and labored, the other simple and natural. There is something to wonder at in the one, but there is a pathos which moves the heart, in the other. Mrs. SEGUIN has added to the high reputation which she enjoyed at the National, by her performance of the heroines in these operas. There is a perfection in this lady's singing, both as regards her knowledge of music and her power of exhibiting it, well worthy of the honors which she has received in Europe, and the commendations of musical critics here. Mr. SEGUIN still maintains his high popularity; and if he wishes to add to it, especially as a buffo, he has only to sustain as often as possible, with the power that he has lately done, such a character as Olifour in the 'Bayadère. Mr. GIUSELLE deserves the highest praise, not only for his execution of the music and the rôle of those operas in which he has been engaged, but especially for the superior drilling which he has bestowed upon the choruses. Mr. MANVERS, in the extremely arduous character of 'Zampa,' gained new laurels, despite the quibblings of those astute critics, who will admit of no hero whose stature is under seven feet, or the gentle warblings of whose voice are of less compass than the condensed roarings of a dozen thunder-claps. To the exertions of Mr. THOMAS, the leader of the orchestra, too much praise cannot be awarded. His part of the work has been done in a manner which places him far above any of his predecessors in the musical chair at the Park. The encores of his overtures, and the reiterated applause bestowed upon the instrumentation of 'Zampa,' especially, must assure him of the high opinion which is entertained of his efforts.

C.

THE NATIONAL, having sunk below nothing under its sometime manager, has been temporarily reopened by a kindred spirit, in whose hands it is speedily destined to a similar fate. A melo-dramatic spectacle has been produced, for the main purpose, as we have been informed, of showing off some fifty or sixty naked women, in a large bath. It was however found necessary, here as elsewhere, to hide this scene to such an extent, that the lookers-on complain loudly that the delectable sight is not seen, and that they do not get their money's worth, little as it is. The *Albion*, speaking of the audiences, remarks: 'We do not recognize many countenances that we are in the habit of seeing at New-York theatres.' Of course not.

THE BOWERY is again under the charge of its old and capable chief, HAMBLIN. The prices have been made to correspond with the times, and with the aid of attractive spectacle, the house has been well filled. The melo-drama of 'Ivanhoe' was a gorgeous and spirited representation, and elicited deserved applause. The enterprising manager has our cordial good wishes for his continued success.

THE CHATHAM, into which we sometimes drop for a short sitting, seems to enjoy its wonted popularity. Mr. KIRBY is a principal favorite. This young gentleman has many fine points about him, and some bad ones. He is too melo dramatic in his 'effects,' too affectedly husky and guttural, occasionally, in his voice, and oftentimes quite too stormful in his energies. We should not mention these blemishes, but that we consider Mr. KIRBY a young man of decided histrionic talent and promise.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC continues its career of success. With its burlesque of 'Sam Parr' and 'The Sleeping Beauty,' it has nightly filled its money and audience-boxes. MITCHELL is a man of talent, tact, and dramatic skill, and understands the science of humbuggery.

SCOTT'S POETRY AND LIFE. — We are gratified to learn that Mr. C. S. FRANCIS, publisher, Broadway, has made arrangements to continue the publication of all of SCOTT'S poetry, and LOCKHART'S Life of SIR WALTER, in the same form of the Waverley series, just completed by Mr. PARKER, in Boston. The edition, save that it will be printed upon new types, and a finer and whiter paper, will be uniform with that of Mr. PARKER, and will be furnished at the same low price; namely, twenty-five cents per Part — with two 'parts' each month. The whole will be included in twenty additional parts, or ten bound volumes of the series. No one who possesses the Boston edition, should fail to possess himself of the complete series, as finished by Mr. FRANCIS.

WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. — We ventured to predict in our last number that there would be no war between England and America, and to express the belief, in opposition to several contemporaries, that in case there *should* be, there would be an even chance that all the cities on the Atlantic coast would hardly be destroyed in a week by British projectiles. It would seem that the doughty projects which some of our journals have foreseen as ready to be carried into execution the moment a war should be declared, are deemed rather difficult of execution by the most loyal of Her Majesty's subjects on the other side of the water. Hear the tory editor of *FRAZER'S Magazine*:

'Let us consider the ordinary notions which we are daily hearing, of levying war in the old fashioned style; getting up expeditions; embarking ten thousand men, supported by sixteen sail of the line; and effecting a landing near New-York; in short, just a repetition of the last war, with its burning of Washington; its unsuccessful attempt on Baltimore; and its general failure to do more than excite a lasting hatred to England throughout the Union.

'Now, the fashion at present seems to be, to speak of the power of England and the weakness of America; of our armaments, and their unpreparedness, in a vaunting and exulting tone, which we must confess is to us absolutely alarming.

'But it is more; it is absolutely foolish. The men who talk of our making war upon a nation of fourteen millions of freemen, unencumbered with debt or taxation; well accustomed to the use of arms; and to be attacked on their own ground, and by their own firesides; the men we say, who think it an easy thing for us, by sending out an expedition and burning a few sea-coast towns, to bring such a nation on its knees, are just about the wildest, the most irrational calculators of the chances of war that ever helped a nation into an inextricable difficulty. Were *this* indeed the prospect before us, were the only course open to us the making a naval and military war, with horse and foot, and ships and steam-boats, upon one of the most powerful nations of the earth, then sad indeed would be our prognostics for the future; melancholy, in the extremest degree, would be our anticipations of the ultimate termination of such conduct.

'For it is useless to shut our eyes to certain collateral issues and necessary contingencies which would speedily mix themselves with the main question. The first maritime power in Europe, with about twenty-five millions, but encumbered with debt, goes to war with its only rival on the seas, a nation of fourteen millions, proud, uplifted, and far too strong to be easily overwhelmed by a *coup de main*. And as the more powerful of the two proposes to attack the other by sending expeditions across the Atlantic, the inequality of their forces becomes considerably diminished, and the probability of a protracted struggle grows still more apparent.

'Now supposing this to be the state of things, must we not remember that our next-door neighbor, the great and warlike nation of France, is burning for an opportunity of wiping off the disgraces of the last war; and has given many most significant tokens of late, of her eagerness to seize the first favorable opportunity of striking a blow at her ancient enemy! And farther, can we avoid hearing, by each mail from Ireland, the plainest threats that ever were couched in language, that so soon as England shall be fairly entangled in a foreign war, the Romish faction in that country will claim, and if necessary will seize upon, the sovereignty of that portion of the empire?

'Nor is this all. Do we not know, by abundant proofs, that the Russian emissaries are unceasingly employed in fomenting mischief in the East; and that the very moment which saw England fully occupied in other directions, would see a Russian force on its way to Northern India? On all these grounds, then, and on others which might be added, we should look upon our entanglement in a protracted warfare with America as the too probable commencement of our national humiliation, dismemberment, and ruin.'

There, Sir Alarmist, cease your idle fears, while you lay this unction to your soul, that war is not an easy game for any nation to play; and that England, least of all, is just now prepared for a round.

DEFERRED NOTICES. — Notices of the following publications are reluctantly but unavoidably postponed: 'Report of the Directors of the New-York Deaf and Dumb Asylum;' 'A Brief History of the Mormons;' 'Historical Discourse in Commemoration of the Original Settlement of Farmington, (Conn.,) in 1640, by NOAH PORTER, Jr.;' 'The Albion Engraving;' 'Insubordination;' 'The Patapsco, and other Poems;' 'Carleton;' and CARLYLE'S 'Heroes and Hero-Worship.'

OUR ENGRAVING. — You will perceive, reader, as you open the present number, a representation of a scene in the olden time of our goodly city, which has been preserved by Mr. L. P. CLOVER, Jr., in an *etching* — a novel and life-like species of engraving, in which there is more merit and art than in the *finer looking* productions of the burin. Observe, that this style preserves the '*keeping*' of the picture to a charm. Here is nothing like SAM WELLES in a dress-coat, white satin waistcoat, and pa'e kid gloves. On the contrary, unadorned nature, *as it was*, is before you; and looking at it a moment, you say: 'Give us the good old enug picturesque public house, with a great tree before it, a bench, and the old swinging sign, that sings or creaks in the wind on winter nights, and the landlord not above nor below his calling, and hearty and rotund as his capacious punch-bowl!' Very dear will this picture be to all genuine KNICKERBOCKERS. Many of them will recognize it to be the last tribute which the New-Netherlands paid to Time, and they will lament accordingly. Before a great while, we hope — when our army of delinquents march honorably up to head-quarters — our readers will be favored with a beautiful transcript of a scene in Manahatta, in the golden age of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, from the pencil of Mr. T. B. THORPE. But yet another engraving will supervene, of a more modern scene, which we may aver cannot fail to attract the admiration of our subscribers.

CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR. — The 'Catholic Expositor and Literary Magazine' is the title of a monthly periodical, the first number of which has just been issued, under the editorial supervision of the Very Rev. FELIX VARELA, and Rev. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D. The work is carefully prepared, and we have read several of its papers with pleasure. Mr. PISE is not unknown to our readers, as an original correspondent; and we find from his hand, in the 'Expositor,' the following remarks upon an article copied from our pages:

'SIMILARITY OF THE SPANISH AND LATIN LANGUAGES. — While perusing the interesting article from the KNICKERBOCKER, which is found in our pages, under the title, 'Is the Latin a Living Language?' it occurred to us to present to our readers some specimens of the similarity which exists between the Spanish and the Latin Languages; and with this view, we have selected such words from the Spanish as may form Latin sentences without the least alteration in either language; and have written a few lines which a Spaniard, unacquainted with the Latin, will understand as being written in his own language, and will never suspect that they can be Latin. On the contrary, a person acquainted with Latin and not with Spanish, will read them and understand them perfectly, without ever suspecting that they can be any thing but Latin. The grammatical rules of both languages are strictly preserved, and the words are pure Latin and pure Spanish. So also is the construction; although, as to the Latin, it cannot be eloquent, because of the *hyperbaton*, or transposition, which makes the beauty of the Latin language, and destroys that of the Spanish. In our composition, we imagine Jesus appealing to a sinner, and the sinner's answer to the divine inspiration:

'Observa tantos dolores! tantas angustias! tantas horas tremendas! observa virgines puras amando, confesores felices orando, martires gloriosos imitando anteriores triunfos inauditos. . . . Considera . . . ora . . . ama . . . O cara memoria! tu excitas sublimes ideas! tu me elevas! Observo honores unicos permanentes, noto victorias gloriosas, considero tantos triunfos legitimos, tantos martires . . . Victima amorosa! preceps divina! te amo — te adoro.'

'The reader will perceive that the accent is not exactly the same in some words in both languages; for instance, *elevas*; in Latin the accent is in the first, and in the Spanish in the second syllable; however, it is evident that this cannot constitute any great difference, and we may properly say that the above paragraph answers for both languages.'

The 'Expositor' is neatly executed, upon a large, clear type, and published by Messrs. MONAHAN AND SMITH, 168 Fulton-street.

'DOW'S PATENT.'—The Short Patent Sermons of Dow, Jr., revised and corrected by the author, are being published by Mr. LAWRENCE LABREE, Fulton-street, in regular 'parts,' of sixteen large, clear pages, at six cents each. Their circulation is said to be already large. The following allusion to the tardy-footed season is characteristic :

'Spring, with all its budding beauties, is once more among us. It's had a pretty tough time of it in getting a foothold this year. It has advanced and retreated, time after time, but it is here now in prime order, waving the green palm of victory over the silent grave of Winter, where he must lie till the resurrection trumpet of Boreas calls him forth again. In the meantime the lovely virgin, Spring, comes riding up from the sunny south in her breezy chariot, drawn by a pair of spangled-winged Sylpha, which she fodders with rose leaves and waters with nectar. She alights from her airy carriage, and trips up and down the Broadway of creation, shaking butterflies from her robe, and filling the whole atmosphere with such perfume as can only be purchased of the apothecary of Nature. She feels as proud as Lucifer, with her new green slippers, green frock and green chapeau, ornamented with violets, buttercups and daisies, which the delicate fingers of her milliner, Flora, have wrought. She cuts a great swell, my friends; she sticks clear out at the corners: every one falls in love with her, and she plays the coquette with every body; and the consequence is, she never gets married. She flirts away the days of her youth, laughs at the hours as they pass by, and trifles with the moments because they are small. She soon verges into ripened womanhood; grows more sedate, and shows some signs of repentance. She no longer wishes to be known as the fickle damsel, Spring, and so calls herself Summer: changes her dress for a still gaudier one, sticks a new feather in her cap, and retires to her shady bower, where she sits fanning herself, impatiently waiting for somebody to come and woo. Enough come to woo, but none to wed, for she is getting past her prime: all her blooming charms are beginning to fade; her raven locks are turning gray, and she is fast falling into what the poets call the sere and yellow leaf. She is now the old maid Autumn, with a jaundiced countenance, purple under the eyes, and a leather-like look round the mouth. She finally goes out into the fields to die like an old horse, while a crow from the pine top sings a dirge to her memory.'

THE AMERICAN REVIEWS.—We have the North-American and New-York Reviews, for the April quarter, and have been entertained and instructed by several papers in each. Chief among the articles of the first-named Quarterly, we regard that upon LAURA BRIDGMAN, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, of the Boston Asylum for the Blind. Beside possessing an almost romantic interest as a narrative, it reflects (we had well nigh said immortal) honor upon our friend and correspondent, Dr. HOWE, the indefatigable and gifted superintendent, upon whose report the paper is based. There are, beside, capital articles upon the North-Eastern Boundary and International Copy-right questions, President QUINCY'S History of Cambridge University, and the Poems of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, from whose communications to this Magazine liberal quotations are made; with other themes, which we cannot specify. As a whole, we regard the present as an excellent number of the 'North-American.' The first article in the 'New-York Review' is an elaborate and it should seem thorough comparison between the Church, in England and America. TYSON'S discourse on the 'Integrity of the Legal Character' is reviewed by an able hand, and in the right spirit. The 'Writings of WILLIAM LEGGETT' and a 'National Bank' are the subjects of the next two articles. SOUTHEY'S History of the Peninsular War, Calletta's History of Naples, and the usual collection of brief 'Critical Notices,' make up the remainder of the number, which it is sufficient praise to say is not inferior to its predecessors.

'THE BINDING OF SATAN,' a group of statuary by BRACKETT, the sculptor, to which we have before referred, has been opened for exhibition at the artist's rooms, in the Granite Building, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street. We hope to see the labor and talents of Mr. BRACKETT adequately rewarded by the public.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN opens at the new and spacious rooms in the Athæneum Building, corner of Broadway and Leonard-street, simultaneous with the issue of the present number. The collection is large and various, and of more than usual excellence. We shall aim to pay our respects to it, in some detail, in our next.

SCHLEGEL'S 'PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.' — We have before us, in two very beautiful volumes from the house of APPLETON AND COMPANY, this popular work of SCHLEGEL, in a course of eighteen Lectures, with a memoir of the author, by JAMES BURTON ROBERTSON, Esq., in which the writer takes a rapid review of the great German's principal productions, notices the circumstances out of which they grew, and the influence they exerted on his age; giving at the same time a full analysis of his political and metaphysical systems. The subjoined is a partial synopsis of the Lectures: The first two treat of man's relation toward the earth, and the division of mankind into several nations; the next seven are upon the antiquity and general system of the Chinese empire; the Hindoos, their mental culture, moral and political institutions, and philosophy; the science and corruption of Egypt; the destinies and special guidance of the Hebrew nation; next an account of the Persians, Greeks, and Romans; then five lectures upon Christianity, and its consolidation and wider diffusion throughout the world; with an account of the different epochs and various stages of progress of modern European nations in science and civil polity; concluding with the Religious Wars, the period of Illuminism, and the time of the French Revolution. This excellent edition of an admirable work can scarcely fail to command a wide sale.

'TAPPAN ON THE WILL.' — We have in this volume an essay upon the doctrine of the Will, as applied to moral agency and responsibility. Touching the investigations of the work, the author, Mr. HENRY B. TAPPAN, asks 'no forbearance of searching thought and vigorous logic.' He asks but a fair and thorough examination of his views and arguments. This we confess we have not found leisure to render the book; and hence content ourselves with this brief announcement of its character. The contents of the volume are: A general view of Psychology; Moral Distinctions are necessary and immutable; Moral Agency and Responsibility; The Extent of Responsibility; Conscience; Pantheism; The Origin of Evil; Diversities of Human Character; Natural and Moral Evil; Divine Government; The Doctrine of the Will, viewed in connexion with the Bible; and a concluding chapter, containing a summary view of the cardinal points in the investigations. MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

'THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW, AND OTHER TALES,' just published by Mr. P. PRICE, Fulton-street, will well repay perusal. The first tale is a successful effort to portray the evils too frequently resulting from the present injudicious system of fashionable female education. 'The Unequal Marriage,' 'The Lonely Burial,' and 'The Valley of Peace,' form the remainder of the work. We can well believe, from internal evidence, that the first named affecting story is an unembellished transcript of a scene from real life.

'A NEW HOME.' — A third and very handsome edition of this sparkling and natural book has just been issued by Mr. FRANCIS, Broadway. It has attained a similar popularity in England; and we think our fair correspondent may reasonably anticipate a tenth edition of her first work, within two years.

MR. CLOVER'S ESTABLISHMENT. — We take pleasure in calling the reader's attention to the establishment of Mr. CLOVER, an advertisement of which appears on the third page of the cover of the present number. The public may rely upon being well served by the Messrs. CLOVER, senior and junior, as the country was once by the elder, what time he was 'in the wars.'

The communications of two or three favorite correspondents, to whom this Magazine has been indebted for much of its attraction, came too late for the present number. They will appear in our next. The following articles are either on file or under advisement: 'Translation from the Romaic of Christopoulos;' 'Mesmer and Animal Magnetism,' Part Two; 'The Age of Science, a Satire;' 'Evening Twilight;' Poetry, by J. G. Percival; A Sonnet by 'G. P. T.;' etc., etc.

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No. 6.

MESMER AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

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IN TWO PARTS: PART TWO.
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It has already been stated that two committees were appointed by the French government, to investigate the claims of Mesmer's theory, one of which was composed of members of the Royal Institute, and the other of members of the Medical Faculty. The former consisted of the following gentlemen: M. M. Franklin, Le Roy, Bailly, De Bori, and Lavoisier; of Doctors Booié, Majault, Sallin, D'Arcet, and Guillotin;* the latter of the following members of the Society of Physicians: Poissonier, Desperières, Caille, Mauduyt, Andry, and Jussieu. It would seem but just that this investigation should have been held in the presence of Mesmer; but he refused to receive any such committee; with the remark that he would admit spectators, but no judges.

Mesmer's disciple, D'Eslon, was not however so intractable as his master. He offered, unsolicited, to afford the committee every facility in investigating both the system of Mesmer, and the manner in which he applied it in diseases. The committee accepted the offer; and in the investigations which now followed, Franklin, on account of ill health, is said to have taken the least, and Jussieu the most active part. The result of the labors of the committee is well known. Animal Magnetism was condemned. Jussieu alone differed from his associates. He did not sign the report, but published one which was favorable to the science.

Against the majority report Mesmer put in his most solemn protest. He alleged that the experiments, having taken place at D'Eslon's house, and under his auspices, could not be considered valid, although it was afterward satisfactorily proved that D'Eslon's method was identical with that of Mesmer. The Medical Faculty, in consequence of the verdict of the committee, requested twenty-one of its members, who had been instructed by D'Eslon, to renounce allegiance to Animal Magnetism, threatening, if they should prove refractory, to deprive them of their *regence*. Seventeen of the number submitted:

* THE same person to whom the revolution afterward became indebted for its great 'equalizer,' the Guillotine.

one of them, however, (T. L. Thomas de L'Anglie,) did not succumb, without complaining most bitterly of the unjust and arbitrary command.

D'Eslon, too, protested against the validity of the report of the commissioners, and a number of his friends followed his example. Of these we name only Bonnifoy, because his work was distinguished by extraordinary critical talent. He endeavored to show, by analytical reasoning, that the commissioners in their report were guilty of palpable errors and contradictions.

Macquart and Brieuve shortly afterward hoped to demolish Animal Magnetism with one *coup de grace*, in an article on Imagination, in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique de Médecine*. But even *they* could not put an end to the quarrels and disputes on that subject. The latter on the contrary continued, though with less rancor, until the French Revolution, in its devouring flood, swallowed up Animal Magnetism, as it did so many other sciences and institutions, which the citizens of the great republic thought they could dispense with.

But though forgotten by the French, it was not decreed that Animal Magnetism should come to such a premature end. The Germans, whose friendship, though perhaps less ardent and enthusiastic than that of their neighbors, is more durable and lasting, appear to have thought it their duty to nurse with increased care and zeal the abandoned stranger. The enthusiastic Lavater first introduced it to the celebrated astronomer Olbers, then a practising physician in Bremen; and we soon find other distinguished philosophers advocates for the principles of the science. Among these, we meet with the names of Gmelin, Professors Reil, Autenrieth, J. D. Nicolai, Schelling, Schubart, Hufeland, and many other less distinguished individuals.

Yet notwithstanding the friends of Animal Magnetism were many and influential, the ranks of its opponents were still more numerous; and not contented with writing, they subjected it to experiments, which we are told by no means established its truth. Be this as it may, the experiments were either considered as insufficient, or else mankind, as philosophers assert, had no great relish for truth; for in spite of numberless books written against it, and in spite of inimical experiments, Animal Magnetism continued to be studied and practised with unabated zeal; so much so, that as late as 1810, Charles A. Kluze, Professor of Surgery in the Royal University of Berlin, in a work on this subject, states it as his firm belief that 'Animal Magnetism, at that time, despite the manifold opposition it had to encounter, was cultivated most assiduously and successfully in Germany, and that there too, in all probability, it would reach its acmé of perfection.'

To the first proposition we are not prepared to raise any opposition; but we are rather inclined to doubt the learned professor's sagacity in foretelling the future fate of Animal Magnetism; since the enterprise and acuteness of Brother Jonathan bids fair to distance the slow Germans, in 'cultivating the science.'

We have till now traced the progress of Animal Magnetism only in France and Germany, and have said nothing as to the reception it met with in the rest of Europe. Sorry we are to confess, that where it was received at all, whether in Italy or England, Holland or Sweden, it was with any thing but feelings of hospitality and friendship.

The soil of England and Holland, it would appear, is not congenial with the growth of such exotics as Animal Magnetism. The scientific men there seem to have had no time to listen to, and the public not to have been refined enough to appreciate, the new discovery. In Italy and Sweden, on its very entrance in those countries, it was repelled with scorn and ridicule.

Such is the history of Animal Magnetism, from its origin down to the first decennium of the nineteenth century. Its existence since then, though perhaps deprived of much of that splendor and influence which characterized its first appearance, seems yet to have lost but little of its innate vigor and progressive tendency; the proofs of which are, the works which have been published on Animal Magnetism, from time to time. The greater part of these was furnished by French, and more recently by American authors. They are well known, and we may therefore refer to them for information of the history of the science in our own times.

We cannot conclude our hasty sketch, without tracing in a few words the closing career of Mesmer. He left Paris, when the more stirring events of the French Revolution had brought into vogue more interesting topics and spectators than Animal Magnetism and its professors, and turned his steps toward England. But here he seems hardly to have been taken notice of; and after having resided there several years, he returned to Switzerland. Here he spent the rest of his days, secured from want by the remnants of that fortune which he had earned by his *industry*; and died in the year 1815, in some obscure town, the place, if we mistake not, which gave birth to his genius.

S O N G .

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL, ESQ.

I.

O! come, loved spirit, come to me —
My heart, my heart invoketh thee:
Though dark and cheerless broods my night,
Thy presence fills it all with light.

II.

O! come, loved spirit, gently come —
O! make beside my heart thy home!
Look on me with endearing smile —
That look shall all my woes beguile.

III.

O! be thou ever, ever nigh —
Bend on me thy complacent eye:
Then shall my heart swell up to thee,
My soul be large, my spirit free.

IV.

Bear me away, through sun and star,
To worlds of softest light afar:
Then bid my wearied eyelids close,
On pillowed flowers, in blest repose.

SONNET: TO A LADY.

Omnia veniatur urna. — HORACE.

Thou hast flashed past me like a meteor gleam,
 A ray of sunlight o'er a darksome stream;
 A glad bright moment from Time's rolling urn —
 And now our life-paths far asunder turn!
 I to the book, the lamp, the thoughtful hour,
 Thou to the exercise of Woman's power.
 And thou hast all with which she weaves her spell
 About the heart, as I myself know well,
 And others too, of whom I here might tell:
 It cannot be that to my silent cell
 Thy thoughts will wander from the bright and gay;
 Yet thou mayest linger o'er this page some day,
 When in thy calmer, holier hours of home;
 Then for my memory may thy heart find room!

Lowville, (N. Y.) April, 18, 1841.

L. P. T.

THE DRAMA AT TINNECUM.

OR MR. CHIPP IN THE 'PROVINCES.'

NEARLY six months had elapsed since the unhappy Mr. Cram had vanished from the town of Tinnecum. The grandees of the place had regained their equanimity, the schoolmaster wielded his birchen sceptre, and held his prerogative secure. There the surface of things remained precisely the same. As when a stone is thrown into Swan Creek, the little eddy, enlarging into broad circles, at last subsides in ripples on the shore, so the agitation which had lately been universal, died away, and Tinnecum relapsed into solitude and repose.

How deep and all-pervading that solitude and repose! The little adventure of the audacious Cram, rebuked as it had been in so signal a way, together with the wonderful goat which I have already mentioned, had created a morbid taste and appetite for excitement, which it was now more difficult to appease. The inhabitants began to feel the burden of an insupportable weariness. They gathered at their places of resort as usual, but their recitals were listless and inanimate. The local gossip and intelligence which had hitherto proved seasonable enough, no longer sufficed them. The demand was greater than the supply, and the venders of news required something more and better to do, than the tearing of ordinary reputations to tatters. Many began to talk of emigrating to the far west, and to complain of a want of enterprise and energy at Tinnecum. It is hard to say how far they might have been carried by these dispositions, if their discontent had not been appeased, at least for the present. The reputation of the town was to be redeemed. There was something very rich indeed looming up in the shape of an entertainment soon to be provided. A vague report had been going around for a couple of weeks, and gathering strength as it went, that a theatrical exhibition had

been projected, and might probably take place at the Inn. This, it appears, had some foundation, for the SELECTMEN were shortly called together to take cognizance of the matter; when the chairman of the meeting, swelling with importance, said he had received a communication, which he begged leave to lay before the board. Whereupon he thrust his hand into his side-pocket, and pulled out a letter, which he opened and read as follows:

'To the Honorable the Selectmen of the town of Tinnecum, the humble petition of GEORGE CHIFF respectfully sheweth:

'That having fulfilled his engagement with the Metropolitan Theatres, he is at present prosecuting a tour which has for its end the promotion of the DRAMA in the provinces. His grand aim and object will be to resuscitate it where it has fallen into neglect; to uphold it where it is struggling; and in places where it has never existed, to give it that prominence as an institution of civilized society, which it has claimed in all ages; to vindicate it from the aspersions of its enemies, to establish it on a firm foundation as a school of morals, an adjunct of the pulpit, and a seminary for the rising generation. Mr. CHIFF is accompanied by his lady, whose celebrated versatility of genius will enable him to present for the approbation of his audiences some of the best creations of the tragic and comic school, with a cast of characters unequalled on any stage. In fostering the above objects, so dear to every lover of his country, Mr. CHIFF relies on the protection of your honorable body, and respectfully begs permission to give two successive representations of the legitimate drama during the evenings of the ensuing week, at which you are as a body invited to attend. And your petitioner will ever pray,' etc.

'There,' said the chairman of the meeting, lifting his spectacles above his brow, when he had done reading, and wiping away the drops of perspiration which had started upon his forehead, *'this communication come to me by special express yesterday, and I have pondered it a good deal, and had no rest last night, I assure you, gentlemen.'*

'The public interest is always dear to you, Squire Sharkey,' said the editor of the Tinnecum Gazette, speaking in bated breath to the most eminent man of the county.

'A handsome compliment, and well merited,' added Mr. Weatherby.

'To be sure it is, to be sure it is,' echoed all the board.

A modest confusion overspread the face of the chairman. He rose from his seat, approached the fire-place, ejected a quid of tobacco, which had hitherto filled up all his cheek, and having thus gained a little time, returned to the table, and reflected on all present a self-approving and congratulatory smile. *'I am glad my fellow citizens thinks well of my conduct,'* said he; *'it is that what sustains me in upheaving the burden of this great community. You have justly remarked that the interests of Tinnecum is dear to me. Be assured of my cordial acquiescence, gentlemen. Be assured that I wish to do what is right, and when that is the case, there is no difficult', there is no difficult'.'*

This prompt and generous expression of feeling on the part of the chairman received a most hearty response from all present; and the secretary of the board, who could hardly contain himself until the conclusion, rose up on his legs, his hair standing on end, and his countenance expressive of intense admiration, and beat the table enthusiastically with his two fists, so that the pens danced about, and the ink-stand was very nearly overturned. *'I beg leave to move,'* said he, with a sparkling eye, which showed how much his feelings were enlisted in what he said, *'I beg leave to move that them superhuman words be inscribed as a motto on the Tinnecum arms: 'There is no difficult'; there is no difficult'.'*

The chairman was completely overwhelmed. It is true that he

thought he had always deserved the approbation of his townsmen, but this outbreak of honest feeling took him completely by storm. He wiped the corner of his eye with his knuckles, and when the secretary, with a delicate propriety, had put and carried the question without a dissenting voice, 'Gentle-men,' said he, 'let us now proceed to the business of the board.'

The members obeyed the suggestion, and drew their chairs near to the table. The chairman then wiped his spectacles, placed them on his nose, elevated his eye-brows, wrinkled his forehead, opened the epistle of Mr. Chipp, and spreading it out before him, pressed it down hard with his right hand. He then took off his spectacles again, hemmed thrice, and looked round. A deep silence reigned in the room, unbroken by a single word. The hearts of the selectmen thumped audibly against their ribs, and they remained in utter ignorance of the course to be pursued. Perhaps they knew well, and could have stated, what their own desires were, but they held back with deferential awe. The chairman at last broke silence. 'Gentle-men,' said he, in that hushed whisper in which he always spoke when business of importance was pending, 'the case is plainly this. We have a communication here from that eminent comedian, Mr. Chipp ——'

Several members of the council breathed more freely. But a long pause intervened.

'I say, we have got a communication from that eminent comedian, Mr. Chipp; and we 'm now sot down to deliberate onto it. What we 'd better do, will all depend on you, gentlemen, and your enlightened *sentiments*, guided in a measure, as I hope, by such views of duty ——'

A revulsion took place in the feelings of the members.

'By such views of duty as I shall lay before you. No doubt you 've all hearn tell of *Theaytres*, gentlemen. No doubt you know pretty nigh what they be. If you do n't, perhaps it would be extremely proper for me to inform you. I 've examined that subject pretty thoroughly before I come up here, and from what I can find out, I 'm compelled to say — gentlemen, I am compelled to say, that I am a-feared theaytres is like some folks that I could mention in this community, '*no better than they should be.*' Great emotion was manifested in the board when Squire Sharkey said this, and a sickly smile and approval of his wit. 'And sooner,' proceeded he, with emphasis, 'and sooner, gentlemen, than the great cause of morals should be put into jeopardy at Tinnecum, I — I — I don' know what I would do!'

'A noble sentiment,' ejaculated Mr. Weatherby, and we 'll stand by you, Squire.'

'Yes, we will!' exclaimed several in a breath.

'The *Press* wont be backward in the present instance,' said the editor of the Tinnecum Gazette, in a feeble, tremulous voice. 'The press will be found a great moral engine.'

'What, Sir?' thundered the chairman of the board.

'What, Sir?' exclaimed the secretary.

'What, Sir?' repeated all the rest.

'I said that the press was a — a — a great moral engine,' replied the editor, hesitatingly. 'I hope I did n't say no wrong, Sir.'

'Not a bit of it. Certainly not. I misunderstood your meaning. I ask your pardon, Sir.'

'We ask your pardon, Sir,' echoed the board.

'It's granted, with pleasure, gentlemen. The press, as I was saying, is a great moral engine, and I mean that it shall lift up its voice in this quarter against the corrupt stage.'

'The stage? — what stage?' said a man at the editor's elbow. 'We want a stage here. Do you mean to oppose a mail stage?'

'If that's what your a-drivin' after,' said another, 'it's a pity your printin' ingine warn't heaved into the creek.'

'No, gentlemen, you misinterpret my meaning. I do n't mean to lend my columns to any such opposition. I am the firm and unflinching advocate of a mail stage. When I spoke of the stage, I meant the *theaytre*.'

'Oh — ah! That's it, is it? Then *say* what you *mean*.'

'There's no doubt that the *theaytre* is the wickedest place in the world,' said the secretary.

'Oh! certainly it is,' replied Mr. Weatherby, with some degree of despondence in his tone.

'And since that is the case, gentlemen,' said the president, with a severe dignity in his manner, 'we had n't ought to patronize this thing. Certainly not, I say, *if* that is the case. The public morals is entrusted to us, and we're bound to take care of them.'

If Mr. Chipp, of the great Metropolitan Theatre, could have looked into the assembly who were deliberating upon his case at this moment, he would have thought that the prospects of the drama, as far as related to Tinnecum, were very poor indeed. For the selectmen of the town appeared all to have their necks set the same way, and with infinite self-denial had brought themselves to toe what they considered the direct line of duty. Thus the matter stood, when a little, dark, bilious man, who had hitherto sat perfectly quiet at the board, and had taken no part in the proceedings, suddenly roused himself in his chair. Alas! alas! for the cause of good morals; if that little, dark, billious man had only thought fit to have held his tongue, never had the reputation of that wild wight, Will Shakspeare, penetrated to these parts, and thou, Mr. George Chipp, great and swelling tragedian as thou art, would never have trod the boards at Tinnecum! But Mr. Chubbs, for that was the name of the personage already mentioned, took it in his head to speak out.

'My christian friends,' said he, 'I'm pleased to hear you talk as you do. You speak like christian men. We do n't want the dear Tinnecum youth to be corrupted by that devil's nursery. Our minister says he will have no such doings here, and that the *theaytre* is a notorious school of the devil.'

This little speech, which had been innocently put in with the best intentions, wrought wonders. Never had Squire Sharkey assumed such an air of offended dignity. He immediately drew himself up, and casting a terrible glance at the person who had spoken: 'Sir,' said he, 'no dictation here. We want no dictation here. We shall submit to none.'

A sudden light seemed to break in upon the members of the board. They started eagerly from their seats, bent forward toward the dis-

committed moralist, and roared out in a furious voice : ' No dictation, Sir. We want no dictation. We shall submit to none.'

The poor man was nearly overwhelmed by so many speakers. But he endeavored to bear up and support his cause. It was, in his view of the case, a sacred cause, and one in which the rising generation were concerned. ' Gentlemen,' said he, ' I stated that the theaytre was the school of the devil.'

' Then, Sir,' replied the chairman, ' you stated what you did 'nt know any thing at all about. Have you ever been to the theaytre, Sir ?'

' I can 't exactly say that I have ; but — but — but ——'

' We want no *buts* here, Sir ; we want sound argument. If you 've never been there, what do you know about it ?'

' Squire,' said Mr. Chubb, with a cholicky expression of countenance, ' I s'pose I need 'nt put my hand in the fire, to find out whether it will burn.'

' Insulting puppy ! Do you mean to face me down here with your sophisms ? Do you want me to demand the protection of this body ? You talk about fire. Be keerful that you do n't burn your own fingers, Sir !'

This keen and cutting retort, enhanced as it was by a withering and demoniacal scowl, was received with the most uproarious applause. The secretary seemed acutely alive to it. His whole face was wrinkled up with smiles, and the tears fairly squeezed out of his eyes. At last he had to hide his head, out of feeling for Mr. Chubbs. ' Oh ! oh ! oh !' whispered he, audibly, in the ear of the gentleman who sat next to him ; ' did you ever *hear* any thing so severe !'

The rest of the company, with less delicacy, fixed their gaze unremittingly on the obnoxious member, with an evident curiosity to see how he would look ; and if I must state what was passing through their minds, they *did* think that he looked peculiarly *small*. Mr. Chubbs rose from his seat. ' He 's a-goin' out !' said they to themselves. ' Now we 'll have Mr. Chipp. It 's high time that he went out. It 's too hot for him here.' What was the surprise of these men, however, when they saw the rash Chubbs actually gazing at the chairman with an unparalleled coolness, and only a little blacker in the visage than he was before ! ' Squier,' said he, in a tone half supplicatory, half interrogatory, ' just let me ax you one question ; have *you* ever been to the theaytre ?'

The chairman half rose from his seat, compressed his lips with great violence, so that his chin was covered with wrinkles an inch deep, and dropping his head on his left shoulder, without altering the position of his body, gazed sidelong for a half a minute at Mr. Chubbs. Oh ! that look ! What a breathless expectation reigned in the town hall ! ' Have I ever been to the theaytre ?' Here the speaker again compressed his lips and paused ; and then immediately dropping on his seat, and slamming his fist on the table, he added in one breath, and with a voice of thunder : ' Have I ever been to the theaytre ? Yes ! I was took to the play once-t, when I was a youth, and justice compels me to say, gentlemen, that —— I was highly pleased with it !'

The effect of all this was electric — triumphant. The eyes of the members almost swelled out of their heads with admiration and

delight. 'Oh, Guy!' they all screamed; 'only hark to the Squire! The Squire's been to the theaytre!'

'Yes, gentlemen, I *have* been there, although it was a smart spell ago; but I remember it as well as yesterday. It was when I was a boy. My uncle says to me, 'Bubby,' says he, 'you shall go to the play to-night.' And sure enough, when the night came, off we went to the theaytre. And when we got there, he sot me on his knees, and give me a hunk of gingerbread, and my pockets full of pea-nuts. Presently a wild Ingen come in, with a tommybox in his hand. That frightened me, for I was but a child, and I hollered out. 'Bubby,' says he, 'it won't hurt you. There now, be a good boy.' First I wanted to go out, but bime-by I got used to it. And then I could have sot still all night. This, however, was thirty years ago. And now, gentlemen, we have an application here from that distinguished comedian, Mr. Chipp; and with my strict notions with regard to justice, I do n't, when I come to think more on the matter, gentlemen, I do n't think it would be right to condemn him without a hearing. It is n't doing as we would be done by. It is not, you may rest assured.'

'Squire, your *sentimens* are noble, scriptural, and correct,' said a member of the board, 'and I honor them. If you have no objection, I should like to have that letter read over again.'

'Certainly,' replied the chairman. 'Mr. Secretary, please read that letter aloud, for the benefit of the board.'

This request having been complied with, the chairman exclaimed: 'There, gentlemen, I call that a very handsome letter. It is honorable to the writer and respectful to this board. It was only from the best motives that I hesitated. You all know my desire, gentlemen, to preserve the morals of Tinnecum entirely pure.'

The secretary grasped the hand of Squire Sharkey, and shook it warmly. 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'permit me, in the name of my associates, to say, that we have the fullest confidence that you will act for the best interests of this town and of this community.'

Squire Sharkey was much affected. He however went on to say: 'What I propose, gentlemen, is this. Let us hear Mr. Chipp act this once-t, and judge for ourselves, and if we do n't like him, we won't never let him come here ag'in. That is easy enough. There is no *difficul'*. Will any gentleman make such a motion?'

It was immediately made and seconded, and the question put: 'Those who are in favor of this motion, say 'Ay.' 'The walls of the building shook with a most hearty 'Ay!'

'Those who are of the contrary opinion, will please to say 'No.' '

'No.' .

'Gentlemen, somebody said 'No!'

Chubbs here rose up, unblushingly, and was about to speak, but a volley of groans and hisses was directed against that audacious man, which compelled him, after making several attempts to be heard, to sit down. The editor of the Tinnecum Gazette then took the floor, and having recovered confidence, thus spoke:

'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Board:— Nothing was farther from my intentions when I came here this evening than to trespass on your patience; but, after what has just occurred, I feel

myself compelled to speak boldly. We have here witnessed the spectacle of a single man creating tumult and discord in this body, and receiving a slight reproof compared with what he deserves. But there is a point, gentlemen, beyond which he should not be permitted to go, and I am decidedly of the opinion that he has trespassed on your good nature and forbearance a little too far. I rise, therefore, for the purpose of proposing, that by casting a negative vote, as he has just done, he has attempted to disturb the unanimity of this body, and has, *ipso factotum*, by the act itself, ceased to be a member of this board. He has moreover been guilty of a foul conspiracy to injure the rising prospects of the drama in this town, and to destroy the character of Mr. Chipp. And I *do* hope that if this board does nothing else, they will at least appoint a committee to apologize to Mr. Chipp, and to present him with the freedom of the town, shut up in a box of snuff. Gentlemen, I know that I speak warmly on this subject. I *feel* so. I know that I risk my life in speaking as I now do. I see the venomous eyes of that man fixed upon me. But I could not, in justice to myself, in justice to you, gentlemen, refrain from being thus severe on that man's conduct, come what will. I however ask it as a particular favor, that *four* of the members of this honorable board will accompany me to my lodgings, one to walk on each side of me, and one before me, and one in my rear, to defend my life from his savage malignity. I have now done, Sir, at least for the present. But I trust that I shall always have a word to say, when I can be of service to this board.'

The editor sat down amidst much applause. 'It was really a beautiful speech, was n't it?' whispered the secretary.

'Yes, it was; handsomely worded—sublime.'

It is no wonder that in the excited state of the assembly, the proposition of the editor should have prevailed. Mr. Chubbs was expelled. After this, a member rose, and said he had only a single remark to make, and that was, that the emphatic words which the chairman had made use of at one stage of the proceedings, would be exactly the thing to inscribe on the colors of the INDEPENDENT TINNECUM VOLUNTEERS, and he hoped it would be done, so that if their brave troops should ever be called out to defend their country, and feel inclined to waver in battle, they would only have to cast their eyes upward, and derive fresh courage when they perused that victorious phrase, '*There is no difficul', there is no difficul'!*' This, of course, was approved of, and the board adjourned.

The editor was accompanied on his way home by four members who kindly volunteered to go with him, but being sharply attacked before he had advanced far, by a small dog, he was deserted by his body-guard, and fleeing for his life, at last arrived at his office in a state of great agitation and excitement. There he sat down, and when he had recovered breath, by the aid of his foreman, penned the following incendiary article:

'HIGHLY IMPORTANT. — We stop the press to announce that we have been informed on the most undoubted authority that that distinguished histrian, Mr. GEORGE CHIPP, recently from the great metropolitan theatres, together with his accomplished lady, will perform here in the course of a few days. Mr. Chipp's proposition to introduce the drama into this place was entertained in the Board of Selectmen, after a most stormy debate. And here we cannot help animadverting on the unchristian and ungentlemanly deportment of Mr. Chubbs, late a member of that Board. With a parti-

nacity which were astounding, he sat himself up in opposition to the wishes of his associates. In the course of a speech directed mainly against that gentleman, we spoke our mind pretty freely, in consequence of which he sent a ferocious mastiff to attack us by the way-side, by whom our coat-tail was severely torn, our hat jostled from our head, and we received other injury. Such conduct needs no comment. We cannot help congratulating our townsmen on the great treat which will be soon afforded them. Never yet on the shores of Swan Creek has the sweet Bard of Avon tuned his melodious liar. Who can doubt that the theatre is one of the best schools that we have, to inculcate sentiments, to improve the morals, to refine the feelings, and to soothe the heart? The efforts which Mr. GEORGE CHIPP has been making in this country, to place the drama on a strong foundation, redound highly to his honor. Success to him, say we! And to all those who will have an opportunity to see and hear for themselves, we say, *go*, and let us show to the world that there is taste, patriotism, and refinement in TINNECUM.'

When the Tinnecum Gazette appeared on the following day, a postscript was annexed to the above article, to this effect :

'Mr. Chubbs has just been in the office, and having threatened us with a severe cow-hiding, we are reluctantly compelled to declare, that the foregoing article, so far as relates to him, is a fabrication, and utterly devoid of truth. We made it unadvisedly, and are heartily sorry for it. As to the rest of that article, however, we pledge our honor and veracity that it is correct, and may be entirely relied upon.'

'ED. TIN. GAZ.'

When the news had thus been completely divulged that there would be a theatrical entertainment, the high-wrought expectation and curiosity of the Tinnecumites exceeded all bounds. They had got a vague and imperfect notion of theatrical things, derived from no very authentic sources, and likewise an idea that there was something morally wrong about them, they knew not what. This sharpened the edge of their desire the more.

When at last the morning came, on which Mr. Chipp was expected to arrive, nearly the whole town were collected on the piazza of the hotel, to get a sight of that remarkable man. They waited long, but he came not. At last a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and presently a close chaise, with a large trunk strapped behind it, drew up before the hotel. Mr. George Chipp looked out: 'By the shade of Shakspeare!' exclaimed he to his wife, 'we shall play a splendid engagement here. The whole town of Tinnecum has turned out to do homage to the drama!' He handed his lady out of the chaise, and bowed with an easy grace to the assembled crowd. Squire Sharkey, in his bald crown, at the head of the SELECTMEN, received him on the steps, and in the name of that body thus spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Chipp :

COMEDIANS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY! WE BID YOU WELCOME TO THE TOWN OF TINNECUM.

To which Mr. Chipp, hat in hand, replied :

'YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL: Words would fail me to express the emotions of my heart at this kind and unexpected reception. I cannot persuade myself to believe that it is so much a tribute to myself as to the cause of which I am proud to be the humble champion. Accept, gentlemen, our profound considerations, and rest assured that we shall omit no endeavors to please you, and to promote the cause of dramatic literature in this town.'

After this, Mr. Chipp took his lady by the fingers and handed her into the hotel, followed by the selectmen, where brandy-and-water were called for, and Squire Sharkey, of his own accord, sent out for some biscuit and a pound of cheese. While these things were going on within, a little incident occurred without, which had like to have proved serious. Mr. Chubbs, by the merest accident,

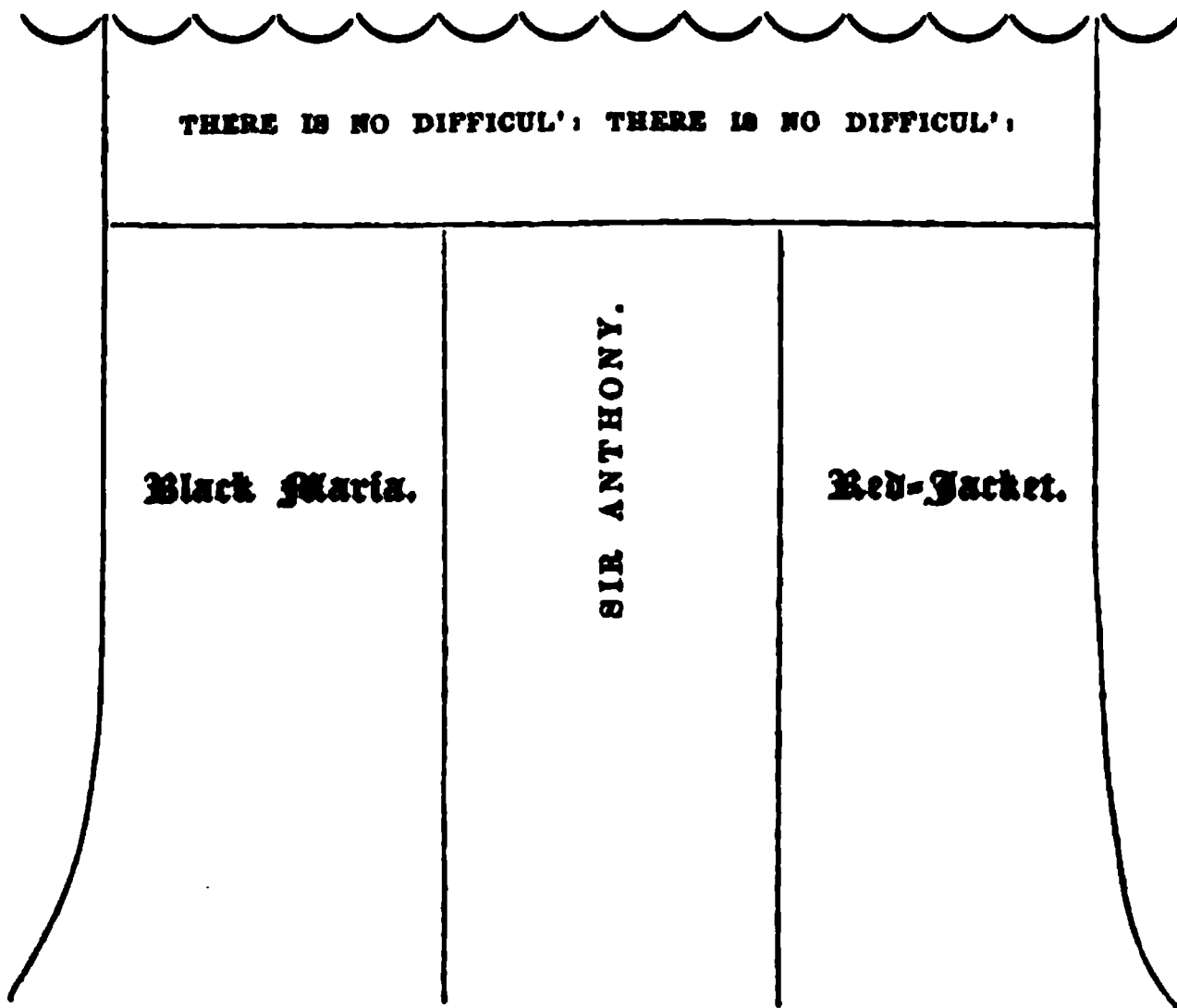
happening to pass by, before the crowd had dispersed, some one pointed him out, when he was immediately set upon by an exasperated populace, and mounted upon a rail. Squire Sharkey was sent for in this emergency, and by his powerful influence succeeded in assuaging the mob, by waving his hand to them, on which they at once dispersed. Then turning to the discomfited Chubbs, whom he had so suddenly laid under obligations, thereby heaping as it were coals of fire on his head, he said, with a generosity and good humor peculiar to him: 'Go home, Sir, and let this teach you a lesson, the longest day you live.' Chubbs burst out a-crying, and went his ways, and Squire Sharkey, that great and good man, glorying in the respect and gratitude of his fellow-men, retired to the bosom of his family, and told his wife and daughters to get ready for the evening, as he had asked a free ticket for himself and house, to which Mr. Chipp had in the handsomest manner assented. Likewise also the Common Council had asked free tickets, and the printer and his foreman, and the particular friends of Mr. Chipp.

Well, the evening of performance came, and the few arrangements necessary for the play were made — where else should they be made? — in the long room of the Village Inn. A great crowd was assembled, and blocked up the street at an early hour; and as soon as the doors were opened, the rush was immense. Ladies, in spite of their new hats and finery, were squeezed most unmercifully; but it could not be helped, and it was borne philosophically. Many persons were lifted up bodily, and never touched their feet until they got in the room. Mr. Chipp afterward said, that 'since the days of the great GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE, he had seen nothing to compare with it in this country.'

Even when the multitude had got in, they were swayed to and fro with violence. There was a great hum, and clamor, and a clambering over benches to get the best places. These, when obtained, I am delighted to say, were yielded up without a sigh to the lovely women of Tinnecum. Nor would I, in stating this fact, arrogate to her inhabitants a virtue which does not belong to all our countrymen. It is the pride of our country to do homage to the fair. For she holds them in higher estimation than all her riches, and the brightest gems in her coronet.

When the audience had settled down, there was a hushed stillness, and the eyes of all were directed in one steady gaze at the curtain. This was composed of the decorated blankets of three blood horses, who were put out 'to grass' at Tinnecum. Unfortunately the blankets were of different colors, and with the name of the racers emblazoned upon them in large capitals. Mr. Chipp hoped that his audience would not find fault with the curtain, because it did not happen to be *green*. In order to eke it out, as it rather lacked in quantity, and to add to its variety, the upper part was composed of a long strip of white muslin — scalloped ingeniously at top, and stitched, by some tasteful sempstress — on which, in allusion to the difficulties which the drama had surmounted in the council of the selectmen, and out of delicate compliment to Squire Sharkey, were inscribed in red letters those memorable words which he had spoken, and which had been so cordially welcomed by his fellow citizens: so that the curtain

when down presented the following compartments and inscriptions, with an ornamental sweep each way, at the bottom, quite beautiful to see :



A long bench was laid down before the stage, which was only a continuation of the floor, and behind it six japanned lamps, with the wicks up high, reflected a dazzling lustre. In front of the curtain was stationed the TINNECUM ROSSINI BAND, consisting of one clarionet and one drum. The triangle was ill. It had been settled among the *dilettanti* that Mr. Dawkins, foreman in the Gazette printing-office, should give the cue to the audience, as he was quite *au fait* in theatricals, having lived a whole month in a borough town where the drama was upon the rise. This functionary therefore began his duties as soon as the audience were well seated, and rising up from his place in the orchestra, began to stare all around the room. He had a most unpleasant grin, and wore spectacles, and showed his teeth all the while. For fear that he should not attract the attention which he deserved, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, not as white as if it had come from the fuller's, and displaying it on high like a flag of truce, at last buried his head in it, and sneezed two or three times prodigiously. After this, he twisted his nose almost off with it, and put it up. Being thus pleasantly refreshed, his next movement was to take out a kind of opera-glass, fastened to his vest by an intricate variety of brass chains, and screwing it into his eye, to gaze with an intense inquiry into certain quarters, after the most approved fashion. Some of the rustic belles thought this proceeding incomparably impudent on the part of Dawkins, and said they never 'see such conduct.' But Dawkins knew better than the ladies (I hope I may be excused for saying it) what was in accordance with the usages of

and Zimmerman's book is in his hand. For a moment he speaks not. At last he casts around him a solemn look, and in a ragged and sepulchral voice, 'Francis' says he. That first word which he spoke went like an electric shock to the hearts of the whole audience. They half rose from their seats, they leaned forward, they opened their mouths wide in eagerness, but they obscured the view of those who sat in the back part of the room, who immediately raised a great cry, 'Down there in front! Down! down! down!' A complete hubbub arose. Dawkins got on his feet, and glared round with his spectacles. 'Silence!' shouted he, in a peremptory tone, at the same time striking his cane on the floor. He might as well have spoken to the wind. Those who had paid for their tickets, swore that they *would* see, and a very unpleasant scene was likely to ensue. But Squire Sharkey arose, and waved his hand with a very salutary effect. The tumultuous sea of heads immediately sank down, and each one found his own level. During all this time the Stranger preserved the same aspect; and when all was quiet, he looked up again, and called 'Francis.'

Sir.

Stra. Leave me to myself!

Fra. [*Aside, surveying him.*] Thus it is from morn to night. For him nature has no beauty; life no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile. What will be his fate at last? Nothing diverts him. Oh, if he would but attach himself to any living thing! — were it an animal — for something man must love!

'Oh, what a tender, charming sentiment is that!' said the editor of the Tinnecum Gazette, leaning over and whispering in the ear of Squire Sharkey; 'love any thing — even an animal!' Miss Sharkey, who heard the remark, and was *old enough* to comprehend its meaning, blushed deeply, and the pathetic passage in Lalla Rookh was suggested to her mind:

'Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour.'

It spoke volumes in favor of the acting of Mr. Chipp, that he had already, having scarcely spoken a single word, excited the deepest commiseration in the hearts of his fair audience. It was evident that he was an injured husband. Poor man! he had not been seen to smile in three years. That was a long time. He looked as if he would never smile again:

Stra. I'll hear no more. Who is this Mrs. Haller? Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good she has always been before me.

Fra. You should rejoice at that.

Stra. (*With bitter sarcasm*) Rejoice!

Fra. Why not seek to be acquainted with her? The steward says she has been unwell, and confined to her room almost ever since we have been here. But one would not think it, to look at her; for a more beautiful creature I never saw.

Stra. (*Sneering, and speaking in a hollow voice.*) So much the worse. Beauty is a mask.

Mr. Dawkins, who had thus far sat in the orchestra sucking the head of his cane, no sooner heard that true sentiment that beauty was a mask, which was rendered more effective by an intense acerbity of expression, than he thought it high time to bring down the house on the head of Mr. Chipp; and starting suddenly, he dashed his cane and his heels at the same moment on the floor, and putting his cane and his heels, his head and his shoulders, into violent agitation, succeeded in raising a prodigious burst of applause.

Stra. Beauty is a mask.

Fra. In her it seems a mirror of the soul. Her charities —

Stra. Talk not to me of her charities. All women wish to be conspicuous: in town by their wit, in the country by their heart.

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ exclaimed Dawkins; ‘in the country by their heart!’ *Bravyo!*

‘*Bravyo! Bravyo!*’ echoed the audience.

Fra. ‘Tis immaterial in what way good is done.

Stra. (*Positively*) no; ‘t is not immaterial.

Fra. To this poor old man at least.

Stra. He needs no assistance of mine.

Fra. His most urgent wants indeed Mrs. Haller has removed; but whether she has or could have given as much as would purchase liberty for the son, the prop of his age —

Stra. Silence! I will not give him a doit! You interest yourself very warmly in his behalf. Perhaps you are to be a sharer in the gift.

Fra. Sir, sir, that did not come from your heart.

Stra. [*Recollecting himself.*] Forgive me!

The inimitable acting of Chipp in this place touched a cord in the heart of Squire Sharkey. ‘Noble generosity!’ exclaimed he; ‘expansive benevolence!’ Mr. Dawkins looked displeased. But the audience shared in the high-wrought enthusiasm of the Squire, and with one voice responded, ‘Noble generosity! expansive benevolence!’

Were I more of a critic in these matters, I should follow out the performance, noting the parts in which Mr. Chipp ‘out-did himself,’ ‘was great,’ and proved himself ‘a soul;’ parts which, by the assistance of Mr. Dawkins, were keenly appreciated by the inhabitants of Tinnecum, and rewarded with their approbation and applause. The scenes had been judiciously selected, and curtailed as they were of necessity, gave an idea of the plot of the piece. The audience find out that Mrs. Haller, passing her days in tears and solitude — admired of all who behold her — an angel of mercy to the poor — is no other than the STRANGER’S repentant WIFE; and they reserve all their emotions, all their sympathies, for that affecting scene of reconciliation, which Mrs. Inchbald, perhaps properly, denominates the catastrophe of the play. When Chipp comes upon the scene, or rather the STRANGER, to take leave, as he had resolved, of his wife forever, he stares around with a wild, crazy look, and running his fingers into his long black hair, exclaims:

The last moment of my life draws near. I shall see her once again on whom my soul deats. Is this the language of an injured husband? What is this principle which we call honor? Is it a feeling of the heart? (*pressing his clasped hands against his heart,*) or a quibble of the brain? (*smiting his forehead.*) I must be resolute. Let me speak solemnly, yet mildly. Yes, her penitence is real. She shall not be obliged to live in mean dependence: she shall be mistress of herself, she shall —

Chipp here clenched his hand, clenched his teeth, and threw his whole frame into such a convulsive shudder, that the whole room trembled as with an earthquake, and his appearance was really horrible. Dawkins could not stand this, and unfortunately chose to bring down the house just as Mrs. Haller was coming in, full of excitement and agony. Mr. Chipp looked very cross, and proceeded in the part:

Ha! she comes! Awake, insulted Pride! Protect me, injured Honor!

Enter MRS. HALLER.

Mrs. H. [*Advances slowly, and in a tremor. Approaches the Stranger, who with averted countenance, and in extreme agitation, awaits her address.*]

My Lord!

Stra. [*With tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.*] What would you with me, Adelaide?

Mrs. H. (Much agitated.) No—for Heaven's sake! I was not prepared for this — Adelaide! No, no! For Heaven's sake! Harsh tones alone are suited to a culprit's ear. Oh! if you will ease my heart, if you will spare and pity me, use reproaches.

Stra. Reproaches! Here they are; here on my sallow cheek — here in my hollow eye — here in my faded form. These reproaches I could not spare you.

Mrs. H. Were I a hardened sinner, this forbearance would be charity; but I am a suffering penitent, and it overpowers me. Alas! then I must be the herald of my shame, for where shall I find peace, until I have eased my soul by confession?

Stra. No confession, Madam. I release you from every humiliation. I perceive you feel that we must part forever.

Mrs. H. I know it. Nor come I here to supplicate your pardon. All I dare ask is, that you will not curse my memory.

Stra. [Moved.] No, I do not curse you. I shall never curse you.

Mrs. H. [Agitated.] From the conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have during three years abandoned it. But this is not enough; you must have redress which will enable you to choose another—another wife. This paper will be necessary for the purpose; it contains a written acknowledgment of my guilt. *[Offers it, trembling.]*

Stra. [Tearing it into a thousand pieces, and scattering them on the floor, at the same time bursting out with heroic fury.] Perish the record forever!—*[immense applause.]* No, Adelaide, you only have possessed my heart; and I am not ashamed to own it, you alone will reign there forever. Your resolute honor forbids you to profit by my weakness; and even if — Now, by Heaven, this is beneath a man! We cannot—we cannot— But never, never will another fill Adelaide's place here.

Mrs. H. [Trembling.] Then nothing now remains but that one sad, hard, just word—farewell! Forget a wretch who never will forget you; and when my penance shall have broken my heart, when we again meet in a better world —

Stra. There, Adelaide, you may be mine again. *[They embrace tenderly.]*

This final scene told with tremendous effect upon the audience at Tinnecum. In many parts Chipp was really terrific, and showed that he had studied the tragic art attentively. There was not a dry eye in the room. Mr. Dawkins was beguiled into silence, and appeared to 'feel deeply.' Squire Sharkey was completely unmanned. The editor of the Tinnecum Gazette cried. The sobs of the women broke out at the conclusion into a universal wail, and the children and infants at the breast united their energies.

On this scene of affliction the curtain fell, and the success of the legitimate drama was complete. To say that the spectators were delighted, would be too feebly to express the truth. All their better feelings were stirred up. 'Oh,' said they, wiping their eyes, 'that can't be beat! We wish the minister was here. He would certainly approve of it. And poor Susanna Jane,' said a fair girl, 'what a pity she has not seen it!—she would have been so affected; she may never see the like again at Tinnecum.' The person thus alluded to was Miss Chubbs, the only young lady of any respectability who had been absent. She had besought her father on the evening of performance in her most winning way, 'Dear papa! do let me go to Mr. Chipp's benefit.' But that inexorable man refused. Many of the audience were so thoroughly impressed with the *reality* of the scenes which they had witnessed, that they could not divest themselves of this feeling even when the play was done; and they hoped that the STRANGER, now that he was so happily reconciled with his wife, would never fall out with her again, and that they would live together happily all their lives.

While these things were going on in the audience, Mr. and Mrs. Chipp tipped each other the wink behind the scenes, and refreshed themselves each with a glass of brandy-and-water, sweetened with a little sugar. In a moment after, Squire Sharkey and Mr. Dawkins came there, just as Mr. Chipp had one leg in a pair of white trowsers.

'My dear Sir,' said the Squire, 'your style of acting does honor to the human heart. You have made a great hit at Tinnecum.'

'And you too, Ma'am,' added Mr. Dawkins, grinning with a patro-

nizing air upon the lady, 'you have made the Tinnecum tears flow rapid, I assure you. You're a-going to dance a *pazzool* now, aint you Ma'am ?'

The lady made a retreating curtsey, inclining her head side-wise, and smiling, at the same time intimating that she had not yet made her toilette, and the curtain would soon rise.

'Certingly, certingly,' said Squire Sharkey, taking the hint ; 'Dawkins, we'll go out, and tell the music to keep on a spell.' These worthies then went back into the audience, where somebody had usurped the seat of Mr. Dawkins, and refusing to give it up, a severe fight ensued, and before it could be quelled, the gentleman of the press had received a black eye, and a long scratch on the nose.

But the attention of every one was withdrawn from this, when Mrs. Chipp came bounding upon the stage, to the music of the Tinnecum band. In personal appearance this lady might *not* be called handsome. She was ill-formed about the neck and shoulders, and somewhat deficient in *tournure* ; but she smiled bewitchingly when she danced, and exhibited a style of art totally unknown to the Tinnecumites. Never before had they realized the poetry of motion ; never had they seen any thing so ethereal. It was indeed a marvel that Mrs. Chipp danced so well, as the Rossini band had got two tunes mixed up in a marvellous manner ; but in spite of all that, she went bounding and pirouetting away, until becoming fatigued, she glided behind the screen, from the eyes of the delighted spectators.

'By all the powers !' shouted Dawkins, 'we'll have that over again. Huzza ! *Bravyo ! Oncore !*' A tumultuous cry arose : '*Bravyo ! oncore ! oncore !*' and amidst the stamping of heels, and the clapping of hands, and the waving of handkerchiefs, out came Mrs. Chipp again, all smiles and gladness, nodding to her friends with airy grace, balancing herself with bare and somewhat long arms, standing on the tips of her toes, and performing feats compared with which pigeon-wings were contemptible. If the audience had been delighted with Mrs. Haller, how much more with the intellectual character of the dance ! Their brains now swam with indefinable emotions ; they became enchanted for the moment, and were the victims of an hallucination hitherto unknown. Men's and women's hearts were in a flutter. Their breath came and went. Mr. Dawkins stood aghast in amazement. He thought he had discovered Mrs. Chipp's garters. To the ordinary marks of applause were now added the more tumultuous noises of the play-house ; frantic screams of delight, cries of *bravyo ! bravyo !* and modes of expression peculiar to Tinnecum : 'Good !' 'fust rate !' 'go ahead !' 'that can't be beat !' etc.

Mrs. Chipp was called out a third time. The mania was spreading. The very selectmen were catching the contagion. Squire Sharkey was observed to be visibly agitated. His mind was beginning to wander ; he looked wild 'out of his eyes,' and starting from his seat, as he caught the shadow of the *danseuse* again coming from behind the screen, and grasping the shoulders of the drummer for support, 'Dawkins !' gasped he, with difficulty ; 'Gentlemen of the board ; Mr. Editor—ladies and gentlemen—I beg that you will all rise in a body, out of respect and veneration for— for — for—— this remarkable woman !'

Redoubled shrieks rent the air. The whole audience started from their seats, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs with wild enthusiasm. 'Hoorah! Sharkey forever! Chipp and Sharkey! Theaytre forever! Bravyo! Oncore! oncore! oncore!' Mrs. Chipp again disappeared, and it was the will of the house that she should come out a *fourth* time; she however properly declined the honor. But the spectators had lost their senses, and kept up a continual noise and clamor for several minutes. It was well that there were a few reasonable men among them. One of these now arose. 'Come,' said he, 'my friends, you've got the worth of your money. Do you want the woman to dance herself all into a sweat? Do you want her to ketch her death a-cold?' 'No, no, no!' shouted many in a breath, who began to feel 'the fulness of satiety.' 'Very well,' said Dawkins, holding his hat aloft, 'then let's give three cheers for Mrs. Chipp; Huz-za—a! h'za—a!—h'za—a! Three more! Huzza—a!—h'za—a! h'za—a! huzza! Now three more! Huzza—a!—h'za—a! h'za—a!'

The audience were almost wearied out and breathless with such intense excitement and use of the lungs, when very opportunely, in order to allay their feelings, and produce sensations of a calmer nature, Mr. Chipp stepped out, in a sky-blue coat, superlatively cut, in the highest style of the art, the collar rolled back over his shoulders, a little scroll of paper in his hand, and making a graceful bow, began to recite, with distinct enunciation and marked emphasis, an ode, of which the first stanza is as follows:

'When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of Night,
And set the stars of glory ther-r-re!'

If the author of this composition could have listened to Mr. Chipp's recitation, his feelings would have been indescribable. He added new points, new readings, new emphasis. He improved the piece very much indeed, no doubt. 'When r-r-rolls the thunder-r-r-r d-r-um of a-heaven,' was admirably given. Methinks that Collins' Ode, or Alexander's Feast would have sounded well from such a high tragedian as Mr. George Chipp. 'Immortal Shakspeare!' exclaimed Dawkins, at the conclusion of the piece, 'he will never die!' The editor looked up and repeated, 'He will never die!'

After this, Mrs. Chipp sang the DASHING WHITE SERGEANT, and charmingly did she sing it. We never shall forget her manner of rendering some passages:

'When my soldier was gone,
Do you think I'd take on,
Sit moping forlorn?
Oh no, not I;
For his fame, my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return,
Crown'd with victory!
If an army of Amazons ere come in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away:
March away!—march away!'

Bravo! bravo! it was worth the price of the ticket to see the lovely songstress march so bravely across the stage, and then to see her rush

to a chair, snatch up a glittering sword, and go through the exercise with all the accuracy of a soldier: 'Attention! eyes right! — slope swords! — prepare to gëard! — gëard! — cut one, two, three, four, five, and six! Head protect! — shoulder-arm protect! — sword-arm protect! — gëard! — cut one, two-and-one! — St. George rare cut! point to the front! — recover! — slope swords!

' March away, march away!
March away, march away!
As a dashing white sergeant, I'd march away!'

After the song had been encored several times, the farce was received with shouts of laughter and applause, at the conclusion of which Mr. Chipp stepped out, and neatly expressed himself as follows:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It was intended that the entertainments of the evening should be now concluded; but with your permission we will add another farce. It is not mentioned in the bills of the day, but we give it *free*.'

This announcement was followed by a vote of thanks, and three times three cheers for Chipp, after which THE WEATHERCOCK was played.

But I must hasten to let the curtain fall upon the stage at Tinne-cum; and having done so, I have yet to mention the most interesting ceremonial of the evening. When it was found that the performances were indeed ended, a tremendous and deafening cry of 'Chipp! Chipp! Chipp!' was raised throughout the whole room. For a long time he did not obey the call, and the noise waxed louder and louder. At last he came, leading forth Mrs. Chipp. Both showed evident signs of exhaustion, and appeared overcome by their feelings. Mr. Chipp returned thanks in a speech, the purport of which was briefly this:

'I must apologize to this audience for detaining them so long. I had gone temporarily into the bar-room, at the time of your call: as soon as I heard it, I came here, in obedience to your commands. Ladies and gentlemen, the occurrences of this evening will leave an indelible impression on my heart. I came here a total stranger, personally unknown to you, with no end in view but the promotion of the drama, and with expectations altogether inadequate to the success which has crowned my efforts. Such kindness was unexpected; it therefore overpowers me. [*His voice falters. Mrs. Chipp leans upon his shoulder, and weeps.*] These feelings, ladies and gentlemen, are but natural; I trust they are the spontaneous combustion of warm hearts. Pardon the sensibility of Mrs. Chipp. To-morrow evening will be her benefit. I hope the bill which we shall offer will meet your approbation. In the meantime, farewell!'

The most uproarious applause and yells of 'bravyo!' followed the delivery of this speech, in the midst of which Squire Sharkey whispered hurriedly to his neighbor: 'Quick! give 'em to me, Dawkins! Where is them roses? Cuss you, I believe you've sot onto 'em!' Sure enough, the flowers were well mashed. However, the Squire took them, and rising from his seat, called after the comedians, just as they were disappearing behind the screen. 'I say, you!' said he,

'jist hold on one minute.' The Squire then jumped over the footlights as sprightly as if he had been a boy, and holding forth the bouquet—which Dawkins had yielded up most unwillingly, for he had intended to have performed the office himself—'Receive,' said he, 'the sweetest flowers ever culled in Tinnecum, and let them flourish on your breast for everlastingly, Madam. I opposed you at first. I now say, let the drayma go a-head here. There is no difficul', there is no difficul'. It was a noble spectacle that, say the by-standers, the bald and polished head of the Squire, the graceful reception of the gift by the lady, and the dignified deportment of Mr. Chipp. The assembly broke up, and the crowd, in grateful acknowledgment of the services of the chairman of the honorable board of selectmen, elevated him upon their shoulders, and he never touched the ground until he arrived at his own door. The next evening the Chipps' performed again before a brilliant house. Flowers and bouquets were cast upon the stage, and every thing was done to render the visit of these artists most flattering and agreeable. The annexed is from a discriminating *critique* in the Tinnecum Gazette :

'THE DRAMA AT TINNECUM.

'THE events of the past week constitute an era in the dramatic history of this town. From the moment that it became known that the great Mr. GEORGE CHIPP would take a benefit here, expectation was on the stretch. On the evening of performance, the house, as we had predicted, was crowded in every part before the rising of the curtain. Indeed, so great was the competition for seats, that some unpleasant consequences had like to have ensued. Mr. Dawkins of this office was severely wounded in a rencontre arising from his defence of his seat. We cannot find out which party was to blame in this matter; we exceedingly regret that any thing should have occurred to mar the pleasures of the evening, which were of the most intellectual kind. Shakspeare's beautiful tragedy of THE STRANGER was enacted in a first-rate style. Chipp was truly great, and so was Mrs. Chipp. They stood forth the true personifications of the characters that they represented. The closing scene beggars all description. Its effect on the audience was intense. Never we believe was any thing like it witnessed within the walls of a theatre. The whole audience shed a superfluity of the bitterest tears. Never have we wept so much since the death of our father. But one feeling pervaded all hearts; that of the kindest sensations for the Stranger and his Wife. In the dance, Mrs. Chipp was the essence of queenly grace. Such circumambient motions! Such rectangular extension of the le—limb! We could mention some bald heads that entirely forgot their gray hairs. *Nim Port.* Were we to institute a comparison between Mr. George Chipp and the elder Kean, we should say, according to what we have heard of the latter gentleman, that they both had their peculiar styles. One was more brilliant; the other perhaps a little more effective. One possessed more truthfulness; the other more moral suasion. One was more unique in his conception of character; the other more grand in the carrying out of the plot. Kean carried away his audiences by storm; Chipp by a tremendous hurricane. Kean could only shudder; Chipp wrought himself into horrible convulsions. Kean's was the awful thunder, Chipp's was the lightning's mildew. Both, however, are deserving of the dramatic crown, to be worn in all ages, interwoven in one glorious halo, and resting reciprocally on the brow of both.'

I have thus stated the main facts connected with the introduction of the drama into Tinnecum. At a time when its advocates are lamenting a decline in the Great Metropolis, it may be pleasing to turn to the provinces, and see a taste there springing up sufficient to appreciate genius, and a disposition to bestow upon it a generous reward. While the aged trunk shows signs of decay in the place where it may have grown for centuries, perhaps the scions, transplanted to another soil, may spring up and flourish, and bear fruit abundantly. While the old tree may have been deformed by many a sickly branch, and paralytic limb, and monstrous excrescence, perhaps the new may rise up, green, vigorous, and of a perfect symmetry. And then, if duly cared for, neither suffered to grow up in rank neglect nor to be preyed on by noxious worms, nor tortured into fantastic shapes, nor killed by too much tenderness, it may contain within it the germ of a longer life, and flourish over the tombs of many generations.

T O T H E S E T T I N G S U N .

HAIL to thee, setting Sun !
The flush of battle tints thy glowing face,
As, thy hard labors done,
Thou sinkest slowly to thy resting place.

Unshadowed was thy beam,
When thou didst usher in the youthful Day,
Nor might the gazer deem
That aught should overcast thine onward way.

But from their airy hall
The invisible Winds rush out with boding cry,
Drawing a shadowy pall
O'er the bright face of water, earth, and sky.

Still, ever and anon
The universal gloom is rent by thee,
And to her favorite One
All Nature glad smiles back a moment's glee.

So fares the long Day's course ;
But, lapsing far adown the western sky,
Thou gatherest all thy force,
And free break'st forth in thy full majesty.

A general jubilee !
Gleam Earth and Heaven with sympathetic smiles,
And the foiled Storm for thee
A gorgeous throne of golden splendor piles.

Then hail, victorious Sun !
Thine own original light no glooms might cloud,
But shining steadily on,
Thou wrought'st a garb of triumph from thy shroud.

Sun of my mortal life,
How shadowless and clear thy dawning ray !
Nor dreamed I that dark strife
Of manifold ills waiting before thee lay.

But dimmed long ere thy noon,
All darkling moves the spirit thou shouldst light,
And round me all too soon
Fall the keen chills and muffling dusks of Night.

Forbid, paternal Power !
The vital beam be utterly withdrawn !
Make its declining hour
A perfect resurrection of its dawn.

Bid the dark, merciless throng
Of griefs, regrets, and fears, now o'er me met,
Illumined all, be hung
Like robes of glory round my Life's sun's set !

MODERN TRANSCENDENTALISM.

A REVIEW OF A VOLUME OF ESSAYS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

BY C. C. FELTON.

THESE essays, we believe, are substantially the lectures which Mr. Emerson delivered last year in the city of Boston. They were listened to with delight by some, with distrust by others, and by a few with something like horror. Many young people imagined they contained the elements of a new and sublime philosophy, which was going to regenerate the world; many middle-aged gentlemen and ladies shook their heads at the preaching of the new and dangerous doctrines, which they fancied they detected under Mr. Emerson's somewhat mystical and oracular phraseology; while the old and experienced saw nothing in the weekly rhapsody but blasphemy and atheism. It was not very easy to make out, from the varying reports of hearers, what these discourses really were; it was not much easier to say what they were, when you had heard them yourself; and the difficulty is not greatly diminished now that they have taken the form of printed essays. One thing is very certain, that they excited no little attention among the philosophical quidnuncs of the good city of Boston, and drew around Mr. Emerson a circle of ardent admirers, not to say disciples, including many studious young men and accomplished young women; and that a great impulse has been given to speculations upon the weighty questions of man's nature and destiny.

Among the observable effects of this new impulse, is a general extravagance of opinion, which accompanies all strong intellectual excitements, and an overweening self-confidence on the part of many inexperienced people, of both sexes, who have taken upon themselves to doubt and dispute every thing that the experience of the human race has seemed to establish. To a very great extent, the new opinions, if such they may be called, are ancient errors and sophistries, mistaken for new truths; and disguised in the drapery of a misty rhetoric, which sorely puzzles the eye of the judgment. It is idle to argue against these old but ever-recurring errors. The human mind must revise its conclusions periodically, and these sophistries at all such times present themselves, and meet with some acceptance a little while, when they are again rejected and exploded. One of these periodical revisions seems to be taking place among us at the present moment; and intellects of various orders are engaged upon it, with various degrees of success. Some of them make sad work enough, it must be confessed; and utter their dark and oracular sayings with

* ALTHOUGH it is against our rule, we transfer with pleasure to the original department of the *KNICKERBOCKER* this admirable paper from the last 'Christian Examiner.' It is from the pen of a writer who has already been welcomed to these pages; and though his article may delay the publication of some one of our other correspondent's favors, yet we cannot resist the inclination to present our readers with a confirmation, so conclusive and felicitous, of opinions which we have often ventured to express in this Magazine.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

an air of the most self-sufficient folly. Others show ability, and even genius and eloquence. Unquestionably, some of the best writing of late years has proceeded from the pens of authors whom the public call, for want of a better name, Transcendentalists. Mr. Emerson is not to be confounded with any class, though he has strong affinities with the transcendentalists. He is an extravagant, erratic genius, setting all authority at defiance, sometimes writing with the pen of an angel, (if angels ever write,) and sometimes gravely propounding the most amazing nonsense. To subject his writings to any of the common critical tests, would be absurd. He would probably laugh in the critic's face.

The Essays cannot be said to contain any system of religion, morals, or philosophy. The most that can be affirmed is, that they are full of significant hints upon all these subjects, from which the author's opinions, so far as he has any, may be inferred. But he has expressed such sovereign contempt for consistency, that we must not look for that virtue in what he may choose to say; if we do, we shall look in vain. In its place, we shall very often encounter point-blank contradictions; a thing very strongly said in one essay, and very strongly unsaid in the next. We find no fault with this, as the essayist has given us fair warning. But we would remark, that a writer whose opinions are so variable, cannot wonder if they have but little value in the eyes of the world. We are perpetually struck, also, with a boldness, bordering close upon rashness, in dealing with matters which men do not usually approach without a sense of awe. We doubt not the feelings of many readers have been shocked by an appearance of irreverence, with which the most momentous themes are sometimes handled in this volume; an error of taste, at least, quite unnecessary to any of the aims of the freest discussion. The name of *JESUS* is repeatedly coupled with that of Socrates, and other great philosophers and thinkers, as if he had been on a level with them, and no more; a mere teacher, philanthropist, or system-maker. Possibly such may be Mr. Emerson's opinion; but it almost seems as if he studied this collocation of names for the purpose of startling the common sentiment of reverence for the sacred person of the founder of our religion. With many of Mr. Emerson's leading views we differ entirely, if we understand them; if we do not, the fault lies in the author's obscurity. His general doctrine, for example, with regard to the instincts, and the influence which they ought to have upon our daily conduct, is one, which, if acted upon, would overturn society, and resolve the world into chaos. The view of human nature, on which such a doctrine alone can rest, is countenanced neither by reason nor revelation, neither by individual nor national experience. It reminds us of a theory maintained by a great Hindoo philosopher, that the human eye possesses a power which the most savage beast cannot resist; which tames the ferocity of the lion and the tiger. The sage undertook to test the truth of his theory in his own person, by quelling a wild bull with the lightnings of his eye. The bull was no theorist, but a straight-forward, practical bull; like the country bumpkin in Aristophanes, he most 'unphilosophically kicked;' he pawed the ground with his hoofs, lashed the air with his tail, and rushed bellowing upon the sage, and upset him and his theory into the ditch together.

We fancy Mr. Emerson's doctrine of instincts would meet with a similar fate, if pitted face to face with those unphilosophical things, which he somewhere calls 'refractory facts.'

Mr. Emerson writes in a very uncommon style. His associations are curious and subtle, and his words are often chosen with singular felicity. Some of his sentences breathe the most exquisite music of which language is capable. His illustrations are in most cases highly poetical. An intense love of nature, and a keen perception of the beauties of the external world, are manifested on every page of his writings. But the effect of his powers of style is not a little diminished by a studied quaintness of language, acquired apparently by imitating the turns of expression in the old English authors, more frequently than becomes a man of original genius. This quaintness of expression is one of the forms which literary affectation, at the present day, most frequently takes. If used sparingly, antique phraseology gives to style a noble and imposing aspect. The Greek tragedians sometimes interweave in the Attic of their day a Homeric or Doric word or phrase, which breathes a grand and solemn air over their stately verse. Spenser's language is enriched by many forms of expression, which wore an antiquated look in Queen Elizabeth's age; and Milton's mighty genius delights to clothe its majestic conceptions in venerable language, which the frivolous wits of Charles the Second would have shrunk from aghast. In our times, the zealous study of the old English ballads, and of the elder English dramatic literature, has given a strong tincture and a racy flavor to English style. It is on the whole an improvement upon the tame correctness of the last century. The English language has been enlarged and enriched. Treasures of poetical expression have been brought to light, and put into circulation, which writers of the preceding age never dreamed of. The native Saxon words, the most graphic and affecting in our language, have gone far toward banishing the many-syllabled pomposity of Doctor Johnson's Latin periods. All this is well, and places the writers of our day upon a vantage ground, which they ought highly to appreciate. But it requires taste and discretion on their part, to demean themselves with moderation in the midst of these literary riches; and taste and discretion are what many of them have not enough of to spare.

Much as we admire the manifold beauties of Mr. Emerson's style, we must say that he oversteps the limits of propriety, and the modesty of nature, in this regard. He is often quaint where there is no peculiar solemnity, or gravity, or originality of thought, to which the quaintness is a suitable accompaniment. He sometimes picks up a phrase that has not been used since Shakspeare, and is quite unintelligible without a glossary. His writings are thickly studded with oddities, gathered from the most unfrequented by-paths of English literature; and when we add to this the super-sublimated transcendentalism of the Neo-Platonistic style, which he now and then affects, we must not wonder if Mr. Emerson's phraseology frequently passes the comprehension of the vulgar. Moreover, he plays certain tricks with words, which disfigure his pages not a little. It may be, that these whimsies are considered beauties by some; if we judge from

the frequency with which they are imitated, they are so. This only makes the matter so much the worse. They are tolerable in the inventor, but detestable in the imitator. To illustrate our meaning, we will give but one example. It is a trick very easily performed by any second-rate juggler, being nothing more than a collocation of words slightly differing from the natural one. 'Always the thought is prior to the fact;' 'always the soul hears an admonition;' and so on, fifty times or more. This is caught up by the smaller writers. Always Mr. Emerson writes so, and always the admiring chorus do the same. Sometimes the idiomatic proprieties of the language are set at defiance. For example, in verbs compounded with *out*; the difference between the meanings, when *out* is placed before and when it is placed after the verb, is neglected. *To write out* is one thing, and *to outwrite* is quite another; just as *to run out* means one thing, and *to outrun* another. But we have seen *to outwrite*, which can only mean to beat in writing, to write better or faster than another, used in the sense of *to write out*; and so of that whole class of words. These are only specimens of the absurdities committed every day, in point of style merely, by a somewhat numerous body of writers. Faults of sentiment, into which they are misled by vanity and a foolish trick of imitation, are much more striking and censurable. And when they have utterly confounded their not over-robustious intellects by following jack-o'-lanthorn guides through the fogs of sentimental philosophy and metaphysico-romantic poetry, they seem to think they are the shining ones set apart from the common herd, breathing a different intellectual atmosphere, and enjoying a sublime elevation above the rest of their fellow-beings. But alas! these high-flying pretensions, set up by young people of both sexes, meet with nothing but ridicule from a wicked world; and all the airs and affectations these fantastic euphuists put on, only make them look like awkward children, dressed up in the brocade gowns and high-heeled shoes of their great grandmothers.

There is great refinement of feeling often shown in Mr. Emerson's essays, and occasionally a noble appreciation of the dignity of the human soul, and of the high relations of man to man. But even his views upon these he carries to an impracticable length. He under-rates the value of all positive institutions, and indulges in a very unbecoming and undeserved tone of sarcasm against them. Charles Lamb, we remember, did the same, but it was not creditable to the intelligence of that gentle-hearted author. The institutions which philanthropic men have built up to relieve the woes of suffering humanity, to spread the blessings of knowledge among the ignorant, and to raise the fallen from their low estate, are among the brightest proofs that the spirit of Christianity is better understood now than it has been at any former time; and, though they may be made now and then the theatre for pompous fools to display their ostentatious charities upon, yet they are on the whole, noble expressions of the universal brotherhood of man, and far too good to be set aside for the claims of individual dignity and an imaginary independence, so extravagantly urged by Mr. Emerson.

Mr. Emerson's whimsical associations often lead him out of the re-

gions of thought, into the realm of vague, shadowy impressions. We read paragraph after paragraph, and upon closing the book can no more recall our author's meaning, than the cloudy images of a dream. We may be told, the fault is ours; and Doctor Johnson's famous piece of boorishness may be significantly hinted at, as it has been a great many times: 'Sir, I am bound to furnish you with reasons, but not with brains.' We do not admit the force of the reply. The greatest writers, of all languages, are the most distinguished for their simplicity and intelligibleness; but third and fourth-rate men love to separate themselves from the mass, and to shroud their meaning, if they have any, in a sacred and awful mysticism. Homer is intelligible enough to a person of sound common sense; but Lycophron is a hard nut to crack, and when cracked there is nothing in him. Plato's style is almost always clear as crystal; but Plotinus and Iamblicus turn Plato's light into Egyptian darkness; and Schleiermacher's Introductions show the most admirable skill in hiding his own and his author's meaning, beyond all possibility of discovery. Shakspeare is perfectly easy to understand, except where his text is corrupted, or where he alludes to some forgotten opinion or custom of his age; but Coleridge is fond of piling up big-sounding words, which pass with many people for sublimity; truly a very different sublimity from that of Homer and Shakspeare.

Something like this we confess we find at times in Mr. Emerson's writings. It may arise from an effort to express what no human speech can express. Undoubtedly, there are refinements of thought and feeling, which the individual soul, in certain transient moods, apprehends, but which words fail utterly to convey to others. Such refinements make up the reveries of a summer evening; such are the moods of the mind in that agreeable semi-somnambule state, between sleeping and waking, rather nearer the former, however, than the latter. But it requires a mighty effort of the waking man to attach any definite thought to them, when the dreamy crisis is past. And so it requires an equal effort for a person of plain understanding to make out clearly the sense of many of Mr. Emerson's musical paragraphs. If he tries hard enough, he may work some meaning into them. They are like the beverage which the Marchioness told Mr. Swiveller she made by putting pieces of orange peel into cold water, and then made believe it was wine. 'If you make believe very much, it's quite nice,' said the small servant; 'but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning, certainly.'

We offer a few extracts. From the first Essay, that on History, we take the following short passages:

'This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages, and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind, each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Every step in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the

key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion, again, it will solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We as we read must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner, must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing. What befell Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia, is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and deprivations as what has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, 'Here is one of my coverings. Under this fantastic, or odious, or graceful mask, did my Proteus nature hide itself. This remedies the defect of our too great nearness to ourselves. This throws our own actions into perspective; and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance and the waterpot, lose all their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

'It is this universal nature which gives worth to particular men and things. Human life, as containing this, is mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with penalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate reason, all express at last reverence for some command of this supreme illimitable essence. Property also holds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and instinctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws, and wide and complex combinations. The obscure consciousness of this fact is the light of all our day, the claim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, for charity, the foundation of friendship and love, and of the heroism and grandeur, which belongs to acts of self-reliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures, in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will, or of genius, any where lose our ear, any where make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters, but rather, is it true, that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner, feels to be true of himself. We sympathize in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities of men; because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck *for us*, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded.

From the essay on Compensation, which, by-the-by, contains some extravagances about the savage state, almost equal to Rosseau's famous paradoxes, we give the following striking passage :

'Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young, that, on this subject, Life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents, too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling-house, the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the Soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition, and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

'I was lately confirmed in these desires, by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed, that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged, from reason and from Scripture, a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

'Yet, what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying, that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses, and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day, bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for, what else? Is it, that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw, was; 'We are to have *such* a good time as

the sinners have now; or, to push it to its extreme import, 'You sin now; we shall sin by-and-by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow.'

'The fallacy lay in the immense concession, that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the Presence of the Soul; the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.'

Nothing can be more unsound than the philosophy of the Essay on Spiritual Laws. If it is true, we must believe that man should be left to grow up like the oak or the wild horse, instead of being carefully trained, and taught that he is a moral agent, endowed with the mighty powers of will, and bound to obey the voice of Conscience. But there are many amusing things ingeniously said in this essay; amusing from their very extravagance.

Take the following, as a specimen of Mr. Emerson's whimsical mannerism:

'Let the great soul incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Dolly or Joan, go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent day-beams cannot be muffled or hid, but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people will get mops and brooms; until, lo! suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature.'

The Essay under the affected title of the Over-Soul is the most objectionable of all of them, both with regard to sentiment and style. Not that it can do any great harm; such speculations are too vague, too unreal, for that.

We think Mr. Emerson's readers will be entertained, if not instructed, by his volume. Some, no doubt, will imagine, that it is going to turn the world upside down. We have no such apprehensions. It has not the force and fervor, the passionate appeals and popular tact, to work thus upon men's minds; but it contains many single thoughts of dazzling brilliancy; much exquisite writing, and a copious vein of poetical illustration; and shows many indications of manly character and independent thinking; but from the praises, which the author's genius would otherwise deserve, large deductions must be made, on the score of oddity, whim, and affectation; and particularly on the score of great levity of opinion, and rashness of speculation on the gravest subjects.

S A D N E S S .

I know not wherefore, but I feel
That Time hath dimmed my brightest sky,
That cankering cares have come, to steal
The light from Manhood's thoughtful eye;
Yet still I gaze, and feel as one
Who, travelling, marks a landscape past,
Where streams the influence of the Sun,
While cloud and storm are round him cast.

F L O W E R S .

I.

THE flowers are here again,
Blown into being by the breath of Spring ;
They fill the vale, and over hill and plain
Far strown, their sweetness fling.

II.

Oh, pale, wild-flowers !
That perfume far away the solemn wood —
Blooming all day, and with the sunset hours
Closing in solitude.

III.

With faces to the sky,
Earth-born ye are, and nursed by sun and showers ;
With sin nor pain in life, sinless ye die,
In autumn frosts, pale flowers !

IV.

God's testament to man
By works, are ye, oh flowers ! throughout the earth ;
As part and parcel of His mighty plan,
When worlds on worlds had birth.

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER ONE.

FROM my boyhood, Mr. EDITOR, I have been a day-dreamer ; and the habit which I then cherished, remains with me even now, when my step is tottering, and the furrows are deepened in my cheek ; and although in my youth I basked not in life's sunshine, still I had my hours of hope and anticipation. I have woven many a bright-leaved garland around the future, and have lived to see its flowers fade, and its freshness wither ; yet I regret not the time as misspent, for it was an hour of relaxation, stolen from the stubborn reality of existence.

There are those who are borne along through life, with both wind and tide in their favor, and there are others who struggle on, amid storm and turmoil. Mine has been a middle lot : though not a troubled and toilsome one, it has not been unflecked by sorrow. I have had my schemes and projects, and have seen them fail, without a murmur. I have seen those whom I loved, one by one, gathered to their long home, until I am wandering almost alone through life.

As it is my wish, if possible, to secure a corner in your good will, I will enter more into the details of my life and history. My father was a distinguished schoolmaster in this city ; an eccentric and stern man, with a cold, calculating eye, a heavy hand, and a strong antipathy to all dull-headed boys. He took a pride in the progress of his pupils ; he felt that he owed a debt to their parents, and faithfully he discharged it. His payments however were in various coin. The bright boys were praised, the young boys encouraged, and the lazy

ones most assiduously flogged. During school hours, his discipline knew no distinction between myself and the others; and whatever may have been his paternal feelings, I was too much of an idler not to merit his castigation; and many were the efforts made to stir up my intellects by repeated and severe applications to a part of my person, in which, even to this day, I cannot believe they were situated. I was a stubborn, stalwart boy; and when wincing under the rod, I vowed to myself that I would pay off the score when I became a man; but I found the grave a strange queller of angry feelings. My father died; and when I saw the green turf piled upon his last resting place, I wept in very bitterness and desolation of heart. He had always been a frugal man, and by his hard labor had gained a bare competence, which at his death became mine; and with this I set out in life to seek my fortune. It is useless to detail the ill success of my various pursuits. Years had passed on, and I had tugged at the oar with others like myself, until I at length found myself an old man, with the great task of life as incomplete as ever.

Shortly after my father's death, I took an office in a dark, dingy building in the neighborhood of Wall-street, where I kept like a spider in my nest, on the look-out for the unwary; but month after month waned; my desk, and the few books which formed my library, became covered with dust; the walls were hung with cobwebs, and the ink dried in my inkstand, but no one broke in upon my solitude. I had formed an acquaintance with an old and eccentric man, who occupied a small room in the upper part of the same house. He was a crabbed, crusty old fellow, very proud and reserved, and I strongly suspected him of being equally poor. His troubles and wants, however, he kept to himself. A kind of acquaintance grew up between us, which gradually ripened into something like intimacy. At seven o'clock in the morning he quitted his room and locked the door, carefully putting the key in his pocket, and at the same hour in the evening he returned. He was a man of precise habits, and always as the clock struck seven I heard his heavy step on the stairs. What he did for a living I never asked. All I knew, or cared to know, was, that he was one of the few who ever seemed to care for either my friendship or my acquaintance.

At length he grew ill and took to his bed. I attended him as well as I could. The pittance which I possessed I spent freely, to obtain for him the few things necessary for a sick bed. I watched with feverish anxiety during the whole of his illness, but he finally died; suffering to the last without a murmur.

I remember well the day of his death. It was a fine sunny morning in May: there was a mellow warmth in the soft breeze, as it came through the window; and as it played with the long gray hair which hung over the weather-beaten and iron-cast countenance of the invalid, and fanned his pale cheek, his spirits seemed to revive. He spoke cheerfully of the future, and said that he had thought of making his will, and had intended to have given me all he had; that it was little enough—a few old papers, in a trunk which he pointed out, and which, he said, had enabled him to while away many a weary hour. But we will speak of this hereafter. 'Stop!' said he, 'the clock is striking.' The deep solemn sound of a church clock echoed through

the room, and he counted 'One—two—three—four—five——' His voice stopped, yet still the clock tolled on. I turned toward him: there was a change in his countenance: his head had fallen back on the pillow; the breeze was still playing through his hair, but the life-dream of the poor mortal, who was listening to the deep notes of that bell, ere its solemn tones were hushed, had ended; and he had passed away, to be seen here no more for ever.

After his death I made an effort to get on in my profession. I frequented the courts of justice, and attempted to elbow my way among the crowd, and to assume an air of business; but it was not natural, and I suspect the counterfeit must have been detected. Others succeeded in the same way, but I remained as empty-handed as ever. This effort was my last. I felt that the seal was set to my fate, and determined to withdraw myself from a pursuit which, to me, brought nothing but pain and mortification, and to content myself with the little that I had received from my father.

This is but a slight sketch of the early part of a life which has since had many changes of both good and evil.

I now occupy a room in the upper part of a large building in which a murder was committed some years ago; and as it has ever since had the reputation of being haunted, the landlord, a liberal man, was willing that I should peril my body or soul for the benefit of his property—at a low rent. The room is a dark, dingy chamber, with high ceiling and time-stained walls. I found it filled with old law papers, scattered here and there, a few broken chairs, a table on which were the stumps of several pens, and scraps of paper, all covered with dust. The grate still contained the cinders of the fire which burned there at the time of the murder. Whatever was useful, or worth having, had been carried off, until nothing was left except the few articles which I have mentioned. Dreary as the room seemed, I was glad to have a place which I could call my own; and having rather a taste for strange and out-of-the-way places, I closed with the terms of my landlord, and settled myself down in my new abode. By piecemeal I have become familiar with the history of the building, and of the dark transaction which brought it into ill repute; but it is too long a tale for the present, and may perhaps be reserved for some future number.

From the window I have an extensive prospect of weather-cocks and chimneys; and being within view of the City Hall, and of the 'Five Points,' and within hearing of nineteen fire-bells, there is a comfort in my situation, Mr. Editor, which you probably cannot appreciate.

Opposite me, also, is a fire-engine, which is in an eternal state of preparation, to the great mystification of myself, and of several small boys, who daily collect on the side-walks, and look with profound curiosity into the dim recesses of the engine-room. Never had engine such devoted attendants. Long and profound consultations are held respecting the health of the 'machine,' by young men in pea-jackets: the wheels are greased three times a day, and about as often, the object of their solicitude is gently conducted around the block, by way of exercise, while other young men, of the same company, in straight hats, with ringlets in front of their ears, solicitous for the

welfare of the insurance companies, walk to the corners to see if they can discover a smoke in any direction. If none is to be seen, they walk moodily back, and form a knot in front of the engine-house. The last fire is then talked over, and the merits of each 'machine' is discussed. I am sorely afraid, from what I overhear, that our city is but scurvily provided with the means of extinguishing fires, as it seems by their conversation that every 'machine' in the city, except their own, is utterly useless, and not a fire has taken place, whose extinguishment is not owing to the superior merits of their engine, and the superior energy of its followers.

I have no influence in high quarters, or I would certainly recommend this particular company to the peculiar notice of the corporation; for I really think that something ought to be done for these public benefactors; and I am somewhat surprised, after all the good they have done to the city, that nobody should make honorable mention of it except themselves.

The evil repute of my dwelling is a sure protection against all intrusion; and from having lived here so long without injury, the neighbors begin to look at me askance, and seem to think that one who can remain unscathed amidst the terrors of the haunted house, is himself no better than he should be.

For this reason, I have formed but two acquaintances. The first is with a small dog of the neighborhood, who seems to belong to nobody, and who, as a great favor, manages to drop in about meal times. I suspect him of being a mongrel, for he is a long-bodied fellow, with a broad chest, remarkably short fore-legs, set wide apart, and slightly bowed outward; and as he sits in front of me, he is not unlike one of those old-fashioned andirons which we sometimes meet with in country kitchens. He has a remarkably long and solid tail, which he generally carries like a flag-staff, at right angles to his body. He is a grave, solemn dog, with a melancholy cast of countenance; but notwithstanding, I strongly suspect that he is an arrant knave; and from my window I have frequently observed him engaged in acts of larceny, which give me but a poor opinion of his morals. However, a lonely old man like myself can pardon many things in one who seems to take pleasure in his society; though it sometimes *does* seem suspicious, that he should invariably drop in just as I am taking my meals. I am rather inclined to think that he has no better opinion of me than the rest of the neighbors; and being a dissolute fellow himself, has set me down for one of the same kidney.

In making his visits, he always pauses at the door of the room, and throwing his head on one side, with one eye partly closed, seems engaged in calculating my height in feet and inches, after which he stalks solemnly across the room, and seats himself directly in front of me, waiting to be noticed.

The other acquaintance of whom I spoke is a bright-faced little boy, about ten years of age, who, in spite of the terrors of the dwelling, breaks in upon my solitude, and during the short time that he remains here, the whole place assumes an air of cheerfulness. He is a glad-eyed little fellow, with a merry laugh that seems to gush out from the very bottom of his heart: he is full of curiosity, asking a

thousand questions, and will sit by the hour listening to stories of my past life. The formation of this new acquaintance seemed at first to give great offence to the dog, who for the first few days after it, was particularly assiduous in his attentions; but finding that the boy did not drop in at the hour of meals, he has become reconciled to his company, and even permits him to pat him on the head; though notwithstanding all his deference, I doubt whether even *I* could venture to meddle with that tall upright mast which he calls his tail.

It is strange that a friendship should thus spring up between a young child just bursting into life, and surrounded by gay anticipations, and a gray-headed man whose dream is over; and who, while he listens to the hopes and prospects of his young companion, feels that with every year of his life, one by one they will vanish, to brighten his journey no more. I have often thought, as I listened to his joyous voice, of the troubles and trials that must await him, when he goes forth to join in the great struggle of life; of his bitterness of heart, as friend after friend is missed from his accustomed place; of the reverses which he must meet; of the treachery he must experience, where he looks for friendship; of coldness, where he looks for love; and of the deep disappointments which lurk around his path, until I gradually see his open and confiding nature growing more and more morose; his gentle disposition gathering in its energies, and nerving them for strife; and the warm, bright heart, which now only answers to the gushes of love and joy, damming up its affections, and hardening itself to stand the brunt of the world. It is melancholy to think that these things must be; but it is the course of nature. The flowers of spring which unfold their beauties to hail the young year, wither at the scorching sun of summer, and yield their places to others of a sterner growth; until the unrelenting vigor of winter comes on, and leaves all in darkness and desolation.

I however must bring this letter to a close. It was my intention, Mr. Editor, to have entered more at length into details respecting myself; but with the garrulity of old age, I have rambled on, without reflecting that I might be intruding upon the patience of another, and that my morbid feelings are matters of little interest to any except myself — But I am suddenly interrupted by an alarm of fire. The nineteen fire-bells are ringing; the engine opposite has thundered up the street; a train of ragged boys are turning the corner, in full cry: several small curs have become quite clamorous; and my own acquaintance, the dog, awakened by the din, after uttering a loud bark of surprise, has scampered at full gallop from the room, and is now racing down stairs, as if he had ten legs instead of four. It is one of my rules never to miss seeing a fire; so I must bid you farewell; and perhaps at some future time I may enter more at length into the details of the life of

JOHN QUOD.

A L I N N I N G.

HER hair is like the raven's wing,
Of polished jet her speaking eye;
Her voice — the dove's soft note in spring
May not express its melody!

BATTLE OF THE SEASONS.

PEACE to your naked arms, ye Trees,
Hath come once more again —
Your surly combatant lies dead
Upon the battle plain ;
And Earth shall smile and bloom once more,
Beneath Spring's gentle reign.

Ye 've battled long and lustily —
For old though Winter be,
The white-hair'd warrior's arm is strong —
He battles mightily ;
And ill betides the foe who treats
His mandate scornfully !

His stratagem was delicate :
He shod his troops with felt,
And led them in the night-time
To where the saplings dwelt :
They bound them — and the distant Sun
Their fetters could not melt.

And then he stilled the running streams,
And iced the verdant vale ;
And having weaken'd every point,
He buckled on his mail,
And charged with all his forces on —
With wind, and rain, and hail !

A fearful strife ! — and thousands fell
Before each withering blast :
The frail young flowers, all pale with fear,
Shrank from the earth aghast ;
The saplings too look'd on with dread,
Bound in their fetters fast.

Still fought ye on, right lustily,
Till the warm Sun came near,
And reft the old man of his strength,
And broke his icy spear ;
Peace to his manes ! they 've borne him off
Upon his own white bier.

And bright reward that follows toil
Shall smile upon ye now ;
For Spring will twine the warrior's wreath
Around each aged brow ;
And garlands, bright as erst ye wore,
Your verdant heads shall bow.

See ! how the unfetter'd troops come back,
To fill their broken ranks ;
They take their stand on plain and hill,
And mutely look their thanks ;
The streams rush wildly on, to cheer
The prisoners on their banks.

The fair flowers too, as earth grows warm
Beneath unclouded skies,
From out their still and dark retreats,
With half-unclosed eyes,
Peep through their silken lids, with cheeks
All flushed with glad surprise.

Yes ! as the Spring comes nearer Earth,
With joy in every feature,
Scattering her love with lavish hand
To every living creature,
The heart leaps up, as if the soul
Were shaking hands with Nature.

LETTERS.

MONS. JOURDAIN.

O. O. Il n'y a rien de plus juste. A. E. L. O. I. O.

Cela est admirable. I. O. I. O.

BOUR. GENTILHOMME.

THEY of old times personified every thing. Imagination was the principal faculty of the mind. Then there came a monster, the anti-sphinx, who attempted to show the why and the wherefore of each wonder, and put all these charming errors to flight. So that the Sun was no longer Phœbus Apollo, the long-haired archer, but so much red hot gas; and the Moon was no longer sweet Diana, gazing in all the charms of her pale, chaste beauty on the sleeping Endymion, but dirt and stones, like our planet. And Neptune became salt-water; Vulcan, anthracite coal; Venus, a name; Jupiter, nothing. This monster they named SCIENCE.

In spite of him, there remain many who see more in the green grass, in the brook, in the mountain, than mere chemical elements. That all-moving principle of life, that mystery which the ancients loved to symbolize by the graceful forms of the Nymphs of wood and flood, is fast rooted in their fancy. They still believe in naiads and dryads, Phœbus and Diana, Venus and Vulcan.

And why should we break with all these

'Schöne Wesen aus dem Fabelland?'

Why banish this ideal life? In this let us still be pagans, and dream on. We can bow at the ancient shrines, although we may know to a mile the circumference of every planet, and be adepts in gases, stamens, and strata. Did I say ideal life? It is as real as science itself. As well might we describe bones, arteries, and muscles, and call these Man — neglecting the Power that moves all — as to be satisfied with mere astronomical calculations. We feel that this is not every thing; that there is an intelligence, a life, unseen, like the intelligence, the life, we feel within. It was this the ancients wished to realize and body forth, in each particular instance. Every wonder was to them a life — a God. Men are now so enamored of the problems of science, that they call this Fancy, and slight it. To them Nature is dead. They dissect her, and look for her soul in the heavens. May we not worship both masters without sin? May not Fancy be our Lares and Penates? She makes every thing so life-like, so pleasant. The fire sparkles and smiles to us as we enter, and the easy-chair stretches out its arms. When she is near, the souls of the great departed step from the paper wrappings in which they lie embalmed, sit around us, and hold friendly converse. The driest abstractions, the most perverse and slippery formulas, the tritest lessons of morality, the most insipid details of common life, become attractive and fascinating under her hand. What were the 'morals' of Æsop, without his fables? — or the religion of Bunyan, without the pilgrim Christian? All *Flâneurs* are said to stroll along, with eyes and mouth wide opened, until an adverse wall checks their career, and forces them to take another direction. I pay the penalty of belonging to the family. Here have I imperceptibly

wandered on, until a dissertation on poetry stares me in the face, and bids me, in Whittington tones,

'Turn again, Flâneur!
'Turn again, Flâneur!'

But how to get down to my subject, without bathos lamentable? The fall will be tremendous! Pray Heaven I may light on soft and easy heads!

This goddess Fancy, then, does not always confine her attentions to such lofty subjects. She has been known to descend from the heights of Parnassus and Olympus, and find excellent employment in a kitchen-garden. Hoffman, one of her wildest children, wrote a strange story about turnips and carrots, wherein he makes them carrot-men, ruled over by a mighty potentate, Dacus Carrota, the First. To me the goddess never appeared but once, and that dimly, as I lay stretched on the rack of the Latin Grammar.

When a boy, like most of my degree, I was doomed to undergo this ordeal. I would rather at any time have walked barefooted among the hot ploughshares of our Saxon ancestors, for there one had some chance of an escape; but in the labyrinth of roots, declensions, and conjugations, who could advance without stumbling over some unlucky termination? And if the feet were not singed for it, as in the olden time, another equally useful point d'appui was sure to suffer. So often had I experienced the pain of entering blindfold on this fearful journey, that on the eve of our trials I endeavored to raise the bandage from my eyes as far as possible; but after many nocturnal struggles, I found to my horror that I could only remember those places which had tripped me up; and the terrible conviction forced itself upon my mind, that progress for me in this path there was none, until my executioner should have turned my pygian epidermis into a road-map, and have engraved all my stopping places indelibly upon it. Gradually, in the stillness of night, my bodiless tormentors assumed a shape and form. It seemed as if the fairy who presided over grammar had touched my eye with the ointment which the Daoneshi of Scott gave the farmer's wife, and bestowed upon me the power of seeing, wherever they might be, the beings who owned the names which so long had puzzled me. Word after word expanded into substance, and abstractions grew into realities, assimilating themselves in appearance and character to the actors in common every-day life. This phantasy became at length so strong, that I was no sooner alone, than I fancied myself surrounded by these subtle wordy beings, as young and as active as when they sprang from the brain of the First Grammarian, and watched with the greatest interest their manners and deportment toward each other.

The Letters I shall never forget. They had a life and identity of their own. Some were open-hearted, gentlemanlike fellows — others sour and surly. Poor I and J were bachelor brothers, who lived very amicably together. We always pitied them for looking so much alike, and often cursed them, too, when we took one for the other. Some years ago, they say, it was impossible to distinguish them apart; but now, poor J is quite bent under, and crooked, while I remains pretty erect. This was very much the case with U and V; except that V

was a little weazen-faced, thin-backed man. O was of course a stout Irish gentleman, noisy and vociferative; and X a great mathematician, seeking for the quadrature of the circle, or some mystery of the kind, but withal fond of a drop, for I have often seen his name on ale-casks. G had something about him which we all disliked; and as to Z, no one could endure his crooked, zig-zag ways. Most of these literary men were old bachelors, and consequently possessed a double right to belong to the '*genus irritabile*.' Each one had his own peculiar whims and fidgets, which he cherished 'as the apple of his eye.' Very, very rarely were they seen together, arm in arm. Still no one could do without the other, and I was on good terms with them all, and longed to join the club; but their number was irrevocably fixed. They were determined, they said, to admit no more members. One night, however, I dreamed that I was the letter H. Imagine my joy at finding myself in the club. On a sudden a quarrel arose from some trifling cause. Mr. B I believe called Mr. X crook-shanks, which X retorted by an allusion to B's hump-back. We took sides, and a very acrimonious fight ensued. In the heat of the *melée*, Mr. L kicked poor H so violently in the back, that he broke it, and turned him into a K. I awoke with an exclamation of pain, and found my bed-fellow's knee actively engaged on my dorsal vertebræ. It seems that I had intruded on his side of the bed, and the young gentleman had taken that means to apprise me of my trespass.

To see life, one must dive into the mysteries of the grammar. Mr. Substantive is a man of influence, with a host of poor dependant relations, the Adjectives and the Pronouns; great toadies both, always agreeing with him, and scarcely daring even to qualify his remarks. Of course he had to support his wife's cousins, the Adverbs, but they generally kept out of his sight. He married one of the Verbs, who was a pattern to all wives. She was always at home to wait upon him, and never contradicted. Let him assert what he pleased, she agreed with him, and expressed all his opinions. None of those bickerings which poison married life, were to be found in their *ménage*. The perfect concord which reigned there was refreshing and satisfactory in the highest degree. Mr. S had many brothers, who all chose spouses from the Verbs, so that the same harmony was every where. To be sure, irregular Substantives and irregular Verbs were to be found occasionally; but these deviations from rectitude, although they caused some annoyance at the time, exercised no corrupting influence. Even the old maids, or impersonal Verbs, who never could find a Substantive to take them, but were forever leading about lap-dogs that they called '*It*,' intermeddled rarely, were not at all bitter, nor over-much given to gossip. They were far more sociable and affable than that type of old bachelors, Mr. Ablative Absolute, a sturdy, independent fellow, who had an unpleasant, contradictory look about him, and expressed his opinions very decidedly, without paying the slightest attention to any one else. He could very well afford to do it, as he was perfectly independent. These constituted the aristocracy of the society: the Conjunctions, Prepositions, and Interjections, despite their sounding names, were mere mob, and not worth knowing. The residences of my friends were separated from each other by neat fences of commas and colons; and here and there might be seen pounds, or parentheses, as they called them, in which stray ideas and

words which belonged some where else, were enclosed. A charming little people were they, these inhabitants of Grammar-land, and I formed many lasting acquaintances among them. I loved the Letters, one and all, particularly the *belles Letters*. The dear creatures! — I worship them still.

School days, like purgatory, are only for a time. At length I emerged from the dark overhanging forest of birch, bearing many wounds to record the fierce conflicts I had sustained, though unluckily for military renown they were all *a tergo*. From that day to this, these phantoms have waxed fainter and fainter; but I have never been able to obliterate them entirely. Even now, Nouns, Verbs, and Prepositions appear to me to have an existence more real than ever had Adams, Valpy, or Lindley Murray. It was but the other day I heard a gentleman reply to the interrogation of a friend: 'That question, Sir, will die single.' Whether the friend understood him or not, I do not know, nor did I care. To one well versed in '*Grammartye*,' the words were instinct with life. A tableau rose before me in a moment. A tall, thin Mr. Question, with a lively, inquisitive cast of countenance, was eagerly pressing his suit at the feet of a lady, who eyed him coldly and repulsively, and was evidently on the point of refusing his offer. I easily recognized her as Miss Answer.

It is high time for me to drop the curtain, or I shall be taken by the initiated for some superlatively tedious Adjective or Adverb of quantity.

FR. FLÂNEUR.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE ROMAIC OF CHRISTOPOULOS.

Ἡ Ἀφροδίτη, θάλασσα,
Ἡ γαλήνη θεά σου
Σὲ παραγγέλει, πρόσχε
Τ' ἀτίπαντα νερά σου. κ. τ. λ.

WATCH well, O Sea! thy boundless plain,
(Thus doth the queen of Love ordain,)
Let all thy waves be still;
Repress the fury of thy tide,
And bid thy currents gently glide
To do thy sovereign's will!

And then upon thy bosom bear
The dazzling* charms that deck my fair;
Proud of the trust, O Sea!
Let nought befall to wake alarm,
Nor let the lightest touch of harm
Requite her faith in thee.

And you, ye dolphins, as ye play
Around your Amphitrite's way,
Even so attend my dear;
And when she safely treads the shore,
Come, with the joyful news, once more
To greet my anxious ear!

Δ. Δ.

* Τὸ λαμπρὰ τῆς κάλλη, in the Paris edition of 1841. The Strasburg edition has τ'ἀνθρᾶ τῆς κάλλη — her blooming charms.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

CHAPTER FIVE.

It will be already evident that these chapters are not continuous, except as it relates to the subject of this biography, and therefore without the plot and interest of the novel. My design was to relate in all simplicity whatever was of most interest in a laborious practice; and, if ever I have had occasion to weep or to smile, to reveal the true sources of these feelings, in what are intended to be true memorials. For tears and laughter are most blessed medicines, and among the best in the *materia medica*. If, however, it be deemed a pity that these records are brought to light, the blame must devolve on you, my dear Saultz, and on the well-meant though mistaken solicitations of your brother Epsom.

It was a night in December—bitterly, bitterly cold. The mercury sank below zero, and water thrown into the air froze before it reached the ground. The north-east wind blew a gale, bearing with it clouds of drifting snow, and obscuring the atmosphere with a white haze, rendered visible by the dim light of the moon. After hours of actual toil and suffering during the day, I was dozing in my slippers before a good hickory fire, having suffered the book which I was reading to fall from my hand. But not even the ample jambs of the old farmhouse could afford protection on that tempestuous night. The wind found its way through every nook and cranny, and certain creeping sensations, in the region of the back and shoulders, made me sensibly aware of its effects.

The old clock shortly after striking eleven, and the family having retired, I arose, covered up the embers very carefully, muttering something about the danger of fire, and departed to my chamber. When the shock of jumping into a cold bed had a little subsided, and a universal shivering gave place to a genial warmth, I took a peculiar pleasure in listening to those sounds which betokened the intensity of the cold; the cracking and snapping of furniture in the room, the creaking of trees and fences out of doors, and the noise of the blast, as it screamed in the distance, or came rushing in fitful gusts, driving the snow and particles of ice against the panes of glass. Then I thought of the poor and friendless, and those who would be slain that night by the wintry weather; and I offered up a prayer to God for the poor mariners on the coast. Oppressed with weariness, I could have sunk at once into a profound sleep, but dallied pleasantly upon the verge of slumber, forgetting all things else in a delightful sense of personal rest and security.

Perhaps I had remained a half an hour in this state, when I was startled by the scraping of a man's footsteps upon the porch below, followed immediately by three clear distinct raps at the door. I could scarcely believe my senses. 'It is impossible,' said I, 'that any one could have the cruelty to want the doctor to-night;' and I drew in my head, and lay still, in perfect desperation. But an angry and

petulant knocking succeeding without intermission, reminded me that though I might be very warm, the messenger without was very cold, and I sprang out of bed forthwith. I looked out of the casement, and saw a man standing on the porch below, stamping his feet, and slapping his arms against his sides. 'What do you want?' said I, in a tone as cold and severe as the night air.

'Doctor, want you to come right off to Warner's, to Rockaway South. He's very sick — he's *dan-gerous*.'

'How far is it?'

'Eight miles.'

'How have you come?'

'On horseback.'

'You should have come after me in a carriage. How do you expect me to travel that distance on such a night?'

Here I drew in my night-cap, unable to endure the cutting blast, and requested the messenger to wait until I came down. I was not without hope that after inquiring the symptoms of the sick man, I should be able to despatch some remedies which would afford him relief. Inspired by this hope, I hurried down stairs, let the man into the kitchen, raked up the coals, and began to interrogate him forthwith. But he could not give the least information. He was only the bearer of a peremptory message for the doctor to come 'right off.' This, then, settled the whole matter, and made the path of duty plain. I had a grand enterprise before me, and felt the calmness and resolution of a martyr, sacrificed by the compact which he has made with the public to the common good. I dismissed the messenger, and told him that I would follow him presently. Then seizing a lamp, and treading on a cat's tail in my haste to be gone, I went directly to the cock-loft where Flummery slept. The little old man lay on his back, with his mouth wide open, snoring heavily, and it was not without remorse that I shook him by the head and shoulders. Perhaps he was dreaming of some heavenly kitchen, where all should be peace and quietness, and the voice of scolding and complaint should never come. 'Flummery,' said I, 'I want my horse and sulkey.'

He started, and brought his slumbers to a termination by an abrupt snort; then sitting up, he tore a cotton handkerchief from his head, and rubbing his eyes, appeared to understand exactly the state of the case. 'Yes, master,' replied he; and with a laudable willingness and submission, he arose. On my way down stairs, Mrs. Quaintley put her night-cap out of the door, and addressed me.

'Doctor, you have n't surely got to go out such a night as *this*, have you?'

'Yes, madam, eight miles in the direction of Rockaway.'

'Tut-tut-tut! Too bad, too bad! Wont to-morrow do?'

'Surely not; it is a case of life and death.'

'Doctor,' said she, with an air of mystery, 'who is it? What's the matter?'

'Ah, indeed, madam, I know not what the matter is. A Mr. Warner lies very ill.'

'Well, well, you must make yourself as comfortable as you kin. Doctor, tell Flum. to put Turk in the sulkey. He's a wonnerful

warm critter to have next your feet. You'll find your red tippet hangin' over a cheer by the kitchen fire-place. I'm afeared you trod on the cat as you come up, did n't you? Goodness gracious me! how cold it is! How the wind blows!

Having admonished Mrs. Quaintley not to stand talking in the cold, I hurried into my office, prepared a few medicines, enveloped myself in coats, over-coats, cloaks, tippets, and comforters, and seizing a buffalo robe, went to the stable to assist Flummery. My poor old horse had just got upon his legs, and as he did so, he shook himself, and fetched a deep, heart-felt groan. 'It is a cruel business on all hands, Flummery,' said I, 'but especially so for Codger.'

'Yes, master, pretty hard for Codger, and for you too, master.'

In a few moments I was ready, and drove out of the gate at a snail's pace, having Turk with me. This was a young bull-dog that I thought a good deal of. I liked the idea of having some living thing near me on that dreary night, and the warmth imparted to the feet was not a secondary consideration. It was impossible to see beyond a few yards, owing to the drifting snow and sleet. Oh! how the winds raved, and howled, and swept through the top of my sulkey, as if they would have actually carried it away; and several times my horse was brought to a stand, unable to oppose their violence, and bent his head to the earth until they should have passed by. He had carried me about half the journey, having been upon the road an hour or more, when he suddenly stopped, not by the force of the winds, but of his own accord; and notwithstanding my urgent entreaty, resolutely refused to advance another step. The place was a cold, bleak meadow, far from human habitation, and the only alternative appeared to be, to advance or perish on the road. I jerked the reins, and applied the whip, but when every endeavor to urge him on proved fruitless, I sat still in silent despair, and looked at the cold moon, struggling dimly at intervals through the heavy, drifting clouds, and spoke to the dog who lay whining and whimpering at my feet.

At last, summoning up energy, 'This will never do,' said I; and I sprang out. I examined the harness in every part by the light of a lantern which I had brought with me. It was all right. I then seized the horse by the head, but he drew back with a spirit and determination which I had never seen him manifest before. Happening to cast my eye downward, I saw the tide coursing at my very feet, bearing on its bosom large cakes of ice, which were carried along by the force of the current. The bridge had been carried away by the late freshet, and I remembered that the messenger had advised me to take a different road. Thanking a kind Providence for having preserved me from destruction, I retraced my steps a mile to where another road branched off; and here I seriously debated the propriety of prosecuting the journey any farther; but a sense of duty urged me on, to contend against all obstacles. I was so fortunate however as to meet with nothing serious until reaching a turnpike-gate, which being thrown wide open, I passed through, never stopping to pay the toll. But the pikeman had heard the rattling of wheels, and rushed out, bare-footed, and clad only in a long shirt.

'Hallo!' shouted he, in an eager voice.

I halted abruptly, and counted out three-pence into his trembling hand.

'Bom'nable cold night!' said he, holding up the pennies close to his eyes, and turning them over in the dim light of the moon.

'Yes,' replied I, laughing in spite of myself, at the ridiculous figure which he cut. My little dog Turk appeared affected in like manner, and without giving any intimation of what he was about to do, sprang from the sulkey, and seizing the pikeman's garment, I verily thought that he would have pulled it off his back. The man hopped about in his bare feet, frightened out of his seven senses, and raised a great alarm, which brought his wife out also; and at that instant the dog returning to his place under the buffalo-skin, I inflicted on Codger a terrible thwack, and departed. Onward, onward we went, at the rate of four miles an hour, but we were now happily approaching the journey's end, for I heard the booming of the Atlantic waves, as their deep bass mingled with the wintry winds. 'Bravo!' exclaimed I, speaking to Turk and to Codger, on arriving at the place of destination, and seeing a light in the window of the house; 'here we are at last, in spite of all obstacles; and for myself, I may be the means of saving a fellow-being's life.'

Buoyed up by this hope, I pulled the latch of the kitchen door, and went in. Thoroughly chilled, my first object was to get warm; and notwithstanding every precaution, in a few minutes my fingers burned, and tingled, and pained me to such a degree that I could have wept, as I have often done when a child, on the same account. A negro was hanging over the fire, half stupified by the heat, who answered my inquiries as well as he could, rubbing his eyes open with his fists. Presently a woman came down with a dim light in her hand, but made no more of my arrival than if I had come only a hundred yards. She said the patient had been 'kind o' ailing' for a week or more, and 'did n't seem to have no relish for his wittles;' whereas he generally had a 'wonderful appetite to eat.' But this evening he was 'stomach-sick,' and thought that he required doctorin'. Just at present he was in a sound and pleasant sleep, and perhaps it would n't be best to disturb him. 'You can look at him, doctor,' said she, if you reckon it will do any good; but I 'spose you wont *charge* nothin' if you do n't *do* nothin'.'

It is hard to tell whether I was more hurt or indignant at this reception, and I replied with as much spirit and severity as it was proper to use in speaking to a woman. I however insisted on looking at the man. If he were ill, he would certainly require assistance; if he were not, nothing would requite me for having come to Rockaway that night.

Having visited the man in his chamber, and ascertained that he was not very ill, I returned to the kitchen, and sitting down before the fire, forgot my chagrin in an enjoyment of the genial warmth. For some moments I found ample cause for rumination, gazing alternately at the bed of hickory coals and at the cobwebs which graced the rough beams overhead. Presently my ear was startled by the cries and voices of a number of men without; and one of them, thrusting his head in the door, gave the appalling cry, 'A SHIP ASHORE!'

I started to my feet at the intelligence. 'Where does she lie?' I inquired.

'High upon the beach, two miles east of this.'

'What is she?'

'An English brig, full of passengers.'

'Merciful heavens!' I exclaimed; 'is there no relief for so many perishing souls?'

'I guess not. We are getting the neighbors together, to see if any thing can be done.'

I was aroused to learn the whole of the horrid truth, and resolved to follow the men. From them I learned that the vessel had been ashore several hours, and would scarcely hold together till morning. To bring away any part of the crew would be difficult in the day-time, but nearly impossible in the tempestuous night. Yet there were brave hearts and strong hands in the small company which was collecting to the rescue. We stopped at every lonely house, and every fisherman's hut, on the approach to the sea-shore, and communicated the intelligence. Nor were those hardy men, who are accustomed to battle with the deep, deaf to the calls of humanity. They turned out with alacrity, and their wives and families kindled fires, and made provision for any of the shipwrecked sufferers who might be saved. We received occasional accessions to our number, as we journeyed along the deep sands, but we exchanged few words. For myself, I had nearly covered my head in the folds of a large cloak, to withdraw myself as much as possible from the blast, which had become almost too cutting to be endured.

Suddenly the whole company halted. 'Hark!' said one of the number. We listened attentively, and then for the first time heard as it were a choir of human voices, low and plaintive, swelling and subsiding with the fitful gusts; sometimes dying altogether away, then rising with greater energy above the noise of the tempest and booming of the waves. At this appalling sound, the men started off on a full run toward the beach. I followed, but soon paused, out of breath, having gained the summit of some hillocks of sand. I looked before me, and beheld the ocean lashed into fury by a succession of storms, and the white breakers rolling and bursting at my feet. I have never sailed in ships, nor been wafted to foreign climes; but I have walked often on the shores of the great Sea, and have ever found it the same solemn, sublime, and comparatively changeless scene. The earth is various. It has its choice prospects. Spring-time and Summer fling their fascinations over it, and the Winter makes it bleak and barren. And wherever the green herb grows luxuriantly, or the harvests wave in ripeness, or the roses spring at our feet, we acknowledge the effect of culture, and are delighted with the work of man. But no hand save God's is visible in the great and wide sea. In storm and in sunshine it mirrors the form of the ALMIGHTY. It retains no traces, it upheaves no monuments. For it, there is no summer, no winter. Ice cannot bind its breakers in irons, but it rolls on forever; free, immense, and immeasurable — a figure and a type of God!

The night had become more clear; the moon rode high and less obscure in the heavens, seeming to look down with a cold apathy on

a world of sorrow and distress. But that which riveted the gaze of the beholder, was a large ship, not many yards from the shore, her spars, yards, and rigging distinctly visible, and her decks dark with human beings. The sea was making a continual breach over her, and the spray turned into ice as it fell upon those who sought a refuge in securer places from the waves. It was even possible to discern some of the minuter details of the melancholy congregation; the wild gestures which accompanied their heart-rending shrieks, and the arms uplifted to heaven in supplication; friends locked in each other's arms, and mothers clasping their infants in a cold embrace, vainly striving to cherish life, by the last drop of their own bosoms. Horror-struck, I stood and gazed at the spectacle. I was too deeply absorbed to be any longer sensible of the bitter cold, but was trying to estimate by a vain arithmetic the amount of suffering and mortal agony brought together in so small a space, and how many trembling souls, whether of the guilty or purely innocent, were about to ascend from this tumultuous scene to the God who gave them. Then the same hope which springs up in the bosom of the wretched, found a place in mine, and I thought that those agonizing appeals must ascend to heaven, and that He who is merciful, and will pity the helpless, would work a miracle to save them; forgetting, at the same time, that He is wise as well as merciful, and that the wheels of nature cannot turn aside for the poor worms of the dust who may be crushed beneath them.

The small group of men who had come down were collected on the water's edge, and they were deliberating what steps to take to rescue a few out of the multitude who were freezing to death before their eyes. They were for the most part men of nerve and hardihood, who would not shrink from ordinary peril; and their deliberate conviction was, that it would be madness to make an attempt, which in all human probability could result in nothing but the loss of their own lives. This virtual decree of abandonment appeared to be understood by the unhappy persons upon the wreck, and they broke forth into cries so heart-rending, that they would have nerved the weakest arm to some deed of bravery.

There was one, however, in that company of fishermen, who stood forth to plead for the perishing, and who advocated the opinion that it was possible to reach the ship. He was an old man. The winter winds tossed his white locks as they fell over his shoulders in soft luxuriance; and as he stood on a little hillock above his companions, and stretched forth his sinewy arm toward the ship, and pleaded with a rough eloquence, I thought it was a scene to which the painter only could do justice. He pleaded, he supplicated, in vain. The tears gushed upon his cheeks, and froze. Sparkling gems were they, 'already polished,' from a rough mine. 'Let us save,' said he, 'at least *one*, to tell the tale.'

When the men could not be prevailed on, the old man detached himself from the group, and waved his hand imperiously to his three sons. They obeyed the mandate, and proved worthy of their sire. All leaped into the boat; in a moment more it was buoyant, and impelled by strong arms, rose above the perilous waves which threatened to dash it back upon the shore. We watched it as it rose and sunk,

with intense fear and interest. But oh! with what feelings was that little bark gazed at by the multitude who crowded the ship's deck, and who trusted in its buoyancy and capacity to save them all! At one moment the pangs of death gat hold upon them; on the next, a tempting proffer of sweet life was held out to them, which they would fain embrace; and they recurred to earth and all which it contained most precious; to the dear friends and lovers who were awaiting them, and would be ready to rush into their embrace; and to their illusory dreams of wealth and happiness, in the promised land which now lay stretched before their eyes!

The little boat, with difficulty surviving the high breakers, at last drew near. The eager crowds hung expectant over the ship's side; and we looked on, fearful that they would rush in a body to the one point of rescue, and that the noble old man and his three sons would perish in their attempt. But it was otherwise ordered. It was found next to impossible to transfer any to the boat. On the summit of one wave, it came close under the ship's bows; by the next, it was carried far away into the gulf below; and the poor sufferers were tantalized with a vain hope. At length a man was seen to walk out on the flying jib-boom, leading a boy with him; and watching his opportunity, he succeeded in dropping the lad into the arms of one of the men, and immediately after, letting himself down by a rope, when the boat came beneath him he fell into it. The rowers seized their oars and pulled with all their energy toward the shore, which they reached in safety.

It would have been worse than useless to make a second attempt. The oars were clogged and rendered shapeless by the ice, and the men's arms were paralyzed with cold. They therefore dragged the boat high up on the beach. When the hapless sufferers saw that they did not mean to return to them any more, there came a burst of lamentation from the ship, such as is indescribable! I would have stopped up my ears, and rushed from the shore; but there seemed a sort of propriety in remaining to see the last, which held me back, and not a desire to be a witness of so horrid a spectacle. The cries continued at intervals until nearly morning, when they became fainter and fainter, and at last all was still. The long agony was over. The ship was manned by a lifeless crew. Yet no one, to have looked at them, would have taken them for dead men, so upright did they stand at their several posts, as if they were gazing at a promised land, or had arrived at their desired haven. I was sitting under the lee of a sand-bank, near a fire made of drift-wood, and in company with those who had come down to the beach, when the last plaintive supplications ceased. We looked at each other, and spoke not a word; but knowing that it was all over, rose up and wended our way home in silence. I was exhausted with excitement, and longed to lay down my head, and to enjoy for a few hours the luxury of forgetfulness. It was all in vain. Those heart-rending cries kept ringing in my ears, and the whole scene which I had witnessed was perpetuated in dreams until the morning light. The sun rose brilliantly, and ushered in a fair day; and as it shone on the bark *Mexico*, it told with surpassing effect upon myriads of gems, and icicles pendent from spars and rigging, and in men clad in complete armor.

It was two days after this, when the sea had given up many of its dead. The victims of the late disaster, as they had been recovered, were placed in a sort of hovel on the desolate shore, awaiting the recognition of friends. It was a singular and impressive spectacle. They lay there in all attitudes, rigidly frozen; some with their knees bent, and their hands clasped upon the breast, as if they had died in prayer; others exhibiting the contortions of those who had experienced great agony. Before the spirit had winged its flight, it seemed to have left an impress which remained fixed on the countenances of the dead. There you could trace unerringly the last emotions which had agitated their souls in death; the pangs of youth and age, of man and womanhood. There you saw the closed lips and high brow of the strong man who had met his fate with resolution, and the intenser anguish of him who feared to die. Children appeared to be still sobbing, and the half-mumbled catechism remained in their clenched fists. Resignation and calm joy were depicted on the countenances of a few, with an expression so life-like, that one might have deemed them the subjects of sweet dreams, and not of the long, last sleep. Death had spared the bloom on the frozen cheeks of a young girl. She lay with a crucifix clasped upon her breast. And where was the lover, who now lived in happy ignorance, but would on the morrow kneel at the side of the blooming corse! In the city, looking toward the sea with strained eyes, watching every white sail, and wishing the intervening time to be blotted out which debarred him from so much happiness!

But why should I depict the whole of this sad reality, or bear witness to that last recognition of friends? It is enough to say, that those who were friendless, and had been companions on the melancholy voyage, were buried in a single grave, and that many strangers wept at their burial. Alas! alas! how many a poor emigrant seeks our country as a place of refuge, only to find in it a grave — whose lives have been lost on the capes of the ancient Virginia, or in the dangerous approach to our commercial emporium! They have come here, leaving friends and kindred, and from a country which, with all her faults, they love most dearly still. Yet here had they hoped to find what their hearts had too fondly imagined; a sweeter home, a more unfailing plenty, a larger and more perfect liberty. Every moment have their hopes increased, as they have been wafted nearer and nearer to these shores, until at last they have been condemned to the agony of perishing almost within the haven of safety, and at the very moment when their delusive dreams seemed ready to be fulfilled. Their bones lie buried in the deep sea, or remain undiscovered on the shore, or Charity may have bestowed on them the rites of sepulture, and a monument in a strange land.

The few past years have been remarkable for a series of appalling disasters, both on the broad seas and in our domestic waters. Oh! how much treasure, and wit, and learning, and refulgent beauty, went down in the *HOME*, while mournfully over the misty deep that midnight bell* tolled the knell of the dying! The spectacle has been

* WHEN the steamer *HOME* was wrecked upon the beach at Ocracoke, (N. C.,) they rang the bell incessantly until she went to pieces on the breakers; and that melancholy sound was heard at a distance, above the noise of the wind and waves.

lately seen, of a ship burning at midnight, and blazing like a beacon-light along the ice-bound shores of the Long-Island Sound, while thousands were gazing, gazing with foolish eyes, and arms impotent to save. But never, in the recollection of more recent disasters, will those who live along these shores forget the night when the bark *Mexico* was wrecked, and when the multitude upon her decks were frozen to death before their eyes. And never, we trust, will the memory of that brave old man depart, who so nobly did his duty. For that deed he desired no reward, but such as his own heart and conscience could accord him. He had accomplished for that unhappy crew that which he had most earnestly begged of Heaven, that at least *one* might reach the shore, who might be able to tell the tale of so much suffering; and for the boy who had been saved, he was the darling of his parents, and while they wept for him as lost, with unmingled bitterness, the silver-haired old man replaced him safely in their arms.

P A S S I N G A W A Y .

I ASKED a dark Stream, swiftly gliding
To join the ocean's mingled mass,
'O Stream! why, ever unabiding,
Dost thou still onward pass?
Winds, flowers woo thee! Stay, oh, stay!'
The dark Stream answered, hurrying on:
'I in the ocean depths must lie,
Thou hastest to eternity:
O mortal man, our lot is one —
Passing away!'

I asked the Wind, the waters wooing,
And with the gentle flowers at play:
'O Wind! sweet pleasure still pursuing,
Why wilt thou ne'er delay?
Inconstant lover! stay, oh, stay!'
The soft Wind answered, hurrying on:
'Each lovely object I caress,
Thou ever chasest happiness:
O mortal man, our lot is one —
Passing away!'

I asked a Shadow flitting over
A field where sweetest sunlight shone:
'O fleeting Shadow, restless rover,
No sooner come than gone!
Light, gladness scorn'st thou? Stay, oh, stay!'
The Shadow answered, hurrying on:
'As flies yon cloud, I take my flight —
Time's shadow, life, seeks death's dark night:
O mortal man, our lot is one —
Passing away!'

I asked the bright Cloud, lightly flying
Across the heaven's fair, azure breast:
'O Cloud! on such pure bosom lying,
Why wilt thou never rest!
Its love entreats thee! Stay, oh, stay!'
The bright Cloud answered, hurrying on:
'I seek a purer place than this,
Thou seekest too a home of bliss:
O mortal man, our lot is one —
Passing away!'

THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

BY JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY A. C. T.

THE Angel of the Last Hour, whom we so harshly call DEATH, is sent to us as the mildest and most benevolent of angels, that he may gently and tenderly pluck the sinking heart of man from life, and take it in the arms of his love from this cold world to the genial atmosphere of Eden. His brother is the Angel of the First Hour, who twice imprints his holy kiss upon the human soul; the first time, that it may awake to life here below, and once again, when it enters the abode of happiness, that he may begin eternity with joy and smiles, even as he began time in sorrow and in tears.

The battle-field was drenched in blood, and sighs, and tears, and heavy wailings were there. And as the Angel of the Last Hour drew forth the trembling souls of the wounded and suffering warriors, his mild eyes overflowed, and he said :

‘Alas for man ! I will die once even as he dies, that I may know his last agony, and be enabled to soften and mitigate it, as I loosen him from life.’

The boundless circle of angels who loved him above, drew near to their compassionate brother ; and they promised the cherished one that they would be near to him at the moment of his death, and with their radiant heaven would surround him, that he might thereby know that he had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and was again in the home of his love. And his beauteous brother, whose second kiss is to us even as the cheering beams of morning are to the flowers which have been chilled by the night-dews, pressed his cheek tenderly, and said :

‘When I kiss thee again, my brother, thou wilt be dead on earth, and once more among us !’

Moved with holy love, the Angel descended upon the battle-field, where now but one yet breathed ; an ardent, noble youth, who heaved his crushed breast in expiring agony. By the side of the dying Hero was no one save his betrothed bride ; but he could no longer feel even her hot tears, and her lamentations were mistaken by him for the distant battle-cry. The Angel quickly drew nigh, and with a burning kiss he drew the soul from the cleft breast, and committed it to his brother, who kissed it for the second time, and it smiled as it ascended.

The Angel sped like lightning into the deserted soul-case, reanimating the corpse, and the revived heart again circulated the warm life-blood. But how strangely was he affected by his new body ! His eye of light became dimmed under the influence of his new nervous system. His formerly elevated and rapid thoughts were now slowly wading through the dull circle of the brain. All objects were merged in a misty and soft-colored vapor, which shaded and tinted them like the autumn, and the hot air seemed to consume him in the burning hectic. All his perceptions became darker, more impetuous, more

centered upon self, and were to him but as the instinct of the lower animals is to us. A fierce hunger raged, and thirst burned within him, and he was agonized with mortal pain. He heaved his severed, bleeding breast, and his first breath was a sigh for a forsaken heaven! 'This is the death of man!' thought he, but he saw not the concerted signs of Death; no angel, and no radiant heaven; and he perceived that this was only their life.

Toward evening the earthly strength of the Angel failed, and the weight of mortality seemed to rest upon his head — for SLEEP sent his messengers. His inward thoughts had lost their brilliancy and light, and had become as a smouldering fire; and the impressions of the day were like monstrous and confused shadows, and the senses seemed lost and unmanageable — for DREAMS sent their messengers. At length the veil of SLEEP was wrapped about him, and he sank into the temporary death of night; and he lay there alone and stiffened, even as we poor mortals. Then a heavenly dream flew with its thousand mirrors before his soul, and showed him in each a circle of angels and a heaven of rays; and the earthly body seemed, with all its sorrows, to fall from him. 'Ah,' exclaimed he, in fruitless transport, 'my first sleep was then my death!' But when he again awakened with the same oppressed heart, full of heavy human blood, and looked upon the earth, and the night, he said: 'This was but the picture of Death and not itself, even though I saw the heaven of stars and angels.'

The betrothed bride of the Hero perceived not that an angel dwelt in the bosom of her beloved, and still tenderly held the hand of him who had gone so far from her. But the Angel loved the innocent delusion, even as a human being might have loved it; and he wished not to die before her, that she might forgive him in heaven, that he had caused her, in one and the same form, to embrace an angel and her own dearly beloved one. And she did die first. Sorrow had bowed the head of this fair flower too lowly, and it lay broken upon the brink of the grave. She sank before the weeping angel, not as the sun, who in the face of all nature plunges into the far ocean, its gorgeous glory reaching even unto heaven; but as the gentle moon, which at midnight casts around her silver light over the suspended mist-wreaths, and in that veil of beauty vanishes from our sight. Death sent his gentle sister, the Swoon, as his precursor, who stilled her throbbing heart, and fixed her fair face in a still fairer loveliness, as the bloom of the rose faded from it. And her brow became white, even as the snow of winter, beneath which the spring of eternity is silently preparing its verdant beauties. Then burst from the swelling eye of the Angel one burning tear, which forced itself from his full heart, as a pearl is loosened from the broken shell. The betrothed bride awoke once more. Once more she looked upon him, and drew him to her heart in a long, last embrace; and as she kissed him and said, 'I am indeed with thee again, my own beloved one!' she expired. Then the Angel fancied that his heavenly brother had given him the kiss, and this was Death; but no starry heaven appeared around him, and he sighed when he found that this was not his own death, but only a human pang at the death of another.

'Oh! unhappy mankind!' cried he; 'poor sons of men, how can

ye endure this? How can ye bear to become old, when the circle of the Loved, who have been young with you, is broken, and at last entirely lost?—when the graves of friends are but as steps to your own?—when old age is but as the sad, empty hour of a cooled battle-field, and ye are left alone? Alas for ye! How can ye endure it?

By the possession of the body of the departed Hero, the gentle Angel was now placed among stern men, in the midst of their injustice, their crimes, their passions. He was oppressed with sadness at the sight of human tyranny, and he sympathized deeply in the many sorrows which he saw around him. Alas! that the burning sting of enmity should pierce that gentle breast! Alas! that aught of human unkindness should be shown toward one so holy and so pure! One who from all eternity had felt and known nought save the joy and love of heaven in himself and his angelic brethren! Again he exclaimed: 'The death of man is painful indeed;' but it was not death, for no angel appeared.

In a few days he was fully weary of a life which we drag on for half a century, and longed to be again in his heavenly home. The beautiful evening sun attracted his kindred soul. He was faint with pain, and he went with the glow of evening upon his brow to the grave-yard—that verdant back-ground of life, where the earthly veils of those happy spirits whom he had formerly released from this life were mouldering. Full of sad longings for death, he placed himself upon the newly-made grave of the unspeakably beloved bride, and gazed upon the fading glories of the setting sun. He looked upon his own mangled body, and said:

'Thou too wouldst lie down and die, and give no more pain to any one, if I sustained thee not.' And he thought compassionately of the weary life of man, as his own agony showed him the sorrow with which men purchase their virtue and their death; and he rejoiced that he had been enabled to spare the noble hero whose body he had reanimated, the weariness and pain of a lingering dissolution. He was deeply affected at the thought of human virtue, and his soul was filled with love toward those beings who, amid all the dangers and difficulties in the rugged path of life, yet swerve not from the bright pole-star of duty, but in the beauty of their benevolence stretch forth their hands to aid their weaker brethren, and go down like the sun on earth, that they may arise in heaven in the brightness of their glory.

These emotions opened his wound, and his blood flowed afresh upon the hillock, and the exhausted body sank to earth. Tears of joy seemed to break the rich tints of evening into a rosy swimming sea. The air seemed full of music, as it were the echo of far-off strains. For a moment a dark cloud passed over the Angel, as it were a very little sleep; a radiant heaven surrounded him, and myriads of angels were about him. 'Art thou here again, deceitful Dream?' said he. But the Angel of the First Hour drew near, and embraced him, and gave him the sign of the kiss, and said: 'That was Death, oh! eternal brother and heavenly friend!' And the Hero and his beloved softly repeated it, as the rays of the setting sun disclosed the bleeding body gently drooping into the open grave of the bride.

H. W. Rockwell

MOHAWK RIVER.

RIVER which freshenest amid these hills
And pastoral vallies, grateful is the sound
Of thy glad waters rippling through the reeds
Beneath me in the sunshine! O'er my head
Sweet breezes, singing from the wilderness,
Whisper of summer-time amid the leaves
And in the waving tree-tops. Pleasantly
The merry boblink in the meadow grass
Poises his golden wing, and 'mid the stems
Of the green bushes and the springing reeds
Chirrup the grasshopper.

Thus year by year
Hast thou been witness to the sweet return
Of the gay Summer; thus over thee have passed
The seasons in their grateful interchange,
With song, and bloom, and tempest. Thou hast seen
The snows of Winter whitening the far hills,
When the fierce North hath cast upon the woods
His cold and darkness; and when Spring hath come
Down on the wakening wilderness, with song,
And light, and blossom, and the early flowers
Have scented the wood-thickets, by the marge,
Seated among the reeds, hast thou beheld
The savage, decked with war-paint and gay beads,
Sharpening his tomahawk. Far through the woods,
In the hush noon-tide of the summer's day,
Oft has thou heard his war-whoop ringing loud
And long from the dense wilderness. Beside
Thy waters he hath stooped to wash his knife,
Red with the blood of tender infancy,
And youth, and sturdy manhood. Thou hast seen
The forms of belted warriors, gray-haired chiefs,
And maidens with their tresses decked with flowers:
Yet all have passed away! These massy trees,
In whose green roofs the winds of noontide play,
Gaze on their sports no longer. Fragrant airs,
Freshening the woods in the sweet summer months,
Still ripen the red berries, and the snow,
Driving before the wintry wind, still falls
Bright o'er the forest, and the birds come back
In the gay spring-time: but that noble race
Who dwelt upon thy borders, they who built
Amid these hills their birchen villages,
Alas! they cannot boast a sepulchre!

I look around me, and I mark the change
Which thus hath stricken them. The settler's axe
Hath done its office, and the mighty trees
Which filled thy borders with their leafy gloom,
Retreating to the upland, now look down
On cultured fields and snow-white cottages;
Boys whistle by the road-side, and the swain
Sings at his labor; mirrored in thy face,
The sable crow, beating the summer air
With his long glossy wings, floats from the wood
On to the neighboring corn-field. In the sweet
Soft wind which stirs the blossoms in the grass,
I hear the bustle of the crowded mart
That murmurs by thy waters. On thy smooth
Dark current I behold inverted spires,
With their green shutters, and bright weather-cocks
Catching the pleasant sunshine. Now a leaf,
Shaken by wild birds from the boughs o'erhead,
Breaks the bright picture, and a solemn frog
Comments below upon my reverie!

THE LATTERLIGHTS AND THEIR PROGENY.

OR DOINGS IN THE CITY OF THE SAVANS.

——— These of death
No hope may entertain.

CARY'S DANTE.

Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

HORACE.

It is impossible to foretel what result the improvements of the present day are to bring about. They tend to something; either a higher state of enjoyment or a deeper state of unhappiness. The existing chrysalis state cannot continue forever. A change is to take place in the moral world, which reflecting minds are awaiting with the greatest solicitude. The momentum which the intellect has acquired in this era of the world, in consequence of certain inventions, is surprising. And the confusion which it has created in the moral world is such, that in certain quarters it would almost seem that 'Chaos had come again.' If this be the case, and mankind shall pursue the course usual to them when thrown off their bias, the rapid strides with which it will encompass this fair earth will be wonderful indeed. That the reader may more fully understand us, we will give him some account of a scene recently enacted in an ancient 'emporium' of an Eastern empire, known as the CITY OF THE SAVANS. Wise beyond comparison; proud of their inexhaustible wealth, of their splendid palaces, and magnificent gardens; of their just laws, and the equable administration of them; of their vast libraries, and above all, of the great names that adorn their annals; the inhabitants of this city were once accustomed, indirectly, to give laws to the empire. The impress of profound wisdom was so visible in all their transactions, and the confidence in them so great, that they were generally followed without much examination; and this continued to be the case until the commencement of the present age; when, from some erratic conduct of which they had been guilty, confidence began to diminish; and now, in mind and manners, if not in wealth, they have found the common equilibrium, although they labor under the false impression that their ancient influence still continues, to its full extent.

In this city there have for many years existed orders and classes, which, although composed of men of great knowledge, have held various and conflicting opinions touching certain matters to which they attach vast importance. Among the later of these classes are the NOODLES, or LATTERLIGHTS, who separated themselves entirely from all other orders, whose doctrines they condemned unconditionally, and maintained that theirs was the only true order. As they held that their souls were in every respect equal, and formed one community, after they were separated from the earthly clogs with which they were connected, they thought that by 'similitude' they should have their lands, goods, and bodies, in common also. And it is not strange, such is the propensity of the human family to social existence, that the ranks of this clan swelled to quite a formidable extent.

But, although this class called themselves Latterlights, they were not the *last* lights which were to illumine the City of the Savans. Another class — if they have a sufficiently distinctive character to entitle them to be called a class — has recently made its appearance, which bids fair to create a moral revolution in the city, such as has not before been dreamed of. This class is composed of individuals who have separated themselves from all other classes and clans, as well as of many who belonged to no particular order. They are all odd specimens of human nature, and are doggedly determined to exercise their opinions unfettered. They at first undertook, each one by himself, to exert an influence upon the community, apparently without being aware that there were others of diverse sentiments operating in the same way. But at length, finding that their exertions were not attended with much success, and finding too that there were adverse influences in their way, they sought to ascertain what they could be, and finally learned the important fact, that they were opposed by persons who had two ideas in common with them, one of which was, that individual effort was the only kind of effort which should be exerted in a free city; that it was the only democratic effort; whereas associated effort was tyrannical: and the other was, that all existing institutions were useless and intolerable.

When this discovery was made, it produced a little effervescence of feeling among them; but they thought it best to stifle their anger, and see if some mode might not be adopted by which they could unite their efforts, and still retain their individuality. At length they agreed to call a CONVENTION of all who were disposed to discuss the utility of the institutions of the city; well aware that discussion would unsettle the public mind on questions which for ages had been at rest; and well aware too that they should obtain as much and perhaps more notoriety, as individuals, in a convention where there was perfect freedom, than they could separately in the broad city.

The convention was at length assembled; and as much pains were taken to secure a large attendance, the temple where it was appointed to be held was early filled with an expectant multitude. Its novelty was attractive to the curious and gratifying to the skeptical. After it was organized, the chairman stated its object to be the free discussion of diverse questions which involved the propriety of the continuance of certain existing customs, which, although having the sanction of antiquity, were alleged by many to have had their origin in an age less enlightened than the present, and therefore were not binding upon us.

Before the chairman had fairly concluded, a short, squab, restless, red-haired gentleman, with peaked features, and gray, twinkling eyes, sprang upon his feet, and hurriedly stated that he had a resolution to offer. The chairman, who was evidently a courteous man, endeavored to smooth over this forced conclusion of his remarks in the best manner possible, and calmly bade him offer it. The short, squab man, then read to this effect:

‘RESOLVED, That priests are nuisances; that they are useless, unnecessary, expensive appendages to useless, unnecessary, and expensive institutions, and ought to be *abolished*.’

He then proceeded to support his resolution somewhat after the following fashion:

‘ Mr. Chairman : I shall contend that this resolution ought to pass, for several substantial reasons, Sir. The order of priests was established by an ignorant people, Sir, who required instruction, Sir ; and it being more convenient that — that the burthen of their support should fall upon many, Sir, while each — each individual could receive the same benefit as if he had a priest by himself, Sir, whole classes contributed to the support of one, Sir. Thus, Sir, the order arose, and the reason why it has been so long perpetuated is, that the expense — expense to the people has been, though heavy, too light, to make a *fuss* about, Sir, because it was so ancient an institution, Sir. What reason is there, Sir, that this City of the Savans, which is the most enlightened city on the face of the globe, and is more learned than any other city can be, Sir, what reason is there, Sir, that we should be at such an expense for nothing, Sir ? I ask — ask you *that* — eh, Sir, eh ? Why these priests, Sir, are an idle, presumptuous, money-getting set of men, Sir, who imagine — imagine, Sir, that they are above their race ; yes, Sir, above *us*, Sir ! It is high time that they were abolished, Sir !’

This speaker having thus enthusiastically concluded, another arose, and stated that although he was not a member of the convention, he would make a remark in reply to the gentleman last up, as he understood that every one had equal liberties in this meeting. He thought that when a public speaker who had no regard for his own character undertook to undermine the reputations of those who had, there was a general feeling of disgust in the bosoms of his hearers. It was a very easy matter for an empty-purse man — a man who had no faculty to obtain a livelihood either by mental or physical exertion — to suggest the destruction of men whose characters and habits they could not appreciate ; and it was his opinion that such persons ought to endeavor to assist themselves in some other way than by intermeddling with the affairs of others.

The first speaker now arose in great wrath. With his eyes flashing fire, and his arms moving with great velocity, he thus vented his indignation :

‘ Who calls me an empty-purse man ? — a man of no faculties ? an intermeddler, Sir ? ‘ Feeling of disgust !’ If there is such a feeling, it must be corrected, Sir ! The bosoms of men must be reformed, Sir. I say I am *not* an empty-purse man, Sir ! I — I scorn the accusation, as well as the accuser, Sir ! And I hurl — hurl it back with tenfold vengeance in the face of him who made it, Sir ! He is a *priest*, Sir ; yes, Sir, a **PRIEST** — I know he is, Sir ! He is afraid of inquiry. His *order* is in danger, Sir !’

Much confusion now prevailed. Some urged the speaker on with the very expressive exclamation, ‘ Go it !’ Others called to him : ‘ *Show* your money — that’s the best argument ;’ and a motion was made to lay the resolution on the table. When the orator heard this motion, he roared out : ‘ It *shan’t* be laid on the table, Sir ; no Sir, it shall pass, Sir ; it **SHALL** pass !’

But the chairman took advantage of an interval in which he appeared to be coaxing the air for breath, to put the motion, which was instantly carried. The astonishment of the speaker at this unexpected

contretemps was such, that he actually lost the power of speech; and seizing his hat, he pressed his way through the crowd, and passed from the house amid loud cheers.

After this summary disposition of the first speaker, another personage of very different appearance arose. He was rough in speech and in manners, but still he had sense enough to know that to enforce an argument, the very worst course to take was to get into a passion, and defy his hearers to reject it. He said that he regretted the confusion from which the assembly had just recovered. The resolution which had been before the convention was important and true; and he believed that this would be the opinion of the people, when they fully understood it. But as it was not now before the convention, he would offer the following for consideration:

‘RESOLVED, That one day in the week is not, more than another, holy time; and that consequently the day called the Sabbath is not of divine origin; that it is needless, useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished.’

He had but little to say upon the resolution, but what he *should* say he thought would convince his hearers of its correctness. He could see no difference in days. He lived in a retired part of the city, and all days were alike there. There was nothing to indicate that one was more holy than another. ‘If the Sabbath was a holy day, why did n’t they stick to the old *seventh* day of the week, and not change it to the *first*? — the day which, in point of numbers, was the very farthest from it? It was useless, needless, and dangerous, because it was profitless; because it encouraged idleness; if men were idle one whole day in seven, they were inclined to be idle longer. The progress of the age required the employment of our whole time; and it seemed to him as morally certain that where a whole community were regularly idle one seventh part of their time, in an age so enlightened as the present, they could not advance, but would rather retrograde.

This speech excited the irascibility of a short-waisted man, with a long face and dark complexion, who in a rapid and obstreperous manner insisted that such blasphemy was intolerable. It was not to be borne. He talk about ‘morally certain!’ Why, Sir, how can a man talk about morality, when he do n’t know what it is? He says he can’t see any difference between Sunday and a week-day! He must be blind indeed! How still is that blessed day, and all others how noisy! People go to meeting on Sunday to hear the gospel preached, and that makes the day holy; and the man who says it is not holy, must have a poor conscience, to say the least.’

The person who offered the resolution replied, that he considered that a most niggardly argument. It had not convinced and would not convince him of the sanctity of the Sabbath. In his part of the city the same stillness reigned throughout the year, and he did not think it would be broken until the ‘crack of doom,’ were it not for an occasional thunder-storm, or a hebdomadal altercation between two good wives, who lived opposite each other, which occurred on that day. As to meetings, there were no such things there to his knowledge.

The short-waisted man, with the long face and dark complexion, took the expression ‘niggardly,’ which his opponent applied to his

argument, as an oblique thrust at his person, and he resented it, as it seemed to some of the by-standers, in a very shrewd and becoming manner. 'Niggardly!' said he, 'niggardly!' People ought to think of their own looks, before they talk about the looks of others; and I should think it very pretty indeed for a man as black as that man is, to talk about niggers!' As the person alluded to was very dark, the last speaker thought he had made a fine hit; and he was confirmed in his belief, by the hearty laughing of those who heard him.

A grave personage, with an air of waggishness, now arose. He said that as this was a *free* meeting, he would make a few remarks, though he had not the honor of being a member of the convention. He had heard some freedom of remark and of epithet here, and as this was in perfect accordance with the character of the meeting, he for one could not object to it. It was alleged in Holy Writ that a certain quadruped was endowed with the power of speech, and it was his opinion, from the appearance and manner of the last two speakers, that some of that quadruped's descendants had strayed among us.

The chairman hoped that the question might be kept in view, whatever liberties gentlemen might take in their remarks.

A person with an open, ingenuous, countenance; a soft, but restless eye; a head partially bald, with a large organ of reverence, in a rather dignified manner now addressed the assembly. He asserted his belief in a Supreme Being, and in his unbounded generosity. He could not believe that he would punish men for doing that which they could not help, nor withhold punishment from those who did wrong intentionally. It was his opinion that men had a right to keep any day as Sabbath which they saw fit. It was not obligatory on any one to keep, or not to keep, such a day. There was one rule by which he was governed in all his conduct; 'Resist not evil.' If one man forces me to meeting on Sunday, I go voluntarily, as it were; if another compels me to work, I do it voluntarily; and if another obliges me to do nothing, I do that voluntarily, as it were. I resist not evil, be it what it may.

Here some one asked the gentleman what he would do if three different individuals should force him to do the several things he had mentioned, at the same time?

He was prepared for the question. He said he never anticipated such an occurrence; but if it should take place, he should remain *passive*, and let them do as they pleased. (*Cheers.*) This rule was the only safe guide, and had been of vast assistance to him in every situation in which he had been placed; and by it he had been enabled to form an opinion upon the resolution before the meeting. And it was his opinion, under this rule, that Sunday ought to be abolished, and that it ought *not* to be abolished.

Next arose a bellicose looking personage, with a Roman nose. It was his 'established persuasion, after extended and elaborate cogitation, that the heretofore dominant system of waging hostilities was anti-christian and anti-republican. The rectified principle was extending itself throughout the universal world—as in this enlightened age might be expected—which was, never to provoke to aggression; but while nations were in a pacific state, to make the most magnifi-

cent preparations to secure our country against the inroads of a merciless, mercenary enemy. Then, being able successfully to oppose resistance to foreign invasion, the necessity for resisting evil would not exist, for evil would not then make its appearance.'

At this clear and intelligible speech, the 'resist-not-evil' speaker was exceedingly indignant; and looking daggers at its author, wished to know how, in the name of reason, he could put such a construction upon his motto? 'No other person than an advocate of unholy, deadly, devastating war, could ever, in this advanced age, construe it in this way.'

Here his opponent wished to explain, but no explanation would suit; he had uttered the most heterodox, nay the most blasphemous opinions he had ever heard. 'I call the gentleman to order—*order!*' exclaimed his opponent, emphatically, at the same time giving him a glance that would have annihilated any other man with a bump of reverence. The glance was returned. The gentleman with the Roman nose arose and brandished his fist; he who resisted not evil shook both of his in a most daring manner. The ladies screamed, and the chairman insisted upon order. After much commotion among the audience, the non-combatants were partly persuaded and partly forced into their seats, and order was restored.

The convention was now regaled with a remarkably refined speech from a man of exquisite sensibility, with long hair, moustaches, imperial, and a dress in the most fashionable style; perfumed with compounds grateful to educated olfactories, but greatly offensive to the unsophisticated. 'Hi av,' said he, 'a very hexcellent hobjection in favor of the resolution, which I am of hopinion will satisfy hall observing minds that it ought to pass. Sabbath is a very flat and vulgaw word, and has such I think hought to be abolished. Beside, it is a *Jewish* word, and hanti-christian, and hanti-republican, and hanti-savanic, and hanti-democratic, and is too far behind this enlightened hage. Allo-wed time, in my opinion, would be much more poetical and happropriate.'

'Mr. Chairman,' said our waggish acquaintance, 'I do not know that I can exactly describe the effect that the argument of the speaker last up has produced on my mind. I presume it has convinced some of the audience, it certainly has convinced me, that the gentleman bears a very close resemblance to Ephraim, as we have him described by Hosea: 'Ephraim,' says the prophet, 'is a cake not turned.' The interpretation of which, as I suppose, in this enlightened age, is '*half-baked.*'

After the merriment which this sally created had died away, a speaker arose who was a novelty. He was a tall, cadaverous man, with sharp features and a sepulchral voice; and the words he uttered were of such an oracular description, that the audience had some difficulty in persuading themselves that they were not listening to a delegate from the charnel-house. He spoke as follows:

'Man unillumined knoweth nothing. Soul is chaotic. Matter is opaque. Knowledge is light. As light matter, so knowledge illumines the soul. The popular Sabbath is historical. The holy Sabbath is spiritual. Therefore Sabbath is dual. These, diverse and alien, sway the world in vacillation. Ever priests are integrated.

Steeple are orb'd. Churches angled. In these, Sabbaths are observed; priests are interchanged, and souls orbiculated in the spiritual firmament. Each Sabbath is consecutive. Diversity is its form, grace its vesture.'

Here some one in the centre of the congregation repeated the riddle of Sampson:

'Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness.'

The waggish gentleman again arose. He said that he had listened with great attention to the remarks of gentlemen, and from appearances, he was fearful that the audience were convinced that priests and Sabbaths were at least useless; but for himself, he did not believe that since the days of Sampson there had ever been such a slaughter with a jaw-bone, as there had been of ideas by the gentleman from the grave-yard, who had just sat down; and he thought the convention might well exclaim:

'With the jaw-bone of an ass, heaps upon heaps,
With the jaw-bone of an ass, have a thousand been slain!'

The dryness with which this remark was made, created a shout of laughter such as we shall not attempt to describe. The chairman thumped and called 'Order!' The cadaverous gentleman looked fire-brands; a few incensed hearers hissed, and it was long before sufficient order was restored to obtain an adjournment.

On the opening of the convention the following day, the gentleman who looked as though he had just been dug up, and who had suffered from such an ignominious comparison at the close of the first meeting, felt constrained again to speak. Quoth he: 'Yesterday was insult. Manners are to-day. Always gentleman have manners. Unity is both. Let unity sway this multitude. Diversity all else.'

A person inquired if the wearers of long hair would be allowed to speak in the convention.'

'I av an hobjection to that question,' exclaimed the perfumed gentleman; 'and ham of opinion that it is in the 'ighest degree insulting to gentlemen, and 'ope it will not pass.'

A female voice was now heard. All eyes were turned in the direction from whence it proceeded, and were greeted with a countenance of surpassing beauty. Already had the fire of insulted dignity begun to exhibit itself in her eyes. She was surprised that such a question should be asked; it was an insult to her sex, and she felt it her duty to defend it. 'Does the man who made the inquiry,' said she, removing her bonnet, and allowing a profusion of dark, glossy ringlets to fall over her shoulders, and at the same time elevating her voice, 'does he think, because we are women and wear long hair, that we have no rights? Am I to be deprived of the privilege of giving utterance to my thoughts? I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I am not! Not all these self-styled 'lords of creation' shall prevent my speaking when and where I choose. And Man will soon be taught that Woman is no longer to be trampled upon. Nature forbids it; free opinion forbids it; the progress of the age forbids it!'

The great beauty of the lady, her majestic figure, the dignity of her air, and the musical sweetness of her voice, at first enlisted the sym-

pathies of her auditors; but she soon wrought herself into such a passion, and became so violent in her gesticulations, that a revulsion took place in their feelings. The idea that one of the fairest of the fairest part of human kind should thus unsex herself, created disgust in the bosoms of all, except those of a few non-combatant Smite-nots, whose philosophy enabled them to control the finer feelings with which nature had favored them.

After the excitement which the harangue of the woman produced had subsided, the resolutions which had been introduced were taken up in their order, and discussed in a manner similar to that of the day before. Priests and Sabbaths were denounced, and a freedom of opinion and of expression was allowed, to which the most radical could not object. All existing institutions which were hallowed by much antiquity, were assailed with a bitterness seldom equalled, and with arguments most absurd. The 'superior intelligence of the age' could not receive sufficient laud, and was used as one strong argument for abolishing these institutions, and of forming others, upon which the impress of this superior intelligence should distinctly appear. At the close of the session, the resolutions were adopted, and measures were concocted by which the light that had sprung up in the minds of the assembly should be diffused through the city. The meeting was then adjourned to a future day.

The opening for discussion of questions which for ages have been settled, has already had a serious effect upon the public mind in the City of the Savans. The principal movers in the matter are by no means idle, and doubts and surmises begin to be rife in the community. Heaven defend this people against the horrors of a French Revolution, which we fear they will suffer, if they thus continue the agitation of questions, the tendency of which is the unsettling of customs that are admitted to be of vital importance to the prosperity and peace of a people.

J. E. G.

F A R E W E L L : F R O M G O E T H E .

I.

By eyes be the farewell taken,
Trembling vainly on my lips;
Wretched, since by thee forsaken,
Now my manhood feels eclipse.

II.

Dreadful in this bitter hour
Love's else sweet and tender band;
Cold the kiss, without life's power —
Faint the pressure of thy hand.

III.

Oh! how once the stolen greeting
Thrilled my bosom with delight!
Like Spring's earliest violet, meeting
Wanderer's unexpected sight.

IV.

Hence no more I twine fresh wreaths,
Rosy crowns, no more for thee;
Vainly May her fragrance breathes —
Dreary Autumn frowns for me!

C.

THE AMERICAN AT HOME.

A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It is well in these times to cast a glance upon the newspapers, to see if one may not have received an appointment under the new administration. From this errand, stepping into the street from the Exchange reading-room, I ran foul, as it is necessary, of an omnibus. 'Walk in,' said the cad: I did so, though not intending to ride, and was followed by a pretty shop-girl, with a million of raven curls upon her brow, who sat just in front, and let down her eye-lids like the draw-bridge of a fortress. She opened them once, then closed them immediately; then half-opened and shut them again. I sat reflecting upon female modesty, till I became disgusted, and was about to get out, not wishing to go any where, when a woman in black, of a lady-like air, and exceeding beauty, dropped into the seat by me, noiselessly, like a fleece of descending snow, except the color. 'All's right,' said the cad, and we set off. She had a little dimple on her chin, impressed by Love's little finger. *Amoris digitulo* is a pretty, expressive phrase; I wish we had it in English. *Qui me fa n'el mio core tupe, tupe!* The irresistible creature, a widow! why so much more killing in her widowhood than her maidenhood? There is an idea of her forlorn and lonely condition, which excites pity, next neighbor to love; and to be in sorrow for her husband adds to her charms, especially if she looks well in black, as all pretty women do. If she weeps thus for one husband, what will she not do for another? To be her dead husband would be almost enviable; to be mourned by so sweet a wife: '*Tupe, tupe sin cessari!*' But it is the only independent condition of woman: a maid, she is under constant censorial inspection of mother, father, and brothers; married, of the husband; and as widow, she may keep house, and have her own virtues. If young and rich, to marry her is a sin, if one could help it. Alas! what chance of independence for the lady at my right?

Expression, that chief part of beauty, you will not expect me to describe; the rest I will despatch briefly. Her features were perfect; hair of jet, like her eyes, and braided upon cheeks blooming with colors 'dipped in heaven;' her form rather *embonpoint*, and her speech seasoned with a gentle mixture of Dutch *patois*, just enough to give it a sweet Doric accent. Upon the clasp of her reticule glittered a large diamond. She seemed above her equipage, but signified no fear of losing rank, having no doubt some to spare. They do well to economize who have little. For three months we have been troubled with the daily visits of that dribbling saint they call St. Swithin; so I resigned myself to my seat in the omnibus, and we passed up Dock-street, the only street in which one finds some relief from William Penn's perpendicularity, and stopped opposite the United States Bank. We met no other occurrence of note in this part of

our journey, except, by way of retaliation, running over a pig. They run over us frequently on this street. We gave a shudder, for it lay kicking on its back,

——— 'With many a doleful squeak,
Poor pig! as if its pretty heart would break.'

The United States Bank, its front eighty-eight feet, depth one hundred and sixty, wholly composed of marble, thoroughly arched, and most substantially built. The finish of the banking room as well as the other rooms is rich and costly, with capacity, if required, to hold three hundred persons. It has porticos on two fronts, with eight massy Doric pillars each, and is well lighted by windows in the flanks: the roof copper and marble. Expense of building, one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Stock, nineteen and three-quarters.

The French omnibus pursues the even tenor of its way in the same dog trot, the long day, starting always at the minute. Apollo is not more regular with the sun. But the English winds its course along zig-zag, gathering its load; now starting, now stopping; now in a slow movement, now a headlong drive; while the cad on the rear grins his affability toward the side-walks, and moves his right arm up and down like an engine shaft or pump-handle, beckoning customers, and crying out his place of destination. In most of our customs, especially the absurd ones, we copy the English. Several persons got up here, and notably a Frenchman, whose bump of secretiveness was small, and that of language full. He told us his sister's little son had just begun to wear breeches, and that she was giving a dinner in celebration of the event: he was on his way thither. He spoke then of the bank, abusively. 'Yes, gentlemen, when I was been coming in this country—I come here the two of November—I put my hand on five hundred dollar. Look at me now!' (turning his pockets wrong side out.) Here were two squares of smooth block pavement, and the horses were put upon their mettle. A boy had just put his sister in, and was trotting after, delighted; he had not money for two. 'What care I?' he seemed to say; 'poor sis. has a ride!' On rolls the omnibus, noiselessly as the foot of Time, passing a long row of fancy and jewelry shops, striving by large panels of glass, and caligraphic signs, to recommend themselves to fashionable customers. How pleasant the rapid movement! It elevates, it excites the blood, and gives sentiment to thought. One imagines, creates, recollects, and remodels the past.

'Coachman! coachman!' said a weak, squeaking voice.

It was a woman, with a child in her arms, who had run herself into a fit of suffocation in overtaking us at a gallop. She got in, breathing her soul into her lips. No sooner was she seated, than the child, also in a flurry, began with its little dimpled hands to seek a consolation the nurse was unwilling to afford before so many witnesses, and an interesting contention arose between the innocence of the child and the modesty of its nurse, which terminated in a squall. 'I like a child that cries,' said the Abby Correa; 'it is carried out!' The testy old bachelor had not imagined the event of being shut up with a squalling baby in an omnibus. It gained its point, however; then sighed, and gave itself to rest, and the mother's lullaby was still.

We stood before the Hall of Independence. Under the elms were knots of politicians, taking care of the 'Public Thing,' as the French call it, and not unlike the anserous gabbling of some other biped was the noise of their many tongues. One of them I knew; and a better patriot, when he is not drunk, is not to be found in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. At the east wing was standing, pensive and melancholy, the Automedon of 'Black Maria,' the equipage used in carrying criminals to court and thence to their prisons, melancholy, no doubt, in apprehension of being turned out of office. These are fearful times! This public functionary is in the thief-taking line, and doubtless, availing himself of his official influence, has been meddling in politics, thereby subjecting himself to the displeasure of government. His black wagon stands just underneath the Philosophical Society, a conspicuous figure in the group; bearing about the same relation to the other equipages as the hangman to the rest of the community. The grog-shops and pot-houses over the way, with the national flags streaming gracefully in front, are also a part of the picture, and have their share in the general effect. In looking upon this venerable hall, where now they are exhibiting a painting at twenty-five cents, the gracious year '76, and John Hancock and the rest, who pledged 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors' in behalf of our liberty, recurred to our memories, and through the vista was seen Franklin in his niche of the City Library. Here reverend Themis distributes justice in all her courts, including the mayor's; and the old town clock overhead, intent on his horoscope, points his iron finger to the fleeting moments, and 'intimates eternity to man,' or pours his booming chimes on the still ear of night, warning of mobs and conflagrations, and stirring up firemen, with hideous yells and horrid racket, like the sack of towns. Assist us, some god, to remove this old state-house and the other unabated nuisances from the aching sight, and let in the light of Independence Square upon Chestnut-street; and civilize, I beseech thee, our city councils so far as to enable them to conceive the necessity of ventilation to the health, beauty, and comfort of a city, that they may provide us gardens, without which there is no wholesome luxury for the rich, and no resting-place for the disconsolate.

Here entered a fine round-about lady, a year married, less four months, tapering toward the shoulders, who took her seat at my right; and we now passed from the smooth wood upon the stony-hearted pavement, deafened with the racket of vehicles, rattling of cabs, and rumbling of omnibusses: '*New-York Her'ld!*' '*Daily Chronicle!*' and fifty other cries of imps hawking newspapers, filled up the concert. Babé's, No —. If you love snuff, where else can you go to seek it? — where else to buy snuff-boxes? After all, it is the moral and genteel use of tobacco; and I have no doubt the greater sociability of the French is due to their greater addiction to this custom, which promotes domestic as well as social happiness. All one has to do, often, to conciliate a matrimonial quarrel, is to give one's wife a pinch; and I have never noticed a closer and more intimate intercourse than that between a pair of snuffers. And here by the dozen are Bible Societies' books and Sunday School Unions; the theatre, and a hotel with a mile of stories; and in front a 'loafer,' with a huge

fleece of tresses about his lugs. If to the 'loafers' and their hotels, you add gamblers and their bells, you will have the precious paraphernalia of 'Fifth to Sixth-street.' The Chestnut-street theatre, however, is the remarkable image, and almost the sole permanent memorial, of the place. No one of sufficient age has forgotten, in their merry and triumphant days, WARREN, JEFFERSON, WOOD; for seldom a more pleasant group has stood upon the scene; or stern COOKE, in Richard; or KEAN's hypertragical strut; or MATHEWS, who made us laugh to the scandal of all gravity; or FANNY KEMBLE's solemn monotone, or wailing and agonizing SLOMAN; or who is likely ever to forget HER who so gracefully 'holds the mirror up to nature?' — FANNY ELLSLER? Exquisite Fanny! whose very motion thinks, and what is more, makes others think; who, between heaven and earth, has no rival, and but one superior; who has grace, elegance, beauty — all but the ecstatic step of TAGLIONI; she will not be forgotten. Nor will this house not be remembered for its music. It has heard MONTRESSOR and FANTI; and lately that arch-priestess of Melpomene, of unmusical name, Mrs. WOOD. Plato banished music from his republic, but he had not heard thee, matchless MALIBRAN, or basked in thy sunny smile, CARADORI!

We now entered the region of music-stores, of print-shops, and Mrs. Tyndal's porcelains and Chinaseries; the region of buns, pigeon pies, and refrigeratory ices. Go hang thyself, Mrs. Parkinson! Mrs. Alexander's *patés* are better, and Tortoni's creams better still, than thine. Where is the elegant *café*, or *restaurant*, with its crystal doors, and marble tables, and pretty woman at the *comptoir*? The *Minerve Gourmande* has not yet set her foot upon the threshold of an American kitchen. We have had great men in the sciences, *mais hélas!* . . .

We stopped at Ninth, to which place nothing but the Chinese Museum is remarkable: all is a monotony of brick, 'stone matched with stone, in studied symmetry;' and here we took up a student, just done with his *Titere-tus* of the university. He had worn his academical robes on days of college parade, had 'killed Cæsar in the capital,' and the first cotton had sprouted on his chin; he had just attained that age and degree of cultivation at which one knows every thing; at which, according to Bentham, one reaches his 'maximum of detestability.' Such is the progress of human acquirement: as the corn in the field, ostentatious and exuberant in its first growth, and as the ear ripens, bending with modest humility toward the dust. He sat by a lady whom he knew, and was introduced to her daughter, whom he did not know — a delicate, sylph-like creature, whom a painter might, without much idealizing, have converted into a cherub. So much the better for the omnibus, which began to be close packed. But she had a quizzical eye, and a loud, piercing voice, reminding us of one of Fanny Kemble's 'roaring mice.' The student entertained the mother, caressing his incipient whiskers, and coaxing them into fertility.

'It was for its sanatory qualities only he had got into the omnibus; The titillating movement,' he said, 'was anti-dyspeptic, and after all, health, he thought, was the chief business of life; without it, all the rest was *naucci, flocci*.'

'You are then indisposed?'

‘A little head-ache only.’ It was May-day, and he had been too matutinal in his excursions.

‘But others rise early to cure the head-ache.’

With him it was quite the contrary — could n’t tell why. Such things, he thought, could only be accounted for idiosyncratically.

‘Lord! mother, what a big word!’ said the girl, softly. ‘Now comes my turn.’

So it did. He talked to the young lady of the march of intellect; of the many things now familiar, of which antiquity was ignorant; and he had no doubt that many absurd things now passed for truths, for which posterity would laugh in our faces.

‘I would like to see them at it!’ said the lady.

A pause — and the conversation then resumed its current. But in morals he thought the ancients as far advanced as the moderns, and he gave examples of filial piety. ‘Was it not strange that Romulus should be the first to make a law in favor of mothers, and he suckled by a wolf? You know Rhea Sylvia ——’

‘No, indeed, I do n’t. I only know Rhea Barton, the surgeon, up here above Thirteenth-street.’

Another pause. ‘A most striking example of this virtue is that of Æneas. You know the Trojan ——’

‘No, I do n’t ——’

‘Who carried his father in the sack of Troy ——’

‘Lord! I wonder he did n’t smother him! No, I only recollect reading that a fellow called Troy ran off with Helen, I believe her name was, to Paris, where they got married.’

‘Allow me, Miss; excuse me, it was Paris ran off with the beautiful Helen. You know her husband Menelaus ——’

‘No, I never was acquainted with him. But I know Benny Laws, the apothecary, who lives at the corner of Spruce and Fourth; perhaps he’s a brother of his.’

‘I was speaking, Miss, of the Trojans.’

‘Then jist ax my mother. She knows a proper sight about them ’ere things.’

The carriage stopped at the corner of Eleventh, interrupting our dialogue, and every one looked out; even the size of a new comer was now of consequence. And in stepped Minerva, her eyes twinkling in their sockets like two stars in the dark night, who does the chamber work at the hotel. She had a fine jut with a tournure, all which had to be squeezed into six inches’ space, which presented itself at the left of the pretty widow. ‘Juno Lucina, have mercy on us!’ seemed to say the lady on my right. I held my breath, and made myself as small as possible; but the student, not choosing so close an affinity to the coasts of Africa, got out — a comfortable relief.

‘How many fools does education bring out from their obscurity!’ said Miss, as she kissed the ends of her fingers to the departing student. ‘When age and mixing with the world shall have confirmed his stupidity, he will be king of the dunces.’

‘Why did you behave so? He will take you for an idiot,’ said the mother.

‘It is what I intended,’ said the daughter. ‘At our next meeting I will speak to him from the Dictionary.’

Well, if she is black, thought I, the hyacinth is black, yet a sweeter flower than the lily. 'A negro has a soul, your honor.' And so I worked myself up into a fit of philanthropy, till I felt no compassion for any thing but the Hottentots. 'Sit still, poor African wench!' seemed to say the pretty widow; 'no one shall harm thee.' And now we approached the corner of Tenth; the region of ice-creams and bachelors' balls. It is good posterity should know how in these days their grandmothers amused themselves; and I will take this opportunity to tell them, in few words, how it was one season ago. A hundred or more of each sex, hot from the boarding schools, covered the long, narrow room yonder, on the south-west corner, a score or two of the more aged circulating about; enough to impose order upon the ebullition of youthful spirits. 'How did you like society in America?' said some one to a distinguished foreigner. 'Did 'nt see any!' He saw only boys and girls at parties.

It is the age of quadrilles — nothing but quadrilles and quadrilles! Even Rosini composes airs for them. A few only of the more resolute were seen, toward the close of night, swimming, undulating, and dying in a waltz. The decorations of the room were gay and tasteful, only that a stream of gas-light throws a pallid hue upon complexions. Exotics, which had stepped out of their gardens, stood up in the recesses. A Love was seen peeping through an arbor, and a Mercury, at utmost stretch from his great toe to the tip of his fore-finger, held out a light. Here and there a marble reservoir of punch stood in a corner, to be ladled out at the will of the guests, and supper was set secretly, as it ought, in an outer room; sumptuous with salads, boned turkeys, oysters, tongue, ham, jellies, ices, pastries; and richest wines; hock, sherry, madeira, champagne, malmsey and maraschino; and about twelve, with thrilling music in full band, the ladies were marched, each with her cavalier, and seated at the tables, and served by the gentlemen, assisted by waiters. It was interesting to see a hundred or more souls eating chicken salad — all women. They had spun the air into gauze for their necks, and were seated low at tables promiscuously through the shrubbery, at a level with ices modelled into doves, eagles, pyramids, and globes, and gentlemen standing round looked in rapturous amazement upon the little hills of snow.

Nothing farther is remarkable in this square but the academy, where the Fine Arts are stretching out their dear little arms and asking for charity. We shall have to make our own pictures: to get them from abroad, at present prices, is scarcely possible. Nor is it a visionary project, that of making our own. Claude at thirty was a pastry cook, and had produced his chef d'œuvres at forty-five. We want only free admission to pictures, and a public taste. You pay nothing to see the Louvre; you pay twenty-five cents to the academy of Chestnut-street. Louis Philippe gave one hundred thousand pounds sterling out of his private purse to the public gallery of Versailles. Little naked statues are showing their noses a little more every year in Chestnut-street, and bringing us nearer the refinement of the European cities.

Eleventh-street met us with a smile. Up to this beautiful corner traders and their shops have intruded, and driven elegant lodgers farther to the west. Haberdashers, apothecaries, grocers, milliners, and

rumbling omnibusses, have violated the abodes of gentility, one after the other, scarce leaving a retreat where High Life can hear her own voice. This is the one eminent spot of the old Chestnut-street that is sacred from vulgarity. It was lately the Girard Square, and destined by the proprietor to be the site of his college, to paganize children who have no fathers or mothers; but the *cui bono* spirit awaking, the college was relegated three miles into the country, and in its place substituted these four rows of sumptuous houses. All which houses, with a hundred others, he has left us in his will; which is the reason we pay no taxes.

It is here, by these marble fronts, that our unemblazoned gentility parades on sunny days its little magnificence:

‘The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
So many lights and shadows, nor the rain
Resolving Iria.’

A freedom from confusion, and the images not too crowded for notice, are among the prettiest advantages of this street. To be of no consideration is to parade one's self upon Regent-street, or Boulevard Italien. The figures now in view, and the usual garniture of this street, are, a solitary cavalier, curvetting, caracolling, prancing, and bespattered with mud, for the gratification of the side-walks, returning from a rural excursion, and another on a gentle trot, his horse just lifting its feet and setting them again in the same track, as if to give us a longer enjoyment of the rider; both having space and time to be admired. A lady with a pensive air, at the opposite window, with an ugly face and pretty hand, looks through her fingers. Next a glittering coach passes rapidly, with glossy, full-blooded steeds, and Africans in sober livery; and now and then a dray, like a chariot of the Olympic games, goes thundering along. Thinly scattered upon the side-walks is seen beauty of every tint, now of jet, now of flaxen hue, set off in the best adornments of a splendid wardrobe; in frocks varying their hues

—— ‘as the orient beam
Varies the neck of Cytherea's doves;’

well dressed, but *less* well than the French. Mediocrity is the highest excellence to be expected from imitation. Why does a French frock seem to arrange itself by instinct into graceful folds? It is because the wearer understands the rhetoric of a petticoat, without which you can no more be dressed, than without invention and machinery you can make an epic poem! There are *artists* in Paris who have left a splendid reputation after them for petticoats; and Monsieur Oudinot, brevetted by the king, and patronized by all the nobility, for his *jupes elastiques*, now makes petticoats for the Queen Victoria, and nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. His address is No. 27, Place de la Bourse.

There are women in Chestnut-street to die for; women who, as Dr. LEIBER says, ‘try men's souls.’ But — there is no denying the superior beauty of the English women, (and be —— to 'em!) The English have improved to the utmost the breed of all animals, including man, and their gentry and middle class of both sexes are now the best models extant of the human species. It is not the fineness, but the

consistency, strength and durability of English beauty, that gives it its superiority. In America the men are blown up in steam-boats, and the women die of the domestic affections; they die of a want of cheerful amusements, and exercise, and of the slavery of the nursery. Why, I pray you, are Americans so much more frequently mothers than the Europeans — especially the French? Who ever heard more than two or three Parisian children claim the same woman for their mother? Should I marry ever, heaven send me one of these impatruent French women!

Of these houses of fashionable notoriety in front, the rent is twelve hundred dollars; of the sweet and romantic Girard-street in the rear, eight hundred; leaving a clear and undisputed gentility in favor of the former, of four hundred dollars per annum.

Two women were set down at the corner of Twelfth, and another admitted, bearing in her arms a tiny lap-dog, very white and frizly, yet in all the charms of its puppyhood. The baby now awoke, smiled, and looked so enticingly, that the French gentleman in whites could not resist the temptation of nursing it; and with the usual number of 'dear' and 'O dears,' dandled it on his knees, *tire-a-lire-a-lire*. 'Ah, le joli enfant! — a very pretty enfant, Ma'am. Is he girl or boy? Take your shild, Ma'am! I am disgust!'

It rains very much at this season, and now a storm, like an angry demon, was frowning over head, and every body was getting into the omnibus. A woman of three feet in diameter was squeezed into a space of six inches. I hope the reader appreciates the delicacy of my situation. Shoulders, thanks to the modern fashion, got on better. To mount up behind, look in and see there is no place, then be thrust in by the cad, and the door slammed behind you, is the affair of a moment; and you must trust to the compressibility of human nature for the rest. After all I have said about dress, one hates a woman who is perhaps made by the mantuamaker, and who gives you no chance of being undeceived. If conscious of her shapes, let her sometimes ride in an omnibus. I am willing to go before the Mayor of Philadelphia and swear to the pretty widow on my left. A young gentleman, who had passed unwarily his lodgings, made a great fuss, scrambling through the long file of knees, and tumbling now on this and now on that lady's lap. 'Stop the omni —' *bus*, he would have said, but came, with the last syllable, smack into the face of the shop girl, who boxed his ears. In such cases, the lady, if good-natured, sits quiet, satisfied with the kiss that has been innocently allotted to her; but if crabbed, or if her bonnet be knocked in, or she wants a chance of showing her virtue, she will fly into a rage, to the great detriment of the aggressor's ears. The young man in this instance was modest, and bore sheepishly the laugh which was raised at his expense. He was a thin man, and two fat ones got into his place. The windows had been shut down, and so close were we potted up, that we began to breathe short, and to feel, I suppose, something like a frog in an air-pump; and then the windows were thrown open, and we all caught our deaths of cold.

Now we passed the Mint—one hundred and twenty feet by two hundred; of marble, arched, and covered with copper, having an engine, smelting, rolling, slitting, and coining rooms; also president,

director, and other officer's rooms, and porticos on two fronts ; one hundred and thirty thousand dollars cost of building. Since paper is money, what need of a Mint ? As far as this commonwealth is concerned, it is a useless expense.

A distinguished stranger, eight feet long, has just arrived from Munich, of the manufactory of Untzschneider and Frauenhofer, and taken quarters overlooking the Mint, in the observatory of the High School—the new TELESCOPE ; the best and most beautiful that has yet visited this country, and just now a subject of curiosity. How delightful sometimes to get rid of these troublesome terrestrial influences ! The miser, tired of the glitter and chink of his gold pieces, comes hither, and is delighted with the golden stars. The beau, forsaking his sunny Chestnut, comes to divide the admiration of earthly with the heavenly bodies, and discover new stars to swear by ; and all the fair sex come to have a peep at those regions where they are to go one day. When ladies study astronomy, planets are playthings. ‘Kitty,’ said a lady of the omnibus, ‘there is where they keep the telescope. Have you seen Saturn’s Belt ? I got a peep at Jupiter’s satellites the other evening, and a sore throat.’ She advises the softer sex to woo the night in furs, and going to see the Great Bear, not to go bare-necked. The cost of this telescope is nine thousand two hundred and forty francs. My expiring muse is continually soaring into statistics.

Broad-street was now crossed, and the stoppings and settings down became frequent. Our Frenchman’s impatience was extreme. His appointment was six, and that hour was already past. ‘*En avant donc ! diable !* Get on, coachman, *conducteur !* Where is she, the Ridge-Road ?’ I need not attempt to describe to you his intolerable rage on learning that he had been travelling exactly in the opposite direction. He stamped with both feet, and struck his knees with his fists. But for two reasons he would have taken a cab ; first, there was none, and secondly, he disliked the expense.

On went the rumbling vehicle, and I sat alone by the beautiful widow. Sterne knew no pleasure greater than feeling a woman’s pulse ; but is there not a still greater—sitting by the side of an elegant being with whom you sympathize, and the beatings of whose heart you count by those of your own ? Getting down, she disappeared through the bridge toward the opposite village. And now Night rose up from the west, and the bright, the serene and passionless Moon, cast her light upon the lovely Schuylkill.

The violence done to the affections is one of the objections to riding in an omnibus.

RELIGION.

If all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prisoned in Life’s narrow bound ;
 If, travellers in this vale of tears,
 We saw no better world beyond ;
 Oh, what would check the rising sigh —
 What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
 Oh, who would venture then to die —
 Oh, who would venture then to live ?

THE LAMENT OF THE FOREST.

BY THOMAS COLE.

In joyous Summer, when the exulting earth
Flung fragrance from innumerable flowers
Through the wide wastes of heaven, as on she took
In solitude her everlasting way,
I stood among the mountain heights, alone!
The beauteous mountains, which the voyager
On Hudson's breast far in the purple west
Magnificent, beholds; the abutments broad
Whence springs the immeasurable dome of heaven.
A lake was spread before me, so serene
That I had deemed it heaven with silver clouds,
Had not the drowning butterfly, or wing
Of skimming swallow, ever and anon
Wrinkled its glorious face with spreading rings.
It was Earth's offering to the imperial sky
That in their rugged palms, the mountains held
Aloft. Around it rose precipitous steeps,
With rock, and crag, and dell, and cavern dank;
Which seemed an amphitheatre hugely built
By mighty Titans when the world was young;
And though the Flood o'erwhelmed the builders, hurled
Downward its loftiest battlements, and crushed
The massive seats, columns and arches vast;
Silent and desolate, it rears on high
A thousand Colosseums heaped in one!
Forests of shadowy pine, hemlock and beech,
And oak and maple ever beautiful,
O'er every rent and boss of ruin spread,
Rank above rank arrayed: the topmost pines
Quivered among the clouds, and on the lake,
Peaceful and calm, the lower woods looked down,
A silent people through the lapsing years.

Beside that lake I lingered long, like one
Who gazes on the face of her he loves,
Entranced in thoughts too glad for utterance.
I watched the breeze upon the mountain's breast
Toss the green pine and birchen foliage gray:
The clouds, like angels on their heavenward flight,
Inhaled the perfume from the azalea's flower,
And small white violet, whose honied breath
Made the air sweet, and marked the wavelets break,
Casting the pollen of the rifled flowers
In mimic rage, like gold-dust, on the shores.
The sun descended, and the twilight spread
Its soft empurpled wings; and that blessed hour,
When spirits stooping from the crimson clouds
Commune with man, whose grovelling instincts now
Are laid aside as robes of earthliness
By Nature's pure and solitary fount.

Over my senses stole a sweet repose,
And dreams, which are but wakefulness of soul —
A brief exemption from encumbering clay.
I heard a sound! 'T was wild and strange; a voice
As of ten thousand! Musical it was —
A gush of richest concord, deep and slow;
A song that filled the universal air!
It was the voice of the great Forest, sent
From every valley and dark mountain top
Within the bosom of this mighty land.

L A M E N T.

' MORTAL, whose love for our umbrageous realms
Exceeds the love of all the race of man ;
Whom we have loved ; for whom have opened wide
With welcome our innumerable arms ;
Open thine ears ! The voice that ne'er before
Was heard by living man, is lifted up,
And fills the air — the voice of our complaint.
Thousands of years ! — yea, they have passed away
As drops of dew upon the sunlit rose,
Or silver vapors of the summer sea ;
Thousands of years ! like wind-strains on the harp,
Or like forgotten thoughts, have passed away
Unto the bourne of unremembered things.
Thousands of years ! When the fresh earth first broke
Through chaos, swift in new-born joy even then
The stars of heaven beheld us waving high
Upon the mountains, slumbering in the vales :
Or yet the race of man had seen their light,
Before the virgin breast of earth was scarred
By steel, or granite masses rent from rocks
To build vast Thebes or old Persepolis,
Our arms were clasped around the hills, our locks
Shaded the streams that loved us, our green tops
Were resting places for the weary clouds.
Then all was harmony and peace ; but MAN
Arose — he who now vaunts antiquity —
He the destroyer — and in the sacred shades
Of the far East began destruction's work.
Echo, whose voice had answered to the call
Of thunder or of winds, or to the cry
Of cataracts — sound of sylvan habitants
Or song of birds — uttered responses sharp
And dissonant ; the axe unresting smote
Our reverend ranks, and crashing branches lashed
The ground, and mighty trunks, the pride of years,
Rolled on the groaning earth with all their umbrage.
Stronger than wintry blasts, and gathering strength,
Swept that tornado, stayless, till the Earth,
Our ancient mother, blasted lay and bare
Beneath the burning sun. The little streams
That oft had raised their voices in the breeze
In joyful unison with ours, did waste
And pine as if in grief that we were not.
Our trackless shades, our dim ubiquity,
In solemn garb of the primeval world,
Our glory, our magnificence, were gone ;
And but on difficult places, marsh or steep,
The remnants of our failing race were left,
Like scattered clouds upon the mountain-top.
The vast Hyrcanian wood, and Lebanon's
Dark ranks of cedar were cut down like grass ;
And man, whose poets sang our happy shades,
Whose sages taught that Innocence and Peace,
Daughters of Solitude, sojourned in us,
Held not his arm, until Necessity,
Stern master e'en of him, seized it and bound,
And from extinction saved our scanty tribes.

' Seasons there were, when man, at war with man,
Left us to raze proud cities, desolate
Old empires, and pour out his blood on soil
That once was all our own. When death has made
All silent, all secure, we have returned,
Twisted our roots around the prostrate shafts
And broken capitals, or struck them deep
Into the mould made richer by man's blood.
Such seasons were but brief : so soon as earth
Was sanctified again by shade and art,

Again resolved to nature, man came back,
And once more swept our feeble hosts away.

' Yet was there one bright, virgin continent
Remote, that Roman name had never reached,
Nor ancient dreams, in all their universe;
As inaccessible in primal time
To human eye and thought, as Uranus
Far in his secret void. For round it rolled
A troubled deep, whose everlasting roar
Echoed in every zone; whose drear expanse
Spread dark and trackless as the midnight sky;
And stories of vast whirlpools, stagnant seas,
Terrible monsters, that with horror struck
The mariner's soul, these held aloof full long
The roving race of Europe from that land,
The land of beauty and of many climes,
The land of mighty cataracts, where now
Our own proud eagle flaps his chainless wing.

' Thus guarded through long centuries, untouched
By man, save him, our native child, whose foot
Disdained the bleak and sun-beat soil, who loved
Our shafted halls, the covert of the deer,
We flourished, we rejoiced. From mountain top
To mountain top we gazed, and over vales
And glimmering plains we saw our banners green
Wide waving yet untorn. Gladly the Spring
On bloomy wing shed fragrance over us;
And Summer laughed beneath our verdant roof,
And Autumn sighed to leave our golden courts;
And when the crimson leaves were strewn in showers
Upon the ample lap of Oregon,
Or the great Huron's lake of lazuli,
Winter upraised his rude and stormy songs,
And we in a wild chorus answered him.
O peace primeval! would thou hadst remained!
What moved thee to unbar thine emerald gates,
O mighty Deep! when the destroyer came?
Strayed then thy blasts upon Olympus' air,
Or were they lulled to breezes round the brow
Of rich Granada's crafty conqueror,
When with strong wing they should have rushed upon
Our enemy, and smitten him, as when
The fleet of Xerxes on the Grecian coast
Was cast like foam and weed upon the rocks!

' But impotent the voice of our complaint:
He came! Few were his numbers first, but soon
The work of desolation was begun
Close by the heaving main; then on the banks
Of rivers inland far, our strength was shorn,
And fire and steel performed their office well.
No stay was there — no rest. The tiny cloud
Oft seen in torrid climes, at first sends forth
A faint light breeze; but gathering, as it moves,
Darkness and bulk, it spans the spacious sky
With lurid palm, and sweeps stupendous o'er
The crashing world. And thus comes rushing on
This human hurricane, boundless as swift.
Our sanctuary, this secluded spot,
Which the stern rocks have guarded until now,
Our enemy has marked. This gentle lake
Shall lose our presence in its limpid breast,
And from the mountains we shall melt away,
Like wreaths of mist upon the winds of heaven.
Our doom is near: behold from east to west
The skies are darkened by ascending smoke;
Each hill and every valley is become

An altar unto Mammon, and the gods
 Of man's idolatry — the victims we.
 Missouri's floods are ruffled as by storm,
 And Hudson's rugged hills at midnight glow
 By light of man-projected meteors.
 We feed ten thousand fires : in our short day
 The woodland growth of centuries is consumed ;
 Our crackling limbs the ponderous hammer rouse
 With fervent heat. Tormented by our flame,
 Fierce vapors struggling hiss on every hand.
 On Erie's shores, by dusky Arkansas,
 Our ranks are falling like the heavy grain
 In harvest-time on Wolga's distant banks.

' A few short years ! — these valleys, greenly clad,
 These slumbering mountains, resting in our arms,
 Shall naked glare beneath the scorching sun,
 And all their wimpling rivulets be dry.
 No more the deer shall haunt these bosky glens,
 Nor the pert squirrel chatter near his store.
 A few short years ! — our ancient race shall be,
 Like Israel's, scattered 'mong the tribes of men.'

V E R S A I L L E S .

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

I HAD been in Paris a week, intoxicated with the excitement of its various objects of interest and grandeur ; visiting the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Luxembourg, the Opera, and the thousand and one other noted places, when my host said to me one day : ' Monsieur, you have seen this, you have seen that,' (and he kept account, as he proceeded from one object to another, by bending one finger after the other into the palm of his hand ;) when at length he paused, eyeing me earnestly, and placing his finger aside his long, thin nose :

' *Mais*, (how forcible the expression !) ' Monsieur ! VERSAILLES ! ah !' And his rolling eyes found a resting-place on the ceiling, as if, engaged in act of worship, he was thanking God that this, by its enormous expense impoverishing the nation, had been the indirect means of the revolution and the liberty of France. But no such thought probably entered his mind. No ; he was rather thanking God that he was a Frenchman ; that he belonged to the ' Grand Nation ;' that he and the Grand Palace had the same master ; the feeling of a steward or valet who serves a very rich lord.

But this juxtaposition of the finger had the desired effect ; and entering an omnibus then passing the door, I started for the rail-road office, where, on paying a couple of francs, I entered a car, and found myself in a few minutes whirling through a tunnel, and flying toward the birth-place of so many of the Bourbons. I arrived at my destination in the course of an hour, advancing at nearly the rate of American speed.

I could, had I space, fill these pages with a description of the broad streets and buildings of the town of Versailles, which are lost sight of in the superior attractions of the palace and its grounds. Hastening

up a broad avenue of some half mile or more in length, I stood before the principal entrance, across which passed and re-passed a couple of sentinels, as is the custom throughout France, who opposed not my entrance; but an old soldier, musketless, quickly stood before me. I paused, as if in another world. 'Do I trangress,' thought I, 'on superior majesty?' Out came my passport.

'No, Monsieur,' said he, shaking his head, and shrugging his shoulders nearly over it; at the same time demanding, in the politest possible terms, whether he could be of any service in pointing out to me the objects of interest.

Accepting his proffered courtesy, without ado, I passed on toward the buildings, through the front court, and commenced my pilgrimage in this labyrinth; now standing in the Audience Chamber of Louis Quatorze, in which once shone the greatest scholars, artists, poets, and wits of France; (Racine stood here, and the renowned Voltaire;) now in His Majesty's bed-chamber, and next in *Her* sweet Majesty's; anon in the 'Œil de Bœuf,' and at the window where stood the Royal Family, while beneath, the women of Paris bawled 'Bread! Bread!' threatening their heads.

I passed to the chapel in which the pious king and his mistresses received absolution for their sin-sick souls, and on to the opera-house, which for one evening's entertainment is said to have required the incredible sum of twenty thousand dollars. But details of buildings and rooms are tedious. To mention even the improvements made by the present occupant of the throne, would require many pages. Suffice it to say, that should he live to carry out his present plan, (and may it be so ordered, if for this reason only,) the days of its splendor under the grand monarch will be surpassed in interest if not in general effect.

We hastened from the palace to the terrace, on the side toward the garden, from whence the view of the whole is far better than the front. It seems a city in itself. If the power of human art and ingenuity is manifested in the erection of the buildings, still more is it displayed in the laying out of the grounds. The gravelled walks, diverging in every direction; flanked by trees so nicely trimmed and compact, as to appear more like one continuous tree than many trees; the multitude of marble statues, of heroes ancient and modern; the marble vases; the profusion of vast fountains, in marble basins and jets d'eaux, with the gigantic bronze statues of sea-gods, horses, and nymphs, from which spring streams of water in every possible shape; the fantastic forms assumed by the waters in mid-air, with gorgeous rain-bows in the spray — ah! these must be *seen*!

There is a well-filled fish-pond, in which, if you throw a crumb of bread, a dozen or more fishes of every variety and color leap forth for the morsel. Nor must I forget the terraces, one over the other, like the hanging-gardens of old Babylon; the extensive artificial lake, on which once glided the royal family and their courtiers in gondolas; the shelving banks, lined with verdure to the water's edge, on which reclined the contented Frenchman and his family. 'Contented' did I say? No; *ill*-contented Frenchman! All these boons, inseparable from monarchy, he would relinquish, so he could but cast his vote into the ballot-box. If I were a Frenchman, methinks I would rest

content, and 'let well enough alone.' If he is not wary, some fine day a rich gentleman may call that paradise his own, and close the gates upon him, leaving him to peep through the railing. How would you relish *that*, Monsieur Bullfrog? 'W'at you t'ink DAT, eh?' to use your own words. . . . How the old Bourbons must have revelled here! It is almost a pity that those days may not come again. But these nobles were too stupid. Like Jeshurun's ox, they waxed fat and kicked—or rather *were* kicked. Permit me to return to my guide, who, all the while preceding me, has told me as much as could four Englishman and two Americans in the same space of time. I soon learned his history. He was of middle age, or rather more advanced, though his activity belied it. At fifteen, he enlisted under the nation's idol, until the final catastrophe, in the capacity of trumpeter. He blew the charge of the cuirassiers at Waterloo. How vividly he described every thing connected with that eventful day! 'Here,' said he, running forward and drawing a diagram with his finger in the sand, 'here stood Napoleon, here the English: there, through the forest, came the Prussians—oh, God!—and then, *consternation le plus grand—ah!*' Such a face! The whole scene was re-acted before me, for he *felt* it all. 'Which way did you all run after the battle?' said I. A faint smile crossed his dolorous countenance: 'Which way, Monsieur? Where else could we? To Paris. We expected a reünion—a one more effort—a—— (his voice failed;) but you know the rest. Pauvre Napoleon!' He turned away his face, and if I am not greatly mistaken, a movement which he made with his hand wiped away a tear.

'The English,' said I, 'did not treat him very well.'

'No, Monsieur, they did not, nor France, for whom he fought the greatest battles in the annals of the world: even she, in the hour of need, deserted him. No more, Monsieur, no more! It pains me.' He heaved a deep sigh, beat violently upon his breast, and his head dropped in despair.

I wished to try him once more, and cruelly mentioned the Prussians. Such a change as came over the spirit of his dream! Such rage, such *sacrés*, never have I seen or heard: 'Only for *one* reason,' said he, 'do I now desire to live; and oh, may it come in my day! 'T is that France may crush *la Prusse!*'

MIND AND BODY.

THE body and the mind, by links
More firm than man and wife,
For better or for worse are wed,
In banns that last for life.

Like two ill-coupled hounds, a sad
And snarling pair, they start;
Two friends, alas! that can't agree—
Two foes, that cannot part!

This would the noblest game pursue,
And course the lion's track;
But *this* to filth and garbage stoops,
And pulls his brother back.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY: ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF GAUL AND FRANCE.
By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated by AN AMERICAN. In one volume, 12mo.
New-York: J. AND H. G. LANGLEY.

THE author of this work possesses the same versatility of talent that has distinguished the most successful of contemporary British writers — SCOTT and BULWER; and so far as we have had opportunity of judging, we may add, that like them he excels in every thing he undertakes. His first essay in the literary world was in the dramatic line; and he produced with great rapidity a series of plays, of which it is at least safe to say that they have placed all his competitors *hors du combat*. Of these plays, he avows that '*Antony*' is his own, as it has proved to be the public's, favorite: but in our judgment, '*Catherine Howard*,' being written more on the English model, is far the best of his dramatic productions. As a novelist, DUMAS has also attained high distinction, though in this department of literature his works are fewer in number than those of his contemporaries. His '*Impressions of Travel*' in Switzerland, France, Egypt, etc., have proved on the whole his most popular works: they have been sold on the continent to an indefinite extent; and to such of our readers as are, as all *should* be, familiar with Mrs. GOULD's beautiful translation of the travels in Egypt and Arabia Petræa, we need not say that DUMAS is without a rival in sketching the scenery and the characters of the people in the countries through which he has journeyed. His auto-biographical sketch, '*Ma Jeunesse*,' is one of the most spirited and graphic compositions he has ever written: indeed, the only fault that we have heard found with it, is its brevity.

Finally, as a historian, our author has displayed eminent ability, as the work now before us abundantly testifies. Of course, the historical portion of the book is a compilation from the writings of others, as all histories of preceding ages must be; but all that is thus appropriated has been made by the author essentially *his own*. Certain it is, the history of Gaul and France, from the earlier period down to the accession of Philip de Valois, is to be found in this work in the most excellently abridged form, and in the most delightfully interesting style, that we remember ever to have met with.

In politics, DUMAS is of the ultra-liberal school; and at least, that fact will be a recommendation to his work in these United States. The translator, speaking on this subject, says, in a preface remarkable for its appropriateness and good taste: 'The political theory of the work is original, striking, and beautifully developed: how far it is sound as to the past and prescient as to the future, the reader and Time must severally determine.' We fully coincide with the former part of this sentence, and are forced to admit that, in DUMAS' hands, history harmonizes as perfectly with his democratic theory as if it had been fore-ordained for the purpose.

Having said so much of the book as an original production, it is incumbent on us to say a word of the translation. To pronounce it well done, would be very feeble justice: it is in truth *masterly*, in every sense of the word. All trace of the French is lost; and

the style of the English is unsurpassed by any American writer. Who the translator may be does not appear from the title-page: but from the name of the gentleman by whom the copy-right is secured, we think we could 'guess.' On the whole, we regard 'the Progress of Democracy' as a great accession to our literature, and we hope it may receive, what it certainly deserves, a very extensive patronage from the American public. The annexed extract will sustain what we have said of the translator's style. The writer is speaking of the alleged dismemberment of the empire of CHARLEMAGNE, after the decease of that monarch:

"As to the alleged dismemberment of the empire, to which all historians have attributed the rapid fall of the Carolingian dynasty, but of which fall we believe that we have exhibited the true causes — as to the supposed dismemberment, we repeat, historians have been led into error, because, in accounting for the fall of the dynasty, they have sought after accidental and political causes, and overlooked those that were natural and territorial.

"An illustration altogether material will, we hope, render quite intelligible to all, the idea we have conceived of the dismemberment of a single great empire into nine distinct kingdoms.

"Perhaps some of our readers have been in Switzerland, and ascended to the summit of Mount Righi. From the culminating point of this mountain, they discovered nine lakes enclosed in the basins fashioned for them by the hand of God. Each one of these lakes, separated from its neighbors by the swell of ground that constitutes its border, differs from all the rest in the form of its shores and the color of its waters. Suppose, now, that from the snowy summit of Mount Pilate, one of those masses of ice, which in that country of cones and pinnacles is a fragment, but would be, to us, a mountain — should be precipitated into the largest of these lakes. It would at once displace an immense volume of water; this water would overflow the shores of the lake, and the inundation would spread from valley to valley, till all the intermediate ground was submerged and the nine lakes had become one.

"This immense lake, on the day following the disruption of the avalanche, would seem to have been so created in the beginning of time; although, in fact, it had assumed its present form only since yesterday. It would be a kind of ocean, apparently of uniform depth throughout, but which at certain spots did in truth scarcely cover the surface of the earth: an immeasurable sheet of water of uniform hue upon its surface, but retaining in its depths its primitive variety of shade.

"Let a traveller, ignorant of these precedent facts, now stand upon Mount Righi; let him not be told, 'there were formerly nine lakes, but an accident has united them in one,' and assuredly he will see but one, and will testify that there is but one. Nevertheless, by the joint action of the water and the air, the block of ice diminishes in size; though, while it remains, it continues to feed by its liquefaction the overflow caused by its gravitation. At length, it resolves itself into its original element and disappears.

"The lake, having now lost the aliment that sustained its unnatural proportions, begins to decrease. The more elevated points of ground appear upon the surface; the earth rises and the flood retires. On the disappearance of the cause that disturbed the harmony, harmony revives. The waters slowly subside into their natural limits, and the nine lakes at length re-appear, differing, as before, in color and form.

"Now place the same traveller on the summit of Mount Righi; let him count the lakes; and ask him the causes of the change: he will give you all but the true one!

"Thus was it with the dominions of Charlemagne: a heterogeneous empire, to which, however, conquest gave the appearance of homogeneity: an ocean of men who, judging by the surface, composed one nation; while a hardy diver, plunging into its depths, might discover various races, opposite customs, and nine languages: a sheet of water, the expanse of which was restricted only by colossal boundaries, the intermediate ones being overwhelmed by the tide.

"But when the hand that grasped these nations was frozen in death; when the genius that controlled them had departed; when the source of this warlike inundation was dried up; the Franks retired like the straying waters of the flood. The boundaries of the kingdoms, submerged by the empire, re-appeared. Each nation rested in its own valley; each man returned to the home where his language, habits and manners invited him. It is true, the sons of a common father continued for a time, to reign over these divided nations; but the King here adopted the usages of his subjects without seeking to impose his own upon them: and these Kings, from having been Franks, became Italian, German, Burgundian, according as chance impelled them to the throne of Italy, Germany, or Burgundy. They declared war according to the exigencies of those over whom they reigned, against those who reigned around them, and took small pains to ascertain the degree of consanguinity by which they were originally united. They cared not for the reproach of unnatural brother, or ungrateful son, so long as they preserved the title of King.

"So have we seen, in our own time, the hand of a man of genius seize from the fields of modern Europe, an empire like that of Charlemagne. The brothers of this man became the royal prefects, whom he installed in the countries that he vanquished: the capitals of which were, severally, the manor-houses or country seats of these new departments of France. For a time, one hundred and twenty millions of men were submissive to this Emperor's commands. For a time he heard, in nine different idioms, the shouts 'Vive Napoleon! Napoleon the Great!' For he, also, like the avalanche, had caused France to overflow; and the inundation had submerged continental Europe.

"When the man who raised the flood-gates of conquest had fallen, did we not see each nation subsiding to its own place — each chief town of the department becoming a capital? Have we not seen, to push the comparison to its termination — the brothers and generals of this man become Italians or Swedes: adopting the cause of their people against that of their country; marching at the head of foreign soldiers against France, their mother; and, in order to preserve the title of King, receiving and meriting the reproach of unnatural brothers and ungrateful sons?

A word should be added, in justice to the publishers, in praise of the handsome garb in which the work comes before the public.

THE ANTEDILUVIANS, OR THE WORLD DESTROYED. A Narrative Poem, in ten Books. By JAMES M'HENRY, M. D., Author of 'Et Cetera, Et Cetera.' First and last English and American edition. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, for the Author.

WE suppose that having promised in a late number to notice this tuneless abortion, we must go through with the undertaking. With regard to the production in itself, it may be said to defy criticism in this way, simply because it is beneath it. There are opinions formed by men of taste, proceeding from certain standards inalienable from our language, which must be met at least half way, in the composition of any author, or else that author has not the slightest claim to regard or attention. When we take up a book professing to be, and pronounced by its writer to be, an elaborate and thoughtfully digested effort, we are led to suppose of course, that the contents of the work will bear out the pompous annunciation of the preface. We anticipate a higher order of intellectual performance; we wait athirst for the promised inspiration and the convincing philosophy. We should not be satisfied, sitting down to an elaborate treatise, for example, upon the power of steam, or the principles of some vast and complicated engine, to find that the same work consisted of nothing more than a common-place dissertation upon certain properties of water, and the effect of heat upon them, as exhibited in the bubbling sound proceeding from a vessel appropriated to the boiling of eggs, or the occasional effervescence of a tea-pot. Indeed, the allusion we have just made to the engine, we consider peculiarly applicable to 'The Antediluvians.' Every one will admit that the building of a steam-engine, as well as the creation of a great poem, is a great enterprise, entitling its author to respect for his powers of invention, and to high regard for the completion of his enterprise. But how few who attempt such enterprises have the power to carry them into execution! Their ignorance, their vague ideas with regard to the means and mode of compassing success; the inordinate stress which they lay upon the *attempt* rather than upon the fulfilment of their projects, and the objectless ambition thereby excited, all serve to make them impotent; and they soon find themselves forgotten, or if not forgotten, in the position of simultaneous obtrusiveness and failure; at that point where

'Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.'

The author of 'The Antediluvians' has accomplished an engine in poetry, a sort of machine, in attempting to construct which, he looked as high, and felt as vast, if we may credit his own acknowledgments, as did HOMER in his construction of the Iliad. For many a long year had he ransacked in imagination the whole boundary of the universe, in quest of a subject on which to exercise his enormous mental powers. 'I wanted one,' he says in his preface, 'not only great in its character, but *universal* in its effects, that *all* men might feel an interest in the details. Neither the founding of a state, the achievement of a victory, nor the overthrow of an empire, was therefore adequate to my wishes.' He seems to have considered himself, out of politeness to CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, and the several gentlemen who since his adventurous exploration of the new world have written concerning his triumphs and his misfortunes, as bound not to touch upon that subject; a compliment which the successful Spaniard would probably reciprocate with his best bow, and which it is perhaps not too late for whatever court may remain in the land of Ferdinand and Isabella to recognize in some more substantial way.

Having already given, in the trenchant critique of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, some account of the machinery and characters of 'The Antediluvians,' we shall close this notice with a specimen or two of the writer's *style*. The following is a diffuse prose paraphrase of the translation of Enoch, so briefly and poetically described in the Bible:

"At length the patriarch of this happy race,
By the command of his approving God,
Bade earth and all the sons of men adieu.
As congregated on a spacious plain

Near Jared, their chief city, sacred seat
 Of patriarch rule, from Enoch's father named,
 The tribes assembled by the godlike man,
 Joined in an annual sacrifice, ordained
 In mem'ry of the pard'ning covenant made
 With our repentant parents at the fall,
 The holy patriarch called upon his God
 For permanence of blessings on his race :
 When lo ! a glorious sight burst from the skies !
 A radiant chariot of celestial mould,
 By winged spirits drawn, and in its seat
 A form of beauteous and majestic mien,
 Descended in the midst where Enoch stood.
 Awe-struck the crowd at reverent distance gazed,
 As thus the bright angelic vision spake :
 ' Enoch, thy service in this world is o'er :
 Thou has performed it well ; therefore ascend
 This chariot, and with me arise to heaven,
 There the reward adjudged thee to receive,
 A crown eternal of unmingled bliss !'
 That instant Enoch's mortal frame was changed :
 Unrivalled symmetry his limbs adorned,
 His features brightened with a glow divine,
 And round his brows a heavenly halo shone.
 Soon in the seraph's car he took his seat,
 And looking fondly on the wondering throng,
 ' Farewell !' he said ; ' my children ! serve your God
 With unremitting zeal, as I have done,
 And ye shall gain as bright a recompense !' "

Here is a pleasing passage, as overflowing with picturesque beauty as any thing in the volume. How striking and graceful it is, to be sure ! It sets forth one of the many troubles which the heroine is forced to undergo :

" Now with proud gait and high affected air,
 Jazeda, mistress of the harem, came,
 Commanded by the king, to try each art
 Of strong persuasion on Hadallah's mind.
 Advanced into the autumnal stage of life,
 Her beauty faded, but not quite decayed,
 She its defects assiduously repaired
 By ornaments profuse, glaring and strong
 With glowing colors and with rich perfumes,
 Spread with such deep solicitude to please,
 It was unnatural all, and gave offence
 Instead of pleasure, to the eye of taste.
 Gay, smiling, to Hadallah thus she spake :
 ' Young maiden, yes, and fair, I must confess,
 Let me congratulate thy happy lot
 In warming great Shalmazar's heart to love,
 By his solicitude to win from thee
 Unforced compliance with his royal will,
 Using entreaty where he might command,
 I see that thou wilt be his favorite long.
 Thou'lt govern him who governs half mankind,
 And have no rival in authority,
 If thou but, heark'ning to discretion's voice,
 Consult his wishes and his will obey,
 Smile when he smiles, grieve when he grieves, and seem
 Ne'er to be happy but when he is so,
 Living alone for his delight and love.' "

Now, reader, to adopt the highly forcible language of the Doctor :

— ' A venturesome wish
 Prompts us to make of thee inquiry, which
 With kind reply, thou wilt indulge ;'

is there any poetry in the foregoing ? — any thing in the style *superior* to the rather clever writers whom our bard but little affects, and declines to *imitate* ? — MILTON being ' too magnificently epic,' THOMSON ' too diffuse and florid,' YOUNG ' too antithetical and sententious,' AKENSIDE ' too excursive and verbose,' and COWPER ' too sedate and didactic !' But enough. We have trespassed sufficiently upon our space, to set forth the pretensions of a work which neither deserved, nor has ever elicited, a word of honest praise, and which has fallen still-born from the English and American press.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES. BY ASAHEL GRANT, M. D. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE author of this work is a missionary physician, in the employ of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and has for some years past been laboring among the Nestorians of Ooroomiah in Persia, and more recently was commissioned by the Board to visit the independent tribes of Nestorians in the mountains of Turkish Koordistan. Doctor GRANT is the first traveller who has succeeded in penetrating those mountain fastnesses. The work before us contains a brief but highly interesting sketch of the author's journey from Ooroomiah to Constantinople, and from Constantinople by way of Diarbekir, Mardin, and Mosul, into the country inhabited by the Independent Nestorians. This sketch is followed by a second part, in which the author gives us the results of his researches and inquiries among that ancient and interesting portion of the Christian church. That however which will give the chief value to the work, and to prove which is the main object of its second part, is the position taken by the author that the Independent Nestorians are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He shows, from the testimony of Scripture, that the country now occupied by them is that to which the lost tribes were carried, and adduces the testimony of Josephus and other ancient writers, to show that in their day the remnants of these tribes still inhabited the same region. He strengthens his position by the identity of language, the similarity of manners and customs, by the universal tradition and belief of the people itself, and finally illustrates the fulfilment of prophecy in their wonderful history. It is well known that many theories in relation to the present whereabouts of the lost tribes have been formed, and not the least plausible is that which has identified them with the North American Indians, and which Major NOAH has so ably supported. Those who have looked with favor upon his views, will not on that account be less interested in the facts and reasonings of Doctor GRANT, and may perhaps find their opinions in favor of the Major's hypothesis somewhat shaken. The christian public, many of whom have listened with delight to the interesting oral narratives of Doctor GRANT during his recent visit to this country, have long looked with great eagerness for the publication of this work, and we think they will not be disappointed. The scientific world also are not a little indebted to the Doctor for a correct geographical knowledge of a region hitherto almost entirely unknown.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH, AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. By HENRY HALLAM, F. R. S. A. In two volumes: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

No period in the history of the human mind is more interesting than that treated of in these volumes; and of Mr. HALLAM's competency, both as a scholar and a profound and original thinker, to do ample justice to his subject, no one can doubt, who is familiar with his previous writings. A history of the literature of this period by so able a hand has been long wanted; not only for the gratification of the learned, but for the instruction generally of the community; for what is more worthy of being studied and known, than the successive steps by which knowledge has been increased, and the condition of society progressively elevated and improved? Professedly literary men will of course read Mr. HALLAM's work; but we may commend it to the attention of all who would entertain more enlarged and correct views in relation to themes than which few are more entertaining and instructive. Indeed, as the author has well observed, 'the advantages of such a synoptical view of literature as displays its various departments in their simultaneous condition through extensive eras, and in their mutual dependancy, seem too manifest to be disputed.' The work is well printed and bound, and will realize a wide and constant sale.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AUSTIN'S 'VOICE TO THE MARRIED.' — It is not the wont of this Magazine to reply to remarks or remonstrances touching the editorial comments which are made in its pages upon the current publications of the day, sent to us for review. In the brief notices which we are compelled to take of new works, we arrogate to ourselves no superior acumen. We simply express our honest opinions; and ask of the reader only such attention to our *ipse dixit* as his confidence in our judgment and taste, and his knowledge of our course through fifteen or sixteen volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, may induce him to yield. We depart, however, in the present instance, from our usual custom — though by no means intending to establish a precedent — to say a few words in relation to 'A Voice to the Married,' a volume noticed in our last number, and to correct an error which we made in relation to its authorship. We are informed by letter from the *real* author of the 'Voice' as well as by a long editorial article in a religious journal printed at Utica, three marked copies of which are before us, that 'REV. JOHN MATHER AUSTIN,' is not a *nom de plume*, but a veritable clergyman, of Danvers, (Mass.,) and that he did not write the 'Tribute to the Memory of FITZHUGH SMITH,' of which the unfortunate publishers sold but one copy. Hence we are denounced, in no measured terms, for assuming that the two authors were identical, and for 'cutting up the 'Voice' without having read it,' because we 'had some private grudge to gratify' against the author of 'The Tribute.' Moreover, the epistle of the former author accuses the reviewer of his book of being (a rusty, crusty, fidgetty old bachelor,' (a great mistake, we are very happy to say,) with other characteristics, indicated by sundry holiday terms, of which 'ignorant and malignant hack critic' is not the least acceptable.

It is related of the immortal DAVID CROCKETT, that being at a menagerie in Washington, he called the attention of a friend to a solemn-faced monkey, who had fixed upon him a searching glance, and asked if he did n't think Jacko was the image of a certain ill-featured member of Congress from Ohio. Turning round at the moment, who should stand at his elbow but the very member himself! 'I'm in a fix, and no mistake!' exclaimed David; but after a moment's hesitation, he added: 'but if you'll tell me *how*, I'll apologize. I'd go ahead at once; but I do n't know whether to apologize to *you* or to the *monkey*!' Premising that Mr. JOHN MATHER AUSTIN himself is just as well known to us as the author of 'The Tribute,' and that toward neither could we have entertained the slightest personal ill feeling, of any description, we proceed to remark, that *we* too are 'in a fix;' from which we can only extricate ourselves by saying, by way of apology to Mr. AUSTIN, that we did not suppose it possible, until we read his work, for another writer to approach so nearly as he has done, in style and arrangement, to that *chef d'œuvre* of common-place and fustian, the 'Tribute' aforesaid. After a re-examination of the 'Voice,' therefore, our verdict is, that 'what is written, *remains*;' and we shall rest content with a ratification or annulment of our sentence, on the part of our readers.

'There are strings in the human heart,' says Mr. TAPPERTY, 'that had better not be vibrated.' The pride of authorship, though the stately 'prentice did n't know it, belike,

is one of the strongest of these chords, which we would never willingly jar; but the 'things in books' clothing,' of which there are so many extant, demand the Persian's 'exterminating hoe of criticism;' and hence our notice of the volume under re-consideration. We repeat, we cannot reverse our decision. It was deliberately formed, and we abide by it. If, as is averred, with great stress upon the fact, (while the complainants had 'great pride in our eminent monthly,') we commended a little volume for children, from the pen of Mr. AUSTIN, it does not necessarily follow that we should continue to praise the author, when he writes for men and women as if *they* were but children, and in a style only befitting a school-boy. A sophomore would be ashamed of the tedious tautology, the pompous verbosity, the useless arguments, and the unnecessary proofs, with which this 'Voice' is replete. All the Dictionary definitions of many of the words employed would seem to have been chosen, to swell out a plethoric sentence; while the labored truisms continually remind us of the 'Incontrovertible Facts' of a waggish poet:

'Boston is n't in Bengal,
Flannel drawers are n't made of tripe;
Lobsters wear no specs at all,
And cows do n't smoke the German pipe!'

That which follows, involving at the outset a plagiarism, which even Mr. AUSTIN's dilution could not conceal, is a fair exposition of our author's style. After remarking, with his usual 'lengthy' tautology, that woman lavishes upon the man whom she especially '*approbates*' 'all the rich, *undivided* treasures of her affection; she gives him the full tide of her love, *without exception or condition*; she embarks *without reservation*,' etc., etc., he proceeds:

'The love of woman, if possible, increases and strengthens after the consummation of the marriage vows. Let it once become firmly fixed on him whom she has taken for her companion, and it will never cease; it becomes a part of her own nature. No change of circumstances, or reverses of fortune, can deaden it. As the ivy, in its living greenness, still continues to grasp the trunk of the prostrate oak, which once bore it aloft in the heavens, so does woman's love *draw its twining folds* still closer around the object of its regard, when overwhelmed by deep misfortune and wretchedness!'

Such affection as this is not to be lightly regarded. The husband has *his* part to perform. 'When the selection has once been made, when the union is consummated, and the twain made one, all searching after imperfections should *entirely and for ever* cease.' 'The more the husband and wife value each other, the greater must be the enjoyments they experience in each other's society!' Let the husband 'cultivate within his heart a spirit of constant, unchanging, unfailing love, and then Contentment, balmy Contentment, *will hum her soothing lullaby!*' 'All his designs, plans, amusements and pleasures, should have his home for their converging point. As the *ever-living* stars of heaven *continually* circle the *glowing* sun in their *ceaseless* flight, so should the husband cause his every thought, wish, anticipation, to revolve with undeviating fidelity, around his home,' etc.

Mr. AUSTIN's didactics upon numerous themes which he manages to make collateral, are kindred with the foregoing. He tells us, in close connection, that 'to obtain the commendation of the upright and reputable,' to be '*approbated*, respected, and honored, in the community where we reside, is both a natural and commendable desire;' and that the only way to gain this commendation, is to '*establish a good name*, a virtuous reputation.' He adds, also, that 'the influence of a good reputation in business transactions is of immense value;' that he who pursues 'a fair, honest, and upright course of dealing' is 'a wise man indeed;' and that the wisdom of Solomon's well-known declaration has not 'deteriorated with the lapse of ages.' Having exhausted the affirmative with such novel remarks as these, our Sir FORCIBLE FEEBLE takes up the negative, and declares that a man cannot pursue an opposite course, 'without being detected by those who deal with him; and when once his customers learn that they have been systematically imposed upon and defrauded, their dealings with him immediately cease! Whatever business prosperity he may have had, is at an end; he is shunned as one not to be

trusted, and *dishonesty* is branded upon his character,' etc. Again, in relation to the building of a dwelling, we have a manifestation on the part of our author, of the same high estimate of his reader's discernment and common sense: 'In erecting a residence, avoid placing it in a low, damp location, or in a narrow street or lane, where the light of the sun, or the salubrious air of the heavens, can scarcely penetrate. . . . A constant or frequent exposure to dampness from wet cellars, or basements, or any other source, is certain destruction to health, and no care nor pains can be too great to avoid it. As far as it is within the bounds of practicability, select for a residence a situation which is elevated, dry, and airy. Providence in this respect, as in many others, has united *utility* with *benefit* and pleasure.'

Mr. AUSTIN does not seem to dream that his readers might possibly be acquainted with a few of the most common of his incontrovertible facts; but he must needs eke out his volume with arguments and proofs touching all that he advances. His 'Voice' reminds us of a colloquy which we once overheard between two 'colored gentlemen' in a sister city:

'Look o' hea, Sam Johnsing!' said Sambo; 'hearn de news?'

'No, Sambo, I ha' n't; *what* news?'

'Well, we had a fine *nacquisition* into our domestic suckle las' night.'

'No! — you s'prise me! Well, Sambo, what *was* de treasure, eh?'

'Ah, dat's tellin'! *Guess*, now, if you kin.'

'Well, I guess 't was a — a — daäter.'

'Dere! — I *t'ought* so! E'yah! — yah! — yah! No 't want! Try ag'in, Sam.'

'Well, den I guess 't was a *boy*.'

Sambo looked suspiciously at his companion for a moment, as if doubtful of fair play, and replied:

'Oh, go 'way! *Somebody's* told you!'

It strikes us that if Mr. AUSTIN, while spinning out his common-places, and braiding together his desultory scraps, had entertained some faint suspicion of his readers' intelligence; if he had thought, for a moment, that 'somebody had told them,' or they had otherwise learned, the simple truths he was so ambitiously parading, we should have been spared the duty of presenting as '*trattle*,' what could not so justly be defined by any other word which we could call to mind.

'TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.' — We take some pride in the fact, that the KNICKERBOCKER was the first American periodical to place the merits of this remarkable work before our countrymen. Its judgment has been confirmed by a success almost unexampled. Edition after edition of the book has been rapidly exhausted, both here and in England, yet its popularity continues unabated. The Scottish and English press has bestowed the highest praise upon the work; and we perceive that the Lords of the Admiralty have ordered a copy of the volume for every library in the British navy. We are a little curious to know how these facts strike the envious author of a notice of this work in the 'Southern Literary Messenger;' a writer whose name we dare say could be hit to a T., if it were necessary to expose it, in this connection. 'The author of 'Two Years Before the Mast,' he said, 'has just been admitted to practice at the bar. This circumstance seems to us to account for the appearance of the book. It contains little that is novel or striking, except certain details relative to 'hide-curing,' 'slipping for south-easters,' 'owls' and 'Coati' on the coast of California. If there is a single remarkable feature in this picture of sea-life, it consists in the grotesque associations arising from the fact that the author was transferred from Cambridge college to the forecabin of a merchantman.' Our sapient critic then went on to speak of the author's descriptions of the toils, hardships, and amusements of a sailor, as 'trite,' and added, that the 'young attorney's narrative was an expedient to obtain a portion of the legal business

which sailors bring to the Boston bar.' Such a critique could only proceed from a mean and envious spirit, whose appropriate punishment is the abounding popularity of our author, who, as we learn, has proved himself not less the disinterested friend of seamen on shore than on the ocean, and whose legal success is only equalled by his eminent literary career.

DEATH'S TEACHINGS. — We have been struck, in perusing a Discourse delivered by Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, on the Sabbath after the death of our late lamented President, with the forcible and felicitous manner in which he has treated a theme necessarily trite, and with the simple but vivid pictures which he paints to the eye and mind of the reader; limnings which so enforce the great and solemn truths the speaker would inculcate, that no true heart can read, as none could hear them, without fruitful emotion. We subjoin one or two extracts:

'I look upon this world as a school for the training of beings for another life; and I look upon this school as simply temporary. Death does not break it up, but only ends it. Thus we see schools all over the land, and some are entering and others are leaving them at every moment. So do I look upon this world, and upon all the worlds around us, as schools. The dismissal from this school, the world, to another, is surely a solemn event: I have no design to represent it otherwise. How often is this felt, in rising from one earthly school to another! Then an examination is to be sustained, which passes judgment upon the whole previous course. To many a young man what a serious time is this! How earnestly and anxiously does he labor to prepare himself! And if he has idled away the precious years of study, how difficult, if not impossible, does he find it, at last, to repair the error! How deeply does he feel that his preparation should have engaged his whole previous time! . . . Thus is death a teacher that fills the world with its presence. It penetrates through the whole of life — penetrates every relation of life. It brings the sense of obligation to a point from which there is no escape — brings the great moral conflict of life to a solemn issue.'

We remember, among the first rhythmical fragments of boyish acquisition, a little poem, commencing: 'Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' — and especially these two stanzas, which Mr. DEWEY may almost be said to have *illustrated*, in the admirable extract which succeeds, although they may doubtless here meet his eye for the first time:

'We are the same things that our fathers have been —
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

'The thoughts we are thinking on, they too would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it sped from the earth like a bird on the wing.'

Alluding to the solemn tones with which Death invests the voice of the past, and the lessons which he conveys, our orator remarks:

'How impressive, how monitory — I had almost said, how irresistible, is this teaching! Cast back your thoughts to the period of a century ago, and who then filled the spheres of life which we at this moment occupy? The representatives of each one of us! — in whatsoever pursuits we follow, in whatsoever positions, social or commercial, we now hold. Such as we are, they were. They were fathers, they were mothers, they were children, they were brothers and sisters, they were friends and associates; but the places that knew them well, know them no more; the familiar voices that called to them, and they answered, are silent; they thought only to live — they thought not to die: life was their reality, and they lost it; death was their dream, and they found it: all the days that they lived were thirty, forty, fifty, or eighty, or ninety years, 'and they died.' There was the man of wealth, with his plans and projects, his anxieties and toils, his ships and merchandise, his houses and lots many; he gathered and he builded; he builded houses for his children, and portioned them; he had much goods laid up for many years, and he said to his soul, 'Soul! take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry;' but the day came at last, or the night came, in which it was said, 'This day, this night, thy soul shall be required of thee!' There was the man of fashion and pleasure; he possessed and he expended, or he was lavish of that which was not his own; he was anxious for notice, and intrigued for success; he put on gay habiliments, and hurried to the feast and the dance; the theatre knew him; the revel saw him; the giddy whirl of pleasure heard his footsteps: but what — lo! what is this! A marble silence — a coffin — a pall! He stirs not beneath its awful fold; he hears not the voice of his gay companion, that says, 'Poor fellow! he is gone!' There was the man of professional ambition; he studied, and gained stores of learning; he studied arguments, and expounded them; he wrote books, and published them; he got fame, and men said that he was 'a great man.' Where are his sayings and his doings now? his cases and his tenures? his new theorems, his controversies, his

speeches? Perhaps you will find them among mouldering pamphlets in the library of some Historical Society. Perhaps they linger yet in the breath of men's speech as a by-gone fame. It was my fortune to witness the awful change that passed over such a one, in this very city; one whom a shaft rises to commemorate, by this very way-side, in yonder grave-yard. One week I saw him in all the splendor of his eloquence; the next week, as I walked, I saw a funeral procession!—and there were borne the remains of one who was called the Cicero of his order! . . . So passes away this world, and we pass away with it. Such as we are, those, who have gone but a little before us, were. And such as they are, we soon shall be. Nothing can stay our course. No hoard of gold, nor crown of honor, nor crowd of cares, nor pressure of engagements, nor thronging visions of coming prosperity, nor momentous crises of affairs, can ward off the inevitable hour.'

JUDGE CONRAD'S NEW TRAGEDY OF 'AYLMERE.' — It was our good fortune to be present at the Park Theatre, on the first representation of this most beautiful and effective play, from the pen of Hon. ROBERT T. CONRAD, of Philadelphia; and it was our purpose to have transferred some of the enthusiasm which on that night shook the walls of Old Drury, to the hearts of our readers, through the medium of extracts from the tragedy; but accident having deprived us of these, we reserve for our next number an elaborate review of the performance, contenting ourselves in the mean time with the following condensed notice, from the competent pen of Mr. BRYANT:

'The production of a new tragedy by Mr. FORREST, has been the great event in the theatrical history of the day. 'Aylmere' was performed last evening for the first time, at the Park Theatre; and, if the continued and enthusiastic bursts of applause with which it was received by a numerous auditory, be any proof of merit, both the author and actor may gratulate themselves on the prospect of complete success. We hazard nothing in predicting that the tragedy is destined to a very wide and lasting popularity. The drama is founded on incidents in the life of the individual familiarly known to the readers of English history as Jack Cade, the leader of the famous Kentish rebellion. It opens with the arrival, at the cottage of the widow Cade, of an unknown stranger, with his wife and child, from Italy. The accounts which are given him of the sufferings of the yeomanry and mechanics, and of their purpose to rise against their oppressors, deeply enlist his feelings in their cause. He joins the rebels and becomes an object of hatred to Lord Say, on whose estate the widow Cade lives. By his address and indomitable energy he fans the flame of insubordination already burning in the breast of the peasants, and is made their leader. Meanwhile, the hut of the widow Cade is burned over her head by the insolent and drunken minions of Say; the widow miserably perishes in the ashes; the wife of Aylmere is grossly insulted, and he himself, hunted like a wild beast, is driven with his family to take refuge in the caves of the forest. There, his child dies for the want of food; and both he and his wife are seized by the soldiers of the lord, she to be dragged away to a dungeon, but he, after a desperate struggle, to make his escape and assume the lead of the popular forces. In the subsequent scenes, the wife is crazed in consequence of a murder she is compelled to commit in defence of her honor; the peasants are led to London, where after a general engagement with the troops of the government, they prove victorious; and a charter granting all their demands is won from the King by Aylmere, who discovers himself to be the son of widow Cade, as he dies under a wound inflicted in a desperate struggle with Lord Say.

'It is impossible, in so mere a skeleton of the play, to remark upon the striking and touching incidents in which it abounds. From beginning to end, it is full of interest, the story proceeds uninterruptedly without flagging, the dialogue is spirited, and the language generally beautiful and poetic. The character of the chief person is finely adapted to the noble physical and intellectual qualities of the actor; and the sentiments of burning passion, of indignant patriotism, of insulted pride, of bitter scorn, of frenzied revenge, of melting tenderness, to which the successive events give rise, as they are uttered by the rich and manly voice, and expressed by the flexible and classic features of Mr. FORREST, fill the spectators with an agony of varied emotions. It is a rare treat indeed, to hear the liberal and spirit-stirring sentiments of this play, as they are given in the unsurpassed declamation of Mr. FORREST.'

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — We have liberally pencilled our catalogue of the pictures, etc., of the National Academy; but owing to unavoidable absence from town, and other sufficient causes, we have been unable to write out our notes. As the exhibition will be open for several weeks, we shall still take timely occasion to do justice to the collection, to which, in the mean time, we invite the attention of our readers. They will find in the exhibition, among many pictures of decided attraction, several efforts of artists who have been warmly commended, from time to time, in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and whose improvement and continued success it is no small gratification to remark. We know of no place where an hour or two may be passed more delightfully than at the National Academy.

'RIGHTS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN.' — The last *Edinburgh Review* has a paper thus entitled, which we mention for the purpose of calling to it the attention of our lady readers, whom we look to see 'engaged for the defendants.' The reviewer contends, in opposition to Plato, Voltaire, Dugald Stewart, and others, that great differences exist between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the two sexes. Of these differences, the following are cited, with the proviso, that there may be exceptions, but that the majority of cases will sustain the critic :

'Women have less of active, and more of passive courage than men. They have more excitability of nerve; and with it, all those qualities which such excitability tends to produce. They are more enthusiastic — their sympathy is more lively — they have a nicer perception of minute circumstances. Whether, as stated by Professor Stewart, they have greater quickness and facility of association, may, we think, be reasonably doubted. They are certainly not superior to man in those powers of association which produce wit, though they often possess them in an eminent degree. They are inferior in the power of close and logical reasoning. They are less dispassionate — less able to place their feelings in subjection to their judgment, and to bring themselves to a conclusion which is at variance with their prepossessions. They have less power of combination and of generalization. They are less capable of steady and concentrated attention — and though their patience is equal, if not greater, their perseverance is less.'

The reviewer farther inquires: 'Where do we find women, in the calm pursuits of literature and taste, so well adapted to their habits, 'whom even partiality could place in that elevated class to which belong our Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Byron?' Great poetical excellence, he adds, woman certainly has displayed, but *not* of the highest class; and so too of the arts of painting and music, in the *cultivation* of which the preponderance, he contends, will be found on the female side. We shall pursue this subject, with the *pros* and *cons*, in a subsequent number; for we foresee that the *belle sex* are not going to sit contentedly down under the imputation of intellectual inferiority to the 'lords of creation,' whatever complacent reviewers may say to the contrary.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — With our next number will commence the EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER! It was our intention to have spoken of the unwontedly rich stores of various matter which we have on file for the new volume, and to say a word or two concerning certain pictorial embellishments which we have in reserve for our readers. But in closing one of the best volumes of our Magazine, hitherto, and that THE SEVENTEENTH, we feel it to be quite unnecessary to say more, than that our *best* exertions shall not be wanting to make its successor in all things its peer. The KNICKERBOCKER will be promptly published on the first of each month, and early and carefully despatched to its subscribers throughout the United States and the Canadas. . . . We cannot resist the desire to say, that if our readers do not recognize in the '*Quod Correspondence*' the style of one of the most chaste and polished writers of the day, we shall consider their judgment as naught; nor can we suffer the '*Country Doctor*' to enter upon a new volume, without asking the especial attention of our friends to the vivid sketch in the present issue, which the writer has rarely exceeded. . . . '*The Latterlights and their Progeny*,' it is proper to say, is almost a literal transcript of scenes in the recent Transcendental Convention at Boston. A worthy friend of ours, who dropped in for a few moments, informs us that it was a most grotesque assemblage; including all sorts of men, and several women; some engaged in knitting, others in sewing, and one feeble sister with a 'blessed big jug of chamomile tea' by her side! ORPHIC ALCOTT, the soothsayer, was also present. . . . We alluded recently to a *plagiarism* attempted to be practised upon us by one of our correspondents in a western village. We have been assured, and now believe, that we had not the *real* culprit in view. It may be satisfactory however for him to be aware that we know him well now. Among the papers on file for immediate insertion, and under consideration, including several from our most favored contributors, are: 'Dust of Travel;' 'A Ball at the Tuilleries;' 'Popular Poetry of Modern Greece;' 'The Stokeville Papers;' 'Night;' 'A Dead Language;' 'Life;' etc., etc.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

SHORT-HAND. — MESSRS. F. J. HUNTINGTON AND COMPANY have recently published a new revised and stereotype edition of Mr. T. TOWNDROW'S 'Complete Guide to the Art of writing Short-Hand; being an entirely new and comprehensive system of representing the Elementary Sounds of the English Language in Stenographic Characters;' by means of which the exact words of any public speaker, it is averred, may be recorded as pronounced, and preserved in a legible form, so as to be read at any future period with ease and facility. The book is well executed, and illustrated with engravings; but it will rarely make *practical* short-hand writers. The constant exercise necessary to 'keep one's hand in' must always keep *useful* stenography confined to the few.

VIEW OF THE HUMAN SOUL. — Mr. M. W. DODD, Brick-Church Chapel, has issued, in a large and handsome volume, a second edition of '*Psychology, or a View of the Human Soul*;' by Rev. F. A. RANCH, D. D., late President of Marshall College, Pennsylvania. This is a second and revised edition of a work, the object of which is 'to render a noble and delightful subject accessible to all classes of readers, and to give the science of *Man* a direct bearing upon other sciences, and especially upon religion and theology, by developing the nature of reason, and that of *thought*, its production. The present work is deemed to be the first attempt to unite the German and American mental philosophy.

MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. — We can very cordially commend two well printed and beautifully bound and illustrated volumes, now before us from the press of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, the one entitled 'Tales of the Kings of England; Stories of Camps and Battle-fields, Wars and Victories; from the old Historians;' and the other, 'Stories illustrative of the Instinct of Animals, their Characters and Habits, with engravings from LANDSEER.' An edition of the first is already exhausted, and the second is fast acquiring a similar popularity; a practical compliment, which both deserve.

FOWLE'S 'FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.' — The author of this work, Mr. WILLIAM B. FOWLE, is a well-known teacher of a young ladies' seminary in Boston, who has also acquired celebrity as the author of several school-books, which have gained general circulation. The contents of the present volume are well designed for popular exhibition in schools and academies of either sex, as well as for the amusement of social parties. The *spirit*, both of the original (?) and selected portions, is unexceptionable. Messrs. TAPPAN AND DENNET are the Boston, and Messrs. GOULD, NEWMAN, AND SAXTON the New-York, publishers.

BURLINGH'S POEMS. — The kind friend to whom we are indebted for the excellent volume of 'Poems by WILLIAM HENRY BURLINGH,' has our cordial thanks. We have greatly enjoyed its perusal; the more that its genuine love of nature, true feeling, and unaffected manner, are rare in these days of mock sentiment and feeble fustian. We shall take another occasion to refer to the volume, and to present our readers with the grounds of our hearty recommendation that they speedily possess themselves of the book, to the end that they may enjoy it as we have done. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM. Philadelphia: J. M. M'KIM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE AND POEMS. — Mr. FRANCIS, Broadway, has issued three handsome volumes, in continuation of PARKER'S edition of the Waverley novels, as mentioned in our last, containing the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the first volume of LOCKHART'S 'Life.' All who have the previous Boston issues, will not fail to possess themselves of the *complete* series, at the same cheap prices.

REPORT ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. — We have received from the author, and perused with more than common interest, Mr. O'SULLIVAN's Report on the subject of Capital Punishment. It is, to our mind, *conclusive* against punishment by death; and we can only regret that at present we have not the space to set forth some of the unanswerable grounds assumed by the writer; grounds fortified by wide and thorough research, and by arguments as sound as they are benevolent in tendency and important in morals. We hope to be able hereafter to render more detailed justice to this very able state paper.

CARLYLE'S 'GERMAN ROMANCE.' — We have received from the house of JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, Boston, two volumes, in the usual beautiful garb of the publishers, entitled, 'German Romance: Specimens of its chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices. By THOMAS CARLYLE.' They embrace the best selections from MÜLLER, FOUQUE, TIECK, HOFFMAN, and RICHTER, and will certainly commend themselves to a wide acceptance from American readers. The name of the translator and editor is a sufficient guaranty for the spirited execution of the work. That his part is admirably performed will at once be inferred.

NEW MUSIC. — Mr. C. E. HORN, Broadway, has just published 'Withered Away,' a Canzonette; the Words by R. R. CRALLE, Esq., the music by K. J. RYFMA; 'The Wanderer,' a celebrated air by LISTZ, sung with enthusiastic applause by Mrs. C. E. HORN, arranged with an accompaniment for the piano-forte by Mr. HORN; and 'Sweet Breathing Tranquil Peace,' a Trio, sung by Mrs. SEGUIN, Miss POOLE, and Mr. MANVERS; composed by PUCITTA, and arranged by C. E. HORN.

ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. — Perhaps the most convincing proof of the sound learning and criticism; the vast fund of information touching the character, institutions, manners, customs, literature, arts, etc., of the ancient nations; presented in ANTHON'S great work, so warmly commended in our last number, may be found in the fact, that an immense edition has already been sold, and that half of another large one is already ordered. The success of this monument of erudition and industry bids fair to be every way commensurate with its high deserts.

'EVERY BODY'S BOOK.' — A friend has shown us the sheets of a little volume, the first of a series, thus entitled, which we predict will have a wide circulation. It has humor, pathos, and narrative interest; and is a book so various and so excellent, and so cheap withal, being only fifty cents, that it will be found the very thing to take up on board a steam-boat, to read in a rail-road car, or during a summer leisure hour at home.

MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have just published 'Family Secrets, or Hints to Those who would make Home Happy,' by Mrs. ELLIS, England. It is one of the series of 'Tales for the People and their Children,' which we have not found leisure to peruse.

OUR COVER. — There are two advertisements upon the cover of this Magazine, to which we desire to call the especial attention of our readers. We are enabled to confirm the announcements of Mr. JOYCE and Mr. WALKER; and can assure the public that all which they promise they abundantly perform. The celebrity of each has been honorably acquired, and is well maintained.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

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